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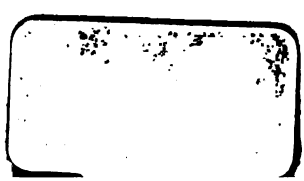

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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME VII.

PARTS XXXVII. TO XLII. JANUARY—JUNE, 1869.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 37. JANUARY, 1869. PRICE 1s.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1869.

WE have always felt a strong dislike to the practice of *sermonizing* young people, and our readers must have observed that in even our New Year's addresses our tone has been that of sympathy rather than warning. It is not that life appears to us less serious in its aspects because we happen to be addressing the young and not the old, for in truth we have the strongest possible feeling about the great issues of youthful years; but we want our young friends to catch merely *the suggestion* of a sermon from us, and then to preach it to themselves. We do not desire to stand in the place of their consciences; only, if possible, to awaken any slumbering, inert heart and mind, and get it to do duty on its own account. Surely this is, at the least, one of the modes in which a friend may be useful. We should be thankful indeed could we but know that our young people were dealing truly with themselves; and if, in the beginning of another year, we speak with anything of earnestness, may God press home to their hearts whatever in our poor words may hit upon any point of perplexity, any source of self-reproach, any consciousness of forgetfulness of Him who gives power to the weak, and comfort to the sad!

'The great issues of youthful years' are, as we have said, subjects of strong interest to us. We look at our young friends all around us, as far as we know them, and dwell on the good and pleasant things we discern with perhaps somewhat of a partial delight; and yet we cannot shut out from our minds the consciousness that much of this good is but loosely planted, and a trembling sometimes comes upon us when we are obliged to own what delightful openings in life have now and then appeared to be all at once closed; how little has come of them all! There is this danger to begin with—that so many parents and near friends are easily satisfied with amiable traits, and do not exercise a firm and grave judgement in helping their children to strengthen a character at its root. A great deal may be done by a wise arrangement of outward details—not that these are the essentials, but they are very important—for instance, it is surely a great evil when a young person cannot be alone at evening

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and morning hours. If the love of sociability usurps the time of quiet thought and of earnest prayer, who does not see how injurious in its effects such a loss must be! At the same time, let it be acknowledged that the evil we merely touch on is far less frequent than it used to be. By what we have ourselves experienced, and far more by what we have learnt from our predecessors, we can judge of this; for we know that by young people in former times such a privilege as privacy was almost unknown, while now it is, we believe, very much more frequently struggled for and obtained. It is not perhaps unnecessary, but it might be tedious, if we were to advert to some other modes of helping the young in a course difficult enough at the best; what we aim at is to guard those about them from over-complacency, and from the dangerous state of standing still in the Christian path.

In the course of a few years we cannot help seeing that what is called the *religious* world, even, undergoes considerable changes, and surely it is our part to point out some of these to those who are beginning their career in it. It is absurd to ignore these changes. Young people read the books of the past as well as of the present day, and they must know that although they have the same Bible and the same Prayer Book that their parents had, the manner of performing the services and the outward appearances of our places of worship are a good deal altered; and when they listen to conversation on topics connected with religion, they know it is not like the conversation which Mrs. Hannah More, or Newton, or Cecil, would have *most* approved. Those worthies might have erred on the alarming, or discouraging, or over-confident side. An inquisitorial inquiry into personal standing with reference to the Saviour would have occupied them much, and some narrow dogmas would have been hazarded, which often would not have had a salutary effect on the young mind. But still, there is now surely a strong tendency, likewise dangerous, to dwell on externals; to talk of the decorations, the conveniences of the sacred buildings, the differences between Ritualists and Low or Broad Church. Imperceptibly the talk about religion gets into grooves of its own, and if we wish it ever so much, we cannot ignore the tastes and distastes which come out of the manner of presenting the subject; nor is it possible to be indifferent to these matters. Again let us advert to the experience of our own youth. Sunday after Sunday we were taken to the mossy, damp, cold building, which was then our Parish Church. We remember how its high enclosures kept the poor at a distance; that though one part of it was sheltered if not warmed, yet from another coughs and colds innumerable proceeded. We remember how the swallows skimmed over our heads, the fungi grew on the rafters, the windows were broken and unmended. We remember the miserable vestments—even the absence of a vestry—and all this, while the outward aspect of the sacred building was a noble one. People whose memory brings such things before them, may well be glad of the cheery change now visible; yet it is right to say, that the evils we have spoken

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of did not *always* betoken want of reverence, but might in some cases spring from a mistaken indifference to outward appearances—a sort of grudge against creature comforts—as if the clergyman and his churchwardens must on no account render the service of God too easy. In short, as if the point of irreverence stood rather in regarding outward things to the obscuration of those unseen; as if we ought to see Heaven and the glorious dwellers therein, through the contrast of studied poverty and neglect. It is very curious to observe how Puritan and Papist may meet; how, in their different ways, through austerity and neglect of all that is beautiful, men sometimes come to the same point, while in theory dreading and shunning one another. What principally concerns us now, is the great importance of guarding ourselves and young people against party views of religion. Again and again would we implore them to go to the root of the matter, and first and chiefest of all to be careful of the inestimable habit of private devotion prefaced by meditation, and always accompanied by Scripture reading. It is certain, and it is an alarming thought, that much which seems outwardly right may go on, while there is diminished attention to this subject of frequent and earnest prayer; and yet we do believe that there is not one single element of true satisfaction in a character which neglects it. One delicate landmark after another will be (without it) most certainly swept away, sooner or later, and a state of miserable haziness will come down upon us, where all was once clear and bright.

It is an interesting thing at all times, though not always satisfactory in the end, to note the effects of Confirmation on young minds. In general we cannot doubt that the effect at the time and for some time after is most salutary. The young Catechumen, though touched and trembling, does mostly believe in herself with all her heart, feels that she is taking a right step, and hopes far more than she fears. This is as it should be, and the sight of these groups of young people is about one of the most affecting things in the world; likewise the most cheering. Have not we often exclaimed mentally on such occasions, 'Oh! timely happy, timely wise!' and have we not predicted for them almost involuntarily,

> 'the bliss of souls serene
> When they have sworn and steadfast mean,
> Counting the cost, in all t'espy
> Their God, in all themselves deny?'

God forbid that we should ever deem such hopes delusive! Here, as we have them before us entering voluntarily into the liberty of Christians, bearing the Christian name, knowing Christ's nature and offices; God forbid that hope and faith should not predominate!

Still, one class of truths must not extinguish another. Still we must bear in mind the humbling knowledge of our sinful nature, not to engender despair, but caution and holy awe. We must follow these young persons onward, we must see how they bear themselves as years

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roll on. We cannot, it is true, penetrate to the heart, but in our sympathy we would be with them, intreating them not to stand still, lest they should fall back. No stage or step in life can form a halting place. Life must be one perpetual move; no sooner is the foot planted on one vantage ground, than a look must be cast upon the next—and so it must go on to the end. God speed the eager, and strengthen the failing feet, till the summit is gained and the weary may rest!

T.

THE NEW AND OLD YEAR.

Old Year, with all the sorrow
Thou broughtest in thy train,
Some joys were thine, which never
On earth can come again;

Therefore I grieve to part from thee,
And all the vanished past,
The happy confidence and rest
Of days that fled so fast.

The love that dwelt around my path,
E'en from my childhood's hour,
I hoped to pay a hundredfold,
In manhood's strength and power.

New Year, thou canst not give me back
The gladness of the old:
The lips that once so warmly blessed,
They now are dumb and cold;

The eyes that fondly beamed on me
Are sleeping in the grave;
For all the love that once was mine,
I vainly long and crave.

New Year, with weak and trembling gaze
I stand upon thy brink;
Before the future, dark and dim,
My heart and spirit sink.

New Year, one only comfort comes
To cheer me at thy dawn;
No soul that truly loves the Lord
In hopeless grief can mourn.

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In every dark and untried path
His Presence goes before;
Though rough and stormy be life's sea,
He guideth to the shore.

Therefore, in confidence and hope,
New Year, I fain would greet thee;
And with no fearful faithless heart
Would I go forth to meet thee.

Thou bring'st me one step nearer death;
But why should I repine?
Thou bring'st me one step nearer life,
Eternal and divine.

S. H. P.

THE DREAM OF THE YEAR.

Tell me the dream of the infant year,
As he lay in the arms of his rugged nurse;
Or was it too secret for mortal ear,
For mortal tongue to rehearse?

I know that her song was sad and wild,
As she cradled him on her icy breast;
And he struggled and wept, like a froward child,
That will not be laid to rest.

She looked at his restless, rounded limbs,
She knew the hour was come to part,
She chose the sweetest of all her hymns,
And folded him to her heart.

'Thou art weary of me now, fair lad!
But wait for the hour of sorrow and pain;
When thou art feeble, old, and sad,
I will come to thee again.'

She bade him listen;—and low and deep
Were the last notes he heard her sing;
Once more on her bosom he sank to sleep,
But he woke in the arms of Spring.

Spring led the boy to her fairest bowers,
Where all was lovely, fresh, and gay;
She showed him her children, the birds and flowers,
And bade them together play.

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He knew not, he cared not, the heedless child,
That all was fleeting, though so sweet;
In the height of his pleasure the birds flew wild,
The flowers died at his feet.

He looked for the tracks of his morning guide,
The shining showers, the silver dew;
Summer, still Summer, was by his side,
With a flush in her eyes of blue.

With words that he could not understand,
She led him captive for many a mile,
He felt the touch of her burning hand,
And drank the strength of her smile.

He bowed his head to the thunder shower,
He climbed the mountain so steep and stern,
He looked in her face from hour to hour,
And learned what he had to learn.

He pleaded hard for an hour of rest
Life was dreary and far to roam;
She pointed him on to the shining west,
And whispered of love and home.

Weary and worn at last he crept,
And laid him down at close of day;
Sweet Summer kissed him as he slept,
And went upon her way.

Then Autumn shook, among the leaves,
Her breezy song of stars and streams;
He heard her walking through the sheaves,
And loved her in his dreams.

He thought together they wandered far,
Through corn-fields ripe for him that reaps,
To find the home of the evening star,
And the cave where the west wind sleeps.

But the cold dew frosted her shining hair,
And clouds came over the starry night;
She floated by like a spirit of air,
And vanished out of his sight.

And an icy hand was on his brow,
And he heard that old sad song again,—
'Child of the snow-drift, I come to thee now,
In the hour of grief and pain.'

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And she wrapped her rugged arms once more
Around his weary wasted form,
And her lullaby, as in days of yore,
Was the wild sad song of the storm.

And the snow came up from the northern clime,
With soft white vesture and noiseless tread,
And muffled the bells of the midnight chime,
Because the old year was dead.

M. C.

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No. XIII.—FOR THE CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL.

(Tuba Domini Paule maxima)

MIGHTIEST trump of our militant Lord,
Paul, let thy thunder from Heaven be poured,
Scatter our foes by the breath of His Word.

Thou of the Gentiles' Apostles the first,
Full of all wisdom divinely rehearsed,
Vessel of grace to extinguish our thirst.

At morn a Benjamin, ravenous of mood,
Thou didst at even distribute the food,
Wherewith the life of the world is renewed.*

Once the untameable unicorn thou,
Whom the great Husbandman yoked to His plough,
Breaking and harrowing earth's valleys now.†

He the unjust steward well doth requite,
Largely commending his anxious foresight,
Now become zeal for the children of light.

Laud to the Three everlastingly One,
Laud to the Captain of armies, the Son,
Laud to the Father and Spirit be done.
Amen.

A SEQUENCE OF PETER ABAELARD.

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* Gen. xlix. 27.

† Job, xxxix. 10.

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THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

We propose to bring before our readers a series of translations from Dante's great poem, selected in such a way as to preserve the unity of its conception, while omitting those portions of the narrative which may be thought to have less weighty claims than the rest upon the special attention of English readers. In general, Dante may be trusted to tell his own story with sufficient clearness, though now and then we find allusions to the history or beliefs of his time, which demand a few words of explanation. In addition to this, however, the imagery of the vision will frequently be found susceptible of various allegorical interpretations, which have exercised the ingenuity of numberless commentators; these will be briefly noticed as they occur. The same must be said of the astronomy of Dante, which is for the most part extremely involved and difficult, though this perhaps is due rather to the obscurity of his language than to the abstruseness of his ideas.

The night in which Dante conceives himself as lost in the wood, is that preceding March 25, the Good Friday of the year 1300. He was then in his 35th year, in 'the mid pathway' of man's allotted time. The Sun (who is the 'planet' of the 17th verse) was then of course in Aries, the first of the signs of the Zodiac, in which Dante imagines him to have been placed on the fourth day of creation. The dark wood, the glowing mountain, the three beasts,—the leopard, the lion, and the wolf,—all have their interpretations, both allegorical and political. Dante, the type of human nature, while in a state of misery and alienation from God, out of which his own vices prevent his extricating himself, is led by Virgil, the representative of natural science, to acknowledge the claims of morality and virtue; and by Beatrice, the representative of revealed theology, to adore the mysteries of Christianity exhibited to his view in Paradise. The political interpretations naturally have far less interest for readers of our own time and country, and since Italian commentators themselves are not agreed as to the personages represented by the wolf and the greyhound, we may be excused from giving our readers any lengthened exposition of their views. It may suffice to say that the Ghibellines, and Dante among them, had been expelled from Florence in the year 1300, and that the poet anticipates the restoration of his party and the expulsion of the Guelfs, either by the Emperor or by some Ghibelline captain of the time. It should be remarked that (since Virgil is excluded from Paradise) St. Peter's gate, at the end of the canto, must refer to the gate of Purgatory: though that is afterwards described as kept by an angel, while St. Peter is conceived as holding the keys of Paradise, according to our Lord's saying.

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THE INFERNO.—CANTO I.

In the mid pathway of our earthly travel,
Encompassed by a wood obscure I found me,
Where I no road could find, no clue unravel.
Ah me, how savage was that wood around me,
I scarce can say, so tangled and unbroken,
That ev'n its memory in new fear hath bound me.
So bitter, that it seemed death's very token;
But to relate the good which there I learned,
All else that did befall me shall be spoken.
How I came thither, might not be discerned,
To such o'erpowering slumber was I given,
When from the path direct my steps I turned.
But when I to a mountain's foot had striven,
At last the limit of that valley shewing,
Which with such deadly fear my heart had riven,
I looked on high, and saw its shoulders glowing
Already with that planet's rays invested
Which guides all men aright wherever going.
Then was the fear within me somewhat rested
That swayed the currents of my heart's recesses,
Throughout that night with so much woe infested.
And like as one, whom laboured breath oppresses,
Forth from the dangerous tide to land ascended,
Turns and surveys the scene of his distresses;
So then my mind, its flutterings yet unended,
Turned back to gaze upon the pass up-slanting,
Where yet no living man his way had wended.
Thus to my weary limbs some respite granting,
Across the desert strand again I bore me,
Always my hinder foot securely planting.
But when I thought to scale the steep slope o'er me,
Behold a leopard, quick and nimble-paced,
With gaily spotted skin, appeared before me;
Nor moved away, but aye against me faced;
And hindered so my path with gesture warning,
That oft I turned, and near my steps retraced.
It was the time of scarce unfolded morning;
Up rose the sun, with that same constellation
Which circled him, when Love divine adorning
The universe, gave those fair lights creation;
So that the hour of day, the season's sweetness,
Gave me good cause to cherish expectation
Of overcoming that gay creature's fleetness,
Had not a lion suddenly appearing
Brought back again my fear in its completeness.

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He came against me, so it seemed, uprearing
His head aloft, with hungry rage unsated,
One whom the very air methought was fearing.
And then a wolf, with thousand longings freighted,
As in her leanness unto me she seemed,
Who many lands ere now hath devastated.
This with the threats which from her presence streamed
Poured heaviness upon me in such measure
That I no more to climb the summit dreamed.
And like to one who gains with anxious pleasure,
Then saddens o'er in all his thoughts, and waileth
When the time comes for him to lose his treasure;
So me that beast continually assaileth,
Driving me down by ever-shortening stages
To where the sun his light in silence veileth.
But lo, another sight my mind engages
While yet I sank to that low depth's perdition,
Of one whose voice seemed faint from lapse of ages.
Him when I saw from my abased position,
Across the desert, 'Pity me,' I cried,
'Whoe'er thou beest, man or apparition.'
But he, 'Not man; man was I, ere I died,
And Mantua was my parents' habitation,
Who to the Lombard race were both allied.
Born late in Julius' time, my life's duration
At Rome with good Augustus' empire dated,
What time false lying gods enslaved my nation.
A poet then I was, and celebrated
Anchises' pious son, who sailed hither
When that proud Troy had sunk to ruin fated.
But thou, unhappy, art returning whither?
Where such woe vexed thee? lo the mountain blessed,
Sole source and cause of joy: why climb not thither?'
'And art thou Virgil, thou that fount possessed
Of such rich streams of eloquence o'erflowing?'
I asked with brow of bashfulness confessed.
'O of all bards the pride and splendour glowing,
Let my long study and great love avail me,
Which moved me on thy works such care bestowing.
Thou art my master, thou my guide; O hail me
As thy true pupil, who from thee have taken
The beauteous style, whose glory doth not fail me.
Behold the beast that drives me back forsaken;
Help me against her, help, renowned master,
So rudely are my nerves and pulses shaken.'

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'Then thou another road shouldst seek the faster,'
He answered, my tears and sorrow viewing,
'If thou wouldst rid thee well of this disaster.
For this same beast, the cause of thy undoing,
Alloweth none to pass, whoe'er endeavour,
But hindereth all, ev'n unto death pursuing.
Of nature so perverse and fell, that never
Is her most ravenous desire abated,
But after gorging hungereth more than ever.
Many the beasts with whom she has been mated,
And more shall yet be, till the greyhound speedeth
Who with sore pain shall slay the monster hated.
He neither lands nor filthy lucre heedeth,
Love, wisdom, righteousness his sole ambition,
When either Feltro rule to him concedeth.
He shall exalt fallen Italy's condition,
For whom to death Camilla, virgin glorious,
Euryalus, Nisus, Turnus made submission.
Her he shall chase through every town victorious
Till in Hell's deep she shall again be hidden
Whence envy loosed her first. A road laborious
Now doth await thee, who by me art bidden
To follow for thy good; by me convoyed
Thou mayst behold the eternal place unchidden,
And hear the cries of ceaseless unalloyed
Despair, wherewith the spirits long tormented
Invoke the second death, to be destroyed.
And thou shalt visit those who stand contented
In fire, because they hope how late soever
To reach the choirs with lasting bliss prevented:
Whereunto to ascend shouldst thou endeavour.
A spirit than me more worthy shall be given
To lead thee, when my way from thine I sever;
For that great Emperor who reigns in heaven
Wills not that any reach his palace tower
Through me, who rebel 'gainst his law have striven.
In all space rules he; there his seat of power,
His citadel, his throne's exalted station:
Blest whom he chooseth for such mansion's dower!'
Then I, 'O poet, hear my supplication
By that great God thou knewest not, in order
To escape this ill, or worse in preparation,
That thou wouldst lead me o'er the unseen border
So that I view Saint Peter's gateway hallowed,
And those whose sorrow is their fit rewarder.'
Then moved he on, and in his steps I followed.

(To be continued.)

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MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

SINGLE stanzas and couplets of this day's 'Pilgrim Song' are among the sweetest and most recurring echoes of the Christian Year, and yet as a connected whole, it is one of the most difficult to follow or understand. Perhaps we had better endeavour to outline, as it were, the under-current of thought.

The first verse is the question of the sufferer in mind or body. 'Can wayward despondency be pardoned?' Surely it can, for God has listened to many a prayer since Hagar cried to Him in the wilderness. Surely He will, even as He gave water from the rock at the touch of Moses' Rod.

And here, the wilderness becomes, as usual, the emblem of our lives, and the miseries of wanderers there stand for the sadder and drearier portions of human life, as the streams of water that gushed forth from the rock typify the 'water of life,' springing forth even in the midst of our sorrows from the Rock of Ages.

The 'dry unfathomed deep of sand' would then be trying and weary monotony; the terrible sand-storm, 'when the scorching whirlwinds heap their waves in rude alarm,' would represent the moments of sharper anguish or danger; the delusive mirage, 'when o'er the horizon's silent line fond hopeless fancies cower,' the vain heart-sick imaginations that vex and tantalize one wearied by monotony; the bitter waters attained with so much toil, moments of keen disappointment.

Yet a blessing is on all these. Even out of disappointment, joy and peace may be brought by the Cross, as the Waters of Mara were sweetened by the Wood.

> 'Thou wilt be there, and not forsake
> To turn the bitter pool
> Into a bright and breezy lake,
> The throbbing brow to cool;
> Till left awhile with Thee alone,
> The wilful heart be fain to own
> That He, by whom our bright hours shone,
> Our darkness best may rule.'

Then, in contrast to the efforts made in vain to reach the shining mirage lake, or the salt bitter pools of the desert, both mere matters of *sight* not of faith, is set the sure instinct of the pelican flying securely, led by the Hand of God, to the water out of sight, not fearing to entrust her nest to His charge; and thus reproving thankless man, who must needs have his blessings in *sight*, and fears to journey on where he has them not close within his grasp, though he may be certain that they are

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full before him. And yet more, a Pilgrim has been before us, has endured the same woes, has left His marks to guide us, and

> 'Where on the sand Thy step appears,
> Thy crown in sight is hung.'

Then follows a most tender and soothing invocation to that Pilgrim 'who did sit on Jacob's well, the weary hour of noon,' an invocation which it is hardly possible to refrain from quoting, even though we know it must be in the ears and hearts of all our readers.

Thence we turn to a bright and beautiful meditation of the childless man, who loved and cherished children as the buds of the Church—upon St. Joseph, and his reverent guardianship of the Holy Child and His Mother, regarding the relationship in which that 'just man' stood to his 'dread nurse child,' as hallowing the whole connection between all who stand in parental relation, as sponsors, clergy, or nursing friends, to the young. It is so sweet and simple that there is no analyzing it—only by dwelling on it can it be appreciated.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

The scenery of these verses, which always seems like the first note of spring, coming as they do on one of the coldest and most wintry Sundays in all the year, is taken from the walk to Coln St. Aldwyn's, a small living held by Mr. Keble's father, about three miles from Fairford, on the banks of the river Coln, which is shaded with willow trees. The photograph of the 'streamlet' and its trees may be seen in 'Memorials of the Rev. J. Keble.' The island there is not, however, the snowdrop islet of 'Easter Tuesday,' which is on the Test.

It is quite honour enough for the Coln to have suggested the 'lessons sweet of spring returning,' and perhaps the universal charm of these stanzas is partly owing to their having been the fruit of a scene common-place to common-place eyes, but such as all may read. Mr. Ruskin has remarked that high poetry seems more apt to spring up amid landscapes of quiet smiling moderate beauty, than in the wilder, more rugged and astonishing splendours men go in search of—adducing Shakespeare as his primary instance; and Milton might also have been mentioned, great part of his youth having been spent in the same kind of scenery as surrounded Fairford. Indeed, we fully believe that tranquil beauty, brooded over and studied in all its aspects by a loving soul, is the meetest school of poetry, and inspires more deep thought than a hurried glance at more striking scenes.

The willows of Coln then, by their brave little red budlets, preparing to open into silver studs, and by-and-by into soft golden palms, long ere the wintry season be over, advancing on every breath of spring, holding back, but unscathed, unblighted by recurring frost and blight, teach their lessons of content,

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'Ready to give thanks, and live
On the least that Heaven may give.'

Then comes the walk along the stony vale, with the nightingales singing, as they seem to do by preference by the road side, loving, as the sociable birds seem to do, the neighbourhood of man, and stir of life, though never visible. Their example is summed up in the two concluding lines:

'So ye live in modest ways,
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.'

This is the Sunday of the one Gospel of our Lord's childhood, the Gospel that gives us the lesson of obedience in His subjection to His parents; but there is another lesson drawn in the Lyra Innocentium, and one that every older generation feels in turn. No two hearts are ever exactly alike, in all—even where there is a hereditary likeness, and one character has been moulded on another. None then can thoroughly fathom another heart; and 'Trustworthiness' speaks to those who begin to find the young spirit they have hitherto guarded begin to reach beyond their ken, and to wander in regions they have not trodden. 'Glad may they be, and calm of heart,' who can be perfectly sure of the holiness, innocence, and devotion, of their child in whatever walk he chooses—

'Who out of sight
Know all is right,
One guide for darkness and for light.'

It was a thought that Mr. Keble always liked to dwell on, that the three days absence of her Holy Son was, as it were, an intimation to His blessed Mother, that He would not be as other women's sons, always hers and at her side—nay, that it served as a mysterious preparation for the three days that He would indeed be hidden from her sight; and that in like manner some little incident of child life, unnoted at the time, but perhaps laid up deep in a mother's heart, may be a training for the greater griefs and joys of after life by the impression it leaves on the soul.

'Prepare Thou still
Our heart and will,
Our friends' and ours for good or ill.'

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

The Wedding Feast of Cana is the subject of both the poems of this day; but while the one applies the saying, 'Thou hast kept the good wine until now' to the things of human life, the other reaches upwards, and reads in it a meditation upon things earthly and things divine.

Turning first to the poem on the 'best kept to the last,' in human life, we find the scene opening with the picture of childish joy and mirth—

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the natural happiness and high spirits with which we begin life, but which will assuredly be lost in the course of self-indulgence. If we follow the natural human impulse to make the most of our enjoyments, we shall certainly find them dropping away from us one after the other, and leaving us desolate.

Such is the world's feast, and the parallel to the habit referred to by the governor of the feast is carried into further detail. As those who drink for mere enjoyment soon lose the delicacy of their taste, and require the fiercest stimulants, impure as well as fiery; so those who live for pleasure soon find harmless amusements pall on them, and cry with Madame de Longueville, 'I have no taste for innocent pleasures!' or with that other *blasée* Frenchwoman, who, on drinking a glass of cold water, exclaimed, 'Would that this were a sin!' as if that were wanting to give it a zest.

How unlike the feast of good things the Saviour offers! Nor, indeed, is it needful to be less happy in youth in order to be innocent. Even as the purest freshest water sparkles brightest, so

> 'Why should we fear youth's draught of joy,
> If pure, would sparkle less?
> Why should the cup the sooner cloy,
> Which God hath deigned to bless?'

For the very charm of youth, the secret of its joy, lies in those graces that are the essence of the Christian life. Hope would be the attribute of youth alone, and would perish with experience; but for Faith, who keeps her ever alive and fresh, directs her gaze and steadies it, and thus ensures the continuance of that spring of joy.

Love, again—the joy of childhood and early life—love can only find means of lasting existence in Faith. Parents pass away, but God is still our Father; brethren may fail or die, but our great Elder Brother is the more near and precious. All the choicest treasures of early life are then increased, not wasted, by the lapse of years, in the true Christian; and the prime glory and tenderness of all comes with old age like the sunset hues of autumn. The life that has begun in purity and self-discipline is the life ever brightening, ever youthful.

A still deeper note is struck in the Lyra. There the thought is on the Divine Power which made the water wine, and which imparts sacramental grace to our 'Church rites,' and brings a mysterious change to those who partake in faith. Marriage, thus sanctified, gives 'an angel friend' to share 'the everlasting rest.' Baptism changes the human sin-stained infant to an innocent saint bearing his Saviour's name. Ordination renders the mortal youth God's highly gifted Priest, with power to bind and loose; and even with the Gift, as his Master's representative, to render the Bread and Wine 'more than angels' food.' Again, that touch changes death to Resurrection, all through the power of Christ imparted to His Living Body, the Church.

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Such is the drift, if we may so venture to interpret it, of this latter poem, one of those most remarkable for a certain fulness of thought, scarcely finding adequate expression in the brief stanzas, throughout fraught with awe at the mysterious might of the Divine touch—not only in itself—but conveyed through the Church.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

On the day on which our Sunday year begins to adapt itself to the time of Easter—when, following the old beginning of the year, the course of reading reverts to the opening record in the Bible—the Christian Year has chosen as its subject the accordance between the visible and invisible things of creation; and in one of the earliest, simplest, and most popular poems of the entire collection, has set the Book of Nature beside the Book of Grace, and traced how 'all things are double one against another.'

After all the hints are but brief and few, but they are the key to many more. The all-embracing firmament, like the Divine Love; the sun, the Sun of Righteousness, the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world; the moon, shining by his reflected light, and showing us that light in his absence, figuring the Church; her saints triumphant shining like stars for ever and ever, her saints below growing as trees by the water side, rooted in faith, blossoming in hope, bearing fruit of 'fair deeds of charity,' beneath the fostering dew of Divine Grace—all are touched on, as well as the voices of the sea, the destructive might of fire and tempest, the gentler influence of the wind, the emblem of the silent working of the Holy Spirit; and the two latter verses lead us, both by suggestion and by the prayer the final one breathes, to gaze through the grand allegory of nature, and 'read God everywhere.'

Some might say that allegory of a fanciful kind reigns again in the Lyra 'New Creation;' but it is only allegory because God's great works so wondrously figure one another, and even as a tiny drop mirrors a whole landscape, so the New Creation at each baptism is as it were a reflection of the Beginning when God created the heaven and the earth.

So the work of grace is traced through its analogies—the dark waste ere the Holy Spirit brooding on the waters awake life and give power to bear fruit, and the Light of Christ dawning on the soul recall the first day of creation. The second, the day when

> 'God stored on high
> The dewy treasures of the sky,'

is made to stand for the opening of the stores of grace to the new Christian; the third, when the land was parted from the waters, represents the rescue of the soul from the waves of this troublesome world.

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Sun and moon, becoming visible on the fourth day, are, as ever, Christ and His Church shining on the new created soul.

'Motion and life and flight and song'

in the birds of the fifth day foreshow the powers imparted to the soul in Baptism. Then more solemnly is introduced that sixth day, which

'Moulded at morn the cold dull clay,
Inspired at eve the quickening ray,'

when 'the first man Adam was made a living soul.' That same day was chosen for the Death of the Second Man, and in the water of Baptism with Him we die unto sin,

'the fontal wave
Washing us clean, that we might hide
In His love-pierced Side.'

The Sabbath of rest then follows. It is said in a half interrogative manner, that it may find its antitype in the sleep

'Of infant blest,
Borne from the Font, the seal new given
Perchance to wake in Heaven.'

We own that this does not seem to us of *quite* sufficiently universal application. The rest of the Sabbath here appears to mean that of the babe who slumbers at once to wake in Paradise; but surely there is a Sabbath for all other Christians on their own Easter Eve, when they shall lie down in hope of the new First Day of Resurrection. Or does the infant's Sabbath sleep after the Baptism refer to that long rest of all faculties and absence of responsibility, before the real labour of life begin?

SEXAGESIMA.

AWFUL, yet comforting, are both the meditations founded on the history of the Fall of man. The first rehearses the sentence on the sin, and then draws from each point thereof the hidden consolation. The doom of woman to bring forth children in sorrow, is softened by her special share in bringing the Saviour into the world; and her other punishment of inferiority and subjection to man, is brightened by the mystic resemblance to the union of Christ and the soul, or rather of that aggregate of Christian souls, the Church. The curse of labour is given in mercy 'to train us on our way to Heaven.' The shame left on us is compensated by the garments bestowed by God Himself, coats of skin, the skins evidently of sacrificed animals, and therefore typifying the Robe of Righteousness, bestowed on us by the Victim.

'The very weeds we daily wear
Are to Faith's eye a pledge of God's forgiving might,'

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and last and sharpest of all—Death—is Rest in the Lord, and the gate of life.

So the fiery two-edged sword of the Cherubim—those fourfold beings who are around the Mercy-seat in Heaven, if it for a time warned man aloof from Paradise, yet shewed it too, and at once enlightening and piercing their hearts, (for is it not the Word of God?) kept ever before them that the Tree of Life is still in its place, and that 'blessed are they who have a right' thereto.

The verses entitled Confession, in the Lyra, are chiefly founded on the inference mentioned above, that the coats of skins which God gave to Adam and Eve must have been taken from sacrifices, since animals were not as yet used for food, and that sacrifice involved the first revelation of the Atonement, and thus the clothing taken therefrom is an emblem of the imputed Righteousness of Christ.

So the thought is gradually worked up. The gentle breeze among the trees brings the thought of the LORD GOD walking in the Garden in the cool of the day; and then, from the shrinking of the guilty pair, we are led to think of our own shrinking from the pain of avowal, and reminded of the fruitlessness of the attempt at concealment, above all from Him who yearns to forgive, but requires our voluntary confession and humiliation. 'These fluttering leaves' (our excuses, our self-defence, and subterfuges,) 'do but unveil thy shame.'

> 'Fall humbly down, and hide thine eyes in dust,
> He will upraise thee for His own great Name,
> His penance garb will make and show thee just.'

For fullness of doctrine implied in the fewest possible words, this last line seems to us unequalled.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST IN THE PSALMS.*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WALLACE, M.A.

THE Book of the Psalms is so much used that any suggestion bearing upon it is important and may be influential; and when, as my subject purports to do, *a principle of interpretation* is discussed, it is the more worthy of our attention, as in fact it becomes of the nature of a general commentary on every sentiment and purpose of the book.

It is for this reason I suggested the theme, Christ in the Psalms, and it is not only the remarks I may throw out on which I rely for interest this evening, but the topic itself is fruitful, and if decided in our minds

* A paper read at a meeting of the East London Clerical Society, held on the evening of November 3rd, 1868.

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one way or another must constantly and largely affect our study and profit of this 'Prayer Book of Christ and His saints.'

It is the *theology* of the Psalms we are expressly to consider, but I shall approach this by two preliminary steps, each easy to enlarge upon, but, as only preliminary, I must not treat them as though they were the main points of our inquiry. What, first I would ask, is the value of the Psalms? Every heart responds, Much every way; all our spiritual experience combines to prove that the Psalms are an instrument of instruction, doctrine, reproof, and correction, of the most searching and effective kind. At all times this has been acknowledged. In public and private among the Jews the songs of David were the communion of devout souls and the chosen people Israel. In public and private our Lord Himself and His Apostles sung their words and praised God. In public and private, in the annals of the Christian Church, these Psalms have been the source of praise and penitence, of prayer and trust in God. I hesitate not to say that there is no truer test of a Christ-like and Catholic mind than the value and use made by us of this book. *

Now, in the second place, Why do we, why has anyone valued the Psalms? The reply is, Because they are spiritual. I use from memory the sentiment of Carlyle, 'There is no truer history of the struggles and progress, the falls and the rising again, the hopes and fears, of a human soul, than in this book of David. The spiritual history of the soul is here made plain; and this book, not of an age but of all time, will be recurred to with sympathy and interest as long as the soul asserts her place to influence the happiness or misery of man.' We value this book, then, because it is spiritual; we use it, because its words are spirit and life.

By these two steps, the value and spiritual character of the Psalms, we approach our express subject, their theology. For within the circle of the Christian faith and Church it must be asserted as a principle and fact, that *spiritual* means, and only can mean, quickened and vivified by the *Spirit of Christ*; and for us to say, 'these Psalms are valued because they are spiritual,' is in effect and most significantly to say, 'they are connected with Christ, the light and manifestation of God, of whose fulness of grace and truth anyone or anything must have in measure received, to be spiritual in essence, or spiritual in power.'

How far then do we think of Christ being in the Psalms? Such is the question we have. May He teach us, as He does to faithful souls, the Truth as it is in Jesus.

Before I proceed directly to this matter, one word as to the meaning of 'Christ.' I think nothing can be more plain than that we are bound to admit this word as expressing not only the Head of the Church, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Redeemer and Intercessor and future Judge, but also the mystical Body which is incorporated with Him by

* See Introduction to Commentary on Penitential Psalms, by Bishop Forbes. (Masters.)

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the Holy Ghost, with which He is as intimately connected as flesh and bones are with the soul of man, and from which He must never be dissociated. I speak concerning Christ and His Church.

If it be urged that such enlarged ideas respecting Christ are the fruit of New Testament revelation, and therefore must be carefully scanned before they are made to explain or give vitality to any part of the Old Testament revelation, I disclaim this as the true posture of our minds towards the Word of God. It is gratuitous; it is unhistorical; it is unphilosophic. Why the early dawn should be so unlike the meridian light no one can hope to prove. That the Jew knew more of his Messiah, His character, and the anticipations of revelation about Him, than we are inclined now-a-days to think, is, I believe, a very authentic historical fact. And that a book written by the Spirit of God should not have, as its real sense, the Gospel sense, is to my mind unphilosophic. Granted that the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy, and that God spake in any wise of His blessing for mankind through His Son, it may well be true that if the Spirit of Christ made Scripture spiritual in olden time, then Christ was in it, and *whole* not partial Christ—Christ and His Church, ever one Body and one Spirit. It is *this* Christ which is in the Psalms, Christ the Mediator between God and man. One with the Father, who declared, 'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee.' One with us, as He Himself declared, 'In the midst of My brethren will I sing praise unto Thee.'

How far then is this Christ the efficient Spirit of the Psalms? Three statements are made. One, that He is there as He is in any pious and religious writing of the Jews, not as a revelation but as a sentiment; and so, when in the New Testament anything is said to be fulfilled in our Lord, it is only by application, and that Jesus Christ said and did things rather as the coincidence of an idea than by any external or internal intention of the Psalms; and a similar *ideal* explanation is given as to the connection of the history of God's people and the Christian Church. I suppose most of us have given up this way of Christ being in the Psalms. If you come on to either of the others, this one will be left behind.

The second statement is, That the correspondence between the Psalms and the Person and Character of Christ is mainly to be found in the *typical* position of the authors of the Psalms and the circumstances of the people of Israel. The distinctly predictive element varies in amount among the holders of this theory. 'I think,' says Perowne, the latest emphatic assertor of it, 'that the 110th Psalm may be strictly predictive;' but he almost apologizes for this concession.* It is easy to see the usefulness of this key to the interpretation of the Psalms, and the advantage it may seem to give in meeting some difficulties which beset the subject, Christ in the Psalms. But it does not satisfy me, and chiefly for this reason, because it seems to evade and weaken the conclusions

* See Perowne's Book of Psalms: Introduction, page lxiv. (Bell and Daldy.)

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we make from the use made of the Psalms by the Christ Himself and His Apostles.

To some extent I may illustrate what I am coming to, by the expression, 'That Rock was Christ.' Doubtless whole schools of interpretation have been content to say 'that Rock was a type of Christ,' though what this means in this particular case I fail to discover, but I am content to believe that the Apostle believed in a more spiritual and sacramental presence of Christ in His ancient Church, and that this is the explanation of the Rock being the medium through which Christ was given to faithful souls. How far it is necessary to be distinctly conscious of how God makes these things to be so, is doubtful. Perhaps, however, the ancient Church was more conscious than we choose to say. Take one instance for all: 'Give the King Thy judgments' *may* have been a prayer for Solomon, and it may be a useful way of thinking and writing, to say that this Solomon was transfigured before the end of the Psalm, and that the One greater than Solomon rose before the mind of the Psalmist when he exclaimed, 'His Name shall endure for ever; His Name shall remain under the sun among the posterities, which shall be blessed through Him:' but, on the other hand, Why the writer and saint, the prophet and man of God, who transfigured the Anointed One of the second Psalm into the King of whom Jehovah said, 'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee,' may not have *begun* with the conception of the Christ of God, the King of Israel, of Whose dominion there should be no end, and have known that *this* Divine King was really, and—I must use the word—sacramentally connected with the seed of David's loins, who should sit upon his seat;—this is what I cannot see. If David spake *in the Spirit*, why may he not be allowed to know the simplest lesson which we draw from the Incarnation of the Son of God—that the human is the medium of the Divine?

That the Jews thought this is evidenced by the Targum, (paraphrase) 'O God, give the knowledge of Thy judgments to the King Messiah, and Thy justice to the Son of King David.' This and two other similar testimonies are given by Perowne. The second is, the Midrash Tehillim. (Commentary of the Psalms.) 'This is the King Messiah, for it is said, And a stem shall go forth from the root of Jesse.' And such paraphrase, such commentary, is exactly implied in our *Lord's* reading of the Psalms, 'What think ye of Christ? How doth David in spirit call him Lord, saying, The Lord said unto my Lord?' Our Lord does not blame the Pharisees for finding Christ too much in the Psalms, but too little, and not accepting David's Lord as the Messiah equally with David's Son. This veil was, alas! is, on their hearts in the reading of the Old Testament. When they turn to the Lord there, for He is in spirit there, they shall be healed.

I say then that this way of explaining the connection of the Psalms and Christ, by saying the authors and the circumstances of the nation were typical, and God made it so, and so far and no further, seems to me to

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fall short of the true explanation, which is, That the Psalms are *inspired* —such is the word I have chosen to express the third way of interpretation,—and that Christ is in the Psalms as He is anywhere, wherever He is, not by talking of Him or shewing a pattern of Him, but really.

I think this is very strongly forced upon us, by our admission of the points in which we allow the 'typical reference.' Why anyone should imagine the Resurrection and Ascension to glory, the Crucifixion and double Nature of our Lord, to be contained in the Psalms, above and beyond the general ideas, which the offices and character of the King, the Priest, the Prophet, the righteous sufferer enduring the world's evil and trusting in the goodness of God, would properly convey;—why anyone should admit this, and still talk merely of types, it is hard to say. 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption.' This, says the Apostle, the Psalmist did not speak of David, but of Christ, 'that *His* soul was not left in hell, neither *His* flesh did see corruption.'

If I am to follow St. Paul, and say, 'Again He saith, Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth,' and distinctly use this as speaking of the Son of God, and to prove His majesty over all the angels of God, then I must have used my Psalter with the familiar, habitual, primary sense that the Lord Christ is there, His glory and His wondrous nature and history set forth, and the dispensation of God by His Son spoken of according to the measure of spiritual perception and faith.

But here I admit the objection—'Why do you speak of the Psalter? Why choose it out to find Christ in it? Moses spake of Me, says Christ; the Law, the Prophets, as well as the Psalms, told of the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow.' Ask, first, any Christian soul if they think there is no difference with the Book of the Psalms; if, as in the seventeenth chapter of St. John, there is no spot, the Holy of Holies of Scripture, the Shekinah and Mercy-seat: they will not be able to give a reason, but they will feel it. But there is a very probable reason. The Psalms were, by the appointment of God's Providence, Who feedeth His flock, put into the mouth of the Church of old, put into the mouth of Jesus Christ Himself, put into the mouth of the Apostles of our Lord, and put into our mouth, to be used as the expression of our Communion with God, our own personal utterances, to be the basis of the devotion which the Holy Ghost teacheth and not man. And so there is a cause why the Spirit of Christ, which maketh words to be Spirit and Life, should dwell fully there.

'But consider,' says the objector, 'the difficulties. See the expressions of guilty consciousness,—see the sentiments of revenge,—see how weakly the hope of eternal life is here found.' I will consider this, I say, but I will remember still, that my most holy and adorable Lord, when He sojourned among us, refused not to utter these Psalms, to join in their declarations, and to meditate upon and familiarly quote them.

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There are mentioned, not counting repetitions of the same passage, above seventy passages of the Psalms incorporated in the teaching of the New Testament. Surely this is a first step to my accepting this book as one concerning Christ. But I cannot get over the conviction that in some real sense our Lord, the Christ, and His Apostles, the immediate elements of His Body, which is Christ, (so St. Paul never hesitates to declare,) used these Psalms as making known to them the mystery of God, which is great, 'manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.'

But how could He say, 'Heal Me, for I have sinned against Thee'? How could He say, 'Create in Me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within Me'? How, I ask in reply, if we had not known that He did it, could we have conceived the Son of God to have exclaimed, in the words of a Psalm, the true sentiment of His soul, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' But we know that He did exclaim it, and so we say there is a truth here we adoringly approach and strive to comprehend.

Now there is a truth equally difficult but most practically easy to receive, the Union of Christ with His people, His being in them, and they in Him. Our old man was crucified with Christ. He took our sorrows; He bare our infirmities. In all our afflictions He was afflicted. Has He no part in the one great affliction, which is after all the only affliction, the sorrow which sin bears in upon my soul? Is His temptation so unreal, that the travail of His soul is utterly alien from my one great travail, sin warring in my members and warring against the law of my mind? If I must understand it, and tell it, it is greater than I am able to express, but *He is one with me.* In the waters, in the agony of my soul, in my weakness, my transgression, the Lamb of God who takes away sin by bearing it, and entering within my nature to do so, does, as one with me, take away the sin of the world.

'But,' answers the typical interpreter, 'do not let us force more into Scripture than it justifies.' I answer, Do not take away my Lord. 'Never,' says the typical commentator, 'is Christ to say, I have sinned. He is only *made* of God sin; He is made to bear our sins. The step is prodigious between the one dogma and the other expression.' *He is one with me, and I am a sinner:* so I answer. He received sinners. And if His Body penitent—(for it is a *penitent* exclaims, 'Heal me, I have sinned against Thee;' 'Create in me a clean heart;')—if His Body *penitent* must have these penitential gifts of the Spirit of Christ, (not a thing separate, but one with Christ, remember,) then Christ in the Psalms utters, without blasphemy to His holy nature, these things which the nature of mine He has taken must feel and express, Heal me, for I have sinned against Thee. And here too Christ and His Church are for me One Christ, and explain, as they did for Athanasius and Augustine, the use Christ made of these Psalms, and the use the Church makes in

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her spiritual service to God, by which I mean a service moved by the Spirit of Christ which dwells in His Body.

'Why should He not say "from the face of my sins,"' says Augustine on the thirty-eighth Psalm, 'Who said to Saul, "Why persecutest thou Me," Who, however, being in Heaven, now suffered from no persecutors? But just as, in that passage, the Head spake for the Body, so here too the Head speaks the words of the Body; whilst you hear at the same time the accents of the Head Itself also. Yet do not either, when you hear the voice of the Body, separate the Head from it; nor the Body when you hear the voice of the Head; because "they are no more twain but one flesh."' *

It is a more difficult task to see how we shall reconcile the words of Christ, 'Ye know not what spirit ye are of,' with the anathemas, (thirty in one Psalm, the 109th,) 'Contend Thou with them that contend with me. Let his children be fatherless. Let his days be few.'

Well, then, I must say that there are things described in Scripture as the issue of faith, which, if I did not hear God saying so, I would perhaps fail to see sprung from that principle. The eleventh of Hebrews shows this. But when I hear God saying it, I see that the principle has room, and I may have been forgetful of its probable presence.

The need of zeal, the need of justice, the need of the destruction of the enemies of God, may be forgotten, if we measure all Christ's acts and words by the sentiment, 'The Son of Man is not come to destroy but to save,' and the wrath of the Lamb become impossible because of our sense of the love of God. 'He shall rule them with a rod of iron;' Is not this in the Psalm which bids us, 'Kiss the Son, lest He be angry'? 'Until all enemies be put under His feet;' Is not this in the Psalm which declares Christ's glory and session at the right hand of God, and is it not made by the Apostle the very foundation of the ultimate victory of those that are Christ's? He who sought the wandering Samaritans who offended against the Son of Man, was filled with a different spirit toward the proud hypocrites who offended against the Holy Ghost. 'Woe unto you! How can ye escape the damnation of hell?' If, however, we have any faith or sense of Christ in ancient or newer covenants of God's Will to man, we know the judgments of God led men at all times to repentance, and the tenderest desire for their return to God is compatible with the zeal which denounces all that is carnal and false.

As to the other question, 'How can Christ be in the Psalms when the eternal life and immortality He brings appears so faintly there?' Davison says the Law had not manifestly the motive of eternal life, because man would think it came by the Law; it is the gift of God by Jesus Christ. So we may say of all the Old Testament; if it was God's will, (and it was so,) to make the Gospel have this prerogative, to bring life and immortality to light, then God may not have so manifestly presented it

* See S. Augustine's Expositions on Psalms: on Psalm xxxviii. 3, Oxford Translation.

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in the Psalms. But the answer is nearer still. If Christ be there, Christ the hope of glory,—then life and immortality and eternal hopes, and not transitory promises or carnal motives, were there, there effectively, constantly, after the measure of the Gift of God.

The Providence of God, the city of God, the enemies of God, and the supplies of God's grace, I need not dwell on. These are in the Psalms, and they all have their reference to Christ, easy to understand, constantly applied in the New Testament, and generally acknowledged. *Christ and His Church* explain these.

So I have endeavoured to set forth *a principle*, which we may fail in applying, but which I conceive Christ and His Apostles exhibit. It seems also to be proved by what I believe is a fact concerning the Canon of the four first centuries. The early Church does not seem nervously anxious about the number of the books of the Gospels or the possession of a full canon of the Epistles; their faith was not lost nor their love destroyed by one less or one more of the Sacred Scriptures of the New Testament, for they were so fully persuaded of the fulness of the Scriptures of the Old Covenant to present Christ to their souls for salvation, that the study of them was practically accepted as making the Word of Christ dwell in them in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, for what the Old contained was what is revealed in the New.

I shall end as Bishop Hall said about the use of devotion. 'I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other: but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion, easy in profaneness.' So I most humbly say respecting this matter of 'Christ in the Psalms.'

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO XCII.

JACK CADE.

1450–1451.

THE disasters of the English army in France added to the discontent of the people at home, and all losses and misfortunes were attributed to Suffolk's treason. His being raised to the rank of a duke seemed only to mark him out for greater odium, and as Gaveston, Spenser, and De Vere had fallen of old, so was he now to fall.

The first commencement of his danger came in the winter of 1450. A man named William Taillebois was found lurking near the Star Chamber door, with some armed followers; and Lord Cromwell, the treasurer, who had been appointed by Glocester, declared that it was to murder him, and succeeded in getting the man fined three thousand

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pounds, in spite of Suffolk's interference on his behalf, which only led to the conclusion that he had been instigated by the hated favourite. Soon after, Adam Moleyns, Bishop of Chichester, who had been his partner in the treaty of Nanci, was sent down to Portsmouth to pay the troops who were to be sent to France; but a report arose that he was the man who had sold Maine to the French, and the mob of Portsmouth rose on him and murdered him. It would seem that in his deadly terror the Bishop had endeavoured to persuade the people that it was Suffolk's doing, and not his—even, it was reported, saying that Suffolk had a seat in the King of France's council, and was as much trusted here as there.

Whatever the Bishop had said, or whatever rumour made of it, Parliament met in a mood of bitter indignation against Suffolk. He on his part thought it best to meet the storm, and demanded leave to clear himself before the King, Lords, and Commons. It was a spirited and dignified speech, beginning thus:—

'Most high and dread sovereign Lord, I suppose well that it be comen to your ears, to my great heaviness and sorrow, the odious and horrible language that runs through your realm almost in every common's mouth, sounding to my highest charge and heaviest slander by a certain keeper of your privy seal, made at his death, as it is said.'

Then, as the best refutation of the calumny, he described his father's services, ending by his death before Harfleur—how his eldest brother had died at Agincourt, his second and third at Jargeau, on which day he himself had been made prisoner, when he had to pay £20,000 for his ransom, and in the meantime his younger brother died a hostage for him. 'I was myself armed, in your father's days and yours, thirty-four winters, and have had the Garter thirty. For seventeen years I abode in the wars without coming home or seeing this land, and have served you since my return fifteen years. All these things considered, if for a Frenchman's promise I should be either false or untrue to your high estate, or to this your land that I am born of, there could be no earthly punishment but it would be too little for me.'

Lord Cromwell seems to have been the chief mover in the attack upon Suffolk, and this honest defence went for nothing with the hotly prejudiced commons, who, four days after, insisted that Suffolk should be committed to the Tower till he should clear himself of the charges current against him. The Lords declared that there was no ground for his imprisonment, and a declaration was then made by which he was accused of having sold England to France, and in preparation for the coming of the French, 'stuffed his castle at Walsingford with guns and gunpowder,' to give them a place of refuge and succour.

On this ridiculous accusation it was necessary to arrest him; but the Archbishop of Canterbury at once resigned the chancellorship, which was given to the other primate, Cardinal Kemp.

In ten days' time the bill of impeachment was brought. It charged

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him with having advised Dunois and the other French ambassadors to bring their king to depose Henry, and set on the throne the little Margaret, only daughter to John, the last Duke of Somerset, who was by Glocester's death Henry's nearest heir, if the Beauforts were reckoned legitimate, she being betrothed to John de la Pole, Suffolk's son. Next, that he had corruptly procured the release of the Duke of Orleans, and had promised Maine to King René, and that he had continually betrayed the King's plans to the French.

These preposterous charges almost shew the real guiltlessness of the veteran on whom national hatred had fixed. Not a word was said of Glocester's death; and this, in the state of the public mind, was a virtual acquittal of Suffolk on that head.

However, the English mind had fallen into a state of frenzied prejudice, and demanded a victim. Suffolk was committed to the Tower, and there remained for a month, until seventeen new articles were produced against him. Most of them were details of the former ones, and the others vague hearsay matters. The Duke was brought to a house in the garden of the Palace of Westminster, with his own good will, for he had been told that the Tower was unsafe for him, and was brought before the peers on the 13th of March. He knelt down before the House, and was asked what he said to the charges laid against him.

They were too horrible to answer, he said. First it was treason to regard the Lady Margaret as so near the crown; then everyone knew he had intended to marry his son to the daughter of Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, if she had not died; as for the cession of Maine, the whole council were as much concerned in it as himself; and the other charges were frivolous.

The proceedings went no further that day. The King, the Council, and most of the Lords, were convinced of his innocence; but the Commons were blinded by prejudice, believed him a traitor, and made it known that they would grant no supplies unless the Court sacrificed him—the Queen's minion, as they absurdly fancied the old warrior who had fought in many a campaign before she was born.

The concern of the Court was then to put the Duke out of reach till this fury should overpass; and for this purpose the King sent for all the Lords, spiritual and temporal, to his chamber, and placed Suffolk before them, on his knees, again to answer for himself. He said that he had already shown the falsehood of all, swore that he knew no more of these treasons than an unborn child, and unreservedly threw himself on the King's mercy.

The Chancellor, Cardinal Kemp, then declared that, as he had not put himself on his peerage for trial, the King made no decision as to his guilt or innocence, but merely commanded him to quit the realm on the 1st of May for five years. Lord Beaumont then protested in the name of all the Lords that their acquiescence in this sentence was not to be a precedent for depriving them of their rights of being tried by their

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peers; and a few days after, the King adjourned Parliament, to meet on the 19th of March at Leicester.

The populace were in a dreadful state of excitement, inflamed by political ballads and by seditious whisperers, who went about under feigned names, such as Bluebeard, and the like. Two thousand persons assembled at St. Giles, and searched the fields around it, in hopes of seizing and destroying the Duke ere he left London. He had notice, and evaded them; but they found his horse and servant, and used them cruelly.

Suffolk safely reached his own estates, set his affairs in order, and wrote a beautiful letter of advice to his son,—of which the Pastons preserved a copy,—bidding him to honour and obey God first, next the King, and then his mother; to avoid evil company, and choose good advisers. 'Doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right, and live in right much worship, and great heart's-rest and ease. And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think. And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child on earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, which of His infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living, that your blood may be His grace from kindred to kindred, multiply in this earth to His service in such wise as after the departing from this wretched world here, ye and they may glorify Him eternally amongst His angels in heaven.

Written by mine hand
The day of my departing fro this land.

Your true and loving father,
SUFFOLK.'

It was a longer farewell than Suffolk knew. Those who thirsted for his blood were resolved not to be balked, and kept their watch on the seas.

His last measure was to call the knights and gentlemen of Suffolk together, and make oath of his innocence on the Sacrament before them. Then he embarked at Ipswich, with three ships, and on approaching Calais, on the 2nd of May, sent his smallest vessel to learn whether he might land there. A large ship came out to meet him, and a message was sent to desire him to come on board and speak with the captain. As soon as he set foot on deck he was greeted with the words, 'Welcome, traitor!' and made prisoner. He was allowed the attendance of his confessor, and wrote a long letter to the King; and thus two days passed, but his heart sank when he found that the name of the ship was the St. Nicolas of the Tower, for he had been told that he should be safe only if he escaped the Tower! On the third day he was set before a mock tribunal of the rude sailors, found guilty, and sentenced, taken out into a boat, and told to lay his head down, for he should die like a knight, and the head of this brave old gentleman was hacked off with

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six strokes of a rusty sword; his corpse was stripped of his mailed velvet suit, and put ashore, with his property and his servants, on the coast of Kent.

The Sheriff watched the body until word could be had from the King what was to be done with it; and it was honourably buried at Wingfield, in Suffolk. Who was the real mover in this bloody deed was never known. The sailors did indeed bitterly resent the loss of France, but if they had been the devisers of the cruelty, they would probably have slain him at once, instead of waiting, apparently, for orders. The next suspicion falls on the Duke of York, but nothing in his after life is consistent with so abominable a murder; and who was Suffolk's chief enemy—unless he were Lord Cromwell—must remain a mystery. His horrible death did not even produce any relenting, but a ballad was sung in exultation over him, putting scraps of the dirge and penitential psalms into the mouths of the friends who had been unable to save Jac Nape, as he is throughout called—*i.e.* Jack the Cnape, or knave, the origin of Jackanapes.

The populace of England were in a frightful state of lawless disaffection, and reports were rife that the men of Kent would be punished for the murder of Suffolk, by the Queen's desire. It was a monstrous allegation; but the whole country was in a state of ferment, savage at the loss of the French dominions, and further excited to mischief by the soldiers whom the cessation of the war had turned loose upon the country, with all the lawless violence bred of thirty years warfare. They could not rob the sturdy well-armed English peasantry, as the routiers did the French poor; but they excited them to discontent. To the army York had been the hero, and Somerset the object of hatred, and the notion that the French Queen and the ministers had betrayed the Duke of York and sold the conquests of Henry V. with the Beauforts' connivance, excited the people to fury. How far York was responsible cannot be made out; in fact, the inner history of this reign is entirely untraceable. It sometimes seems like a parody of that of Richard II., but in that case the motives are much more evident. De Vere was a really vicious and mischievous minion, such as De la Pole never was. Richard had a strong personal animosity to Thomas of Glocester, such as gentle Henry never felt for Humfrey of the same dukedom, and the peasantry who rose under Wat Tyler had terrible grievances, of a kind which did not exist when the faction of 1450 broke out.

The chief mover was a man named John Cade, Irish by birth, but who had been a tenant of William Ayscough, Bishop of Salisbury, and in the service of Sir William Dagre. He had killed a woman in his early days, had taken sanctuary, and then escaped to France, where he had fought, some say on the French side, some on the English—not improbably on both. After the disbanding of the army he returned to Ireland, where the Duke of York was governor, and shortly after appeared in Kent, declaring that his real name was Mortimer, and

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apparently professing to be son to an uncle of the Earl of March, a John Mortimer, who had suffered for the conspiracy of the Earl of Cambridge.

This would not have made him heir to the crown; but the Mortimers had become a favourite family since Beauforts had been dreaded as possibly next in the succession; and the men of Kent flocked eagerly around him, to the number of twenty thousand, whom he marshalled not unskilfully, by the help of his military knowledge. He put forth the demands of his followers in a proclamation, called 'The Complaint of the Commons of England.' It began with the absurd complaint that Kent was to be ravaged in vengeance for Suffolk's death, and made into a royal forest, and then proceeded to various vexations and grievances through purveyors and sheriffs, distance of the sessions from their homes, and the exactions of the lawyers—all probably real, though petty, and to these were added, the monstrous story at the beginning, and the popular cry against the royal favourites, and the losses in France, to gain the public mind. Much does seem to have been amiss. Many small exactions were made by officers of the law, and as these were almost all clergymen of inferior situation, the clerical office, and indeed all educated men, were hated as oppressors, and the people were worked up into a terrible state of rage and fury.

At first the Court seems to have thought that the county magistrates could put down the riot, but when the insurgents were actually at Blackheath, in a camp entrenched with some skill, and the 'Captain of the Commons' had a regular correspondence with a draper in the city, who forced the Italian merchants there resident to tax themselves to supply armour to the rebels, the danger was felt to be imminent, an army of 15,000 men was assembled, and the King took the command.

Henry was beloved by all, and Cade could hardly have brought his men to fight against their sovereign in person; while, on the other hand, he knew there was disaffection enough among the royal troops towards everyone except the King to make time important. So Cade fell back to a wood near Sevenoaks, leaving ambushes in case he should be pursued; and this deceived Henry, who returned, happy in believing that his subjects would not attack him, and sending on a body of men under Sir Humfrey Stafford, great-nephew to the Archbishop, to pursue the rebels and break them up. They fell into the ambush and were all cut off, and the Court remained in much anxiety, ignorant of their fate, and only knowing that Mortimer, as he called himself, had come back to Blackheath more triumphant and glorious than ever, and moreover that Bishop Ayscough of Salisbury, the King's confessor, had been dragged from the altar at Edington while officiating, and done to death, as being of the court party, but no doubt also to gratify an old grudge of Cade's.

The army was summoned to the field again; but there only came

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murmurs against fighting with fellow-countrymen, whose requests were not unreasonable after all, and a wish for the presence of the Duke of York, who was far away in Ireland. To satisfy these murmurers Henry consented to send to the Tower his chamberlain, Lord Say and Sele, and good old Archbishop Stafford offered to go in person to this camp of murderers, promise them the redress of their real grievances, and induce them to lay down their arms.

It was bravely done of him; and with him went his kinsman, the Duke of Buckingham; but as they drew near the camp a mournful sight met them—the arms of their late friends decking the rebels, and Cade himself arrayed in Sir Humfrey Stafford's armour, set with gilt studs, and his gilt spurs.

No violence was attempted, and they were struck with Cade's ability. He refused to treat with anybody but the King, for whom he expressed infinite loyalty, nor would he lay down his arms till the ministers were dismissed and the government in the hands of the Duke of York; but if the King would come to Blackheath he would find a loyal army, ready to defend him, and choose his counsellors.

With this answer the Archbishop returned, and finding that the cry for York was echoed both in the army and in London, he advised that the King and Queen should place themselves out of reach of the rebels in Kenilworth Castle, while all the trustworthy troops were placed under the command of Lord Scales and Sir Matthew Gough in the Tower of London, whither the Archbishop accompanied them, willing to brave the fate of Simon of Sudbury, if thus he could save the country.

Cade, as an old soldier, did his best to preserve discipline, and beheaded one of his officers for disobedience; and this encouraged the Lord Mayor and aldermen to admit him into London,—indeed, one who voted against so doing was imprisoned,—and the gates were opened on the 1st of July, in a sort of expectation that he would bring back better days, and intimidate the hated French Queen into recalling the Duke of York.

As Cade crossed the drawbridge he cut the ropes with his sword, that it might not be treacherously raised behind him, set up his standard in Cheapside, and rode through the streets, causing proclamation to be made in the King's name that no one should take anything without paying for it. Riding up to what was called London Stone,—the memorial certainly of the Roman Londiniun, and in the eyes of the people of old, of the King Lud who was said to have built Ludgate, and to have been coeval with Brennus, this Celtic leader struck it with his sword, exclaiming, 'Now is Mortimer Lord of London!'

So far his conduct had been moderate, but, as with Rienzi and Massaniello, the culminating moment proved too much for his brain.

On the 3rd he came into London again, and sent for Lord Say from the Tower. How that nobleman came to be surrendered does not

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appear, but when he came to the Guildhall he was arraigned for treason, as well as the already murdered Bishop of Salisbury and Alice Chaucer, the widowed Duchess of Suffolk, who was fortunately out of reach.

Lord Say pleaded that he could be only tried by his peers, and as the Lord Mayor could make no answer to this, Cade took the law into his own hands, and caused the unfortunate minister to be taken to the standard at Cheapside and there beheaded. His son-in-law, Cromer, who was sheriff of Kent, was also beheaded at Mile End, and the heads of both were carried about on poles.

The monster mob was learning ferocity, and robbery set in. Cade even pillaged the house he had dined in, and Southwark was in a state of terror. It was said that everyone who had any knowledge of law, or even of grammar, who fell into their hands, was in danger. The aldermen saw that their reformer was a failure, and when Cade had returned to his camp, they concerted measures with the royal garrison in the Tower to prevent another ruffianly visit to London. The gates of London Bridge were closed, Lord Scales and Sir Matthew Gough brought their forces down, and there was a six hours' fight in the streets, in the course of which Gough, an old captain, commonly called by the French version of his name, Matagou, was killed; but when night came on the rebels found themselves worsted, and a truce was agreed upon.

Then the two Archbishops and Bishop Waynflete of Winchester offered themselves again to endeavour to appease the enemy. They met the ringleaders at St. Margaret's Church, received a paper of Cade's complaints, and offered pardon under the Great Seal to all who would return to their homes.

Cade accepted the pardon and retired, but in his camp at Blackheath he changed his mind, set up his standard, and tried to collect men to attack the City again; but the result of the last day's fight had dispirited his followers, and he could only fall back through Deptford to Rochester. There his men fell to quarrelling over the plunder; and he, in despair, mounted his horse and rode away. A proclamation was set forth placing a price of 1000 marks on his head; and the new sheriff of Kent, Alexander Iden, pursuing hotly after him, found him in a garden at Heyfield, and beheaded him at once. The deluded men of Kent crept home, and were for the most part unmolested, though a few ringleaders were tried and executed. So ended this strange brief rebellion.

The Queen, who never did understand English law, tried to obtain from an esquire of Sir John Fastolfe's an impeachment of his master for treason. She failed, and only added to the general dislike of her, though probably Fastolfe had been a well-wisher to the rebels, since he is known to have been a strong partizan of Glocester, and hater of the Court.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE CAGED LION.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SIEGE OF MEAUX.

Wintry winds and rains were sweeping over the English tents on the banks of the Marne, where Henry V. was besieging Meaux, then the stronghold of one of those terrible freebooters, who were always the offspring of a lengthened war. Jean de Gast, usually known as the Bastard de Vaurus, nominally was of the Armagnac or patriotic party, but in fact pillaged indiscriminately, especially capturing travellers on their way to Paris, and setting on their heads a heavy price, failing which he hung them upon the great elm tree in the market-place. The very suburbs of Paris were infested by the forays of this desperate *routier*, as such highway robbers were called; the supplies of provisions were cut off, and the citizens had petitioned King Henry that he would relieve them from so intolerable an enemy.

The King intended to spend the winter months with his queen in England, and at once attacked the place in October, hoping to carry it by a *coup de main*. He took the lower city, containing the market-place and several large convents, with no great difficulty; but the upper city, on a rising ground above the river, was strongly fortified, well victualled, and bravely defended, and he found himself forced to invest it, and make a regular siege, though at the expense of severe toil, and much sickness and suffering. Both his own prestige in France and the welfare of the capital depended on his success, and he had therefore fixed himself before Meaux, to take it at whatever cost.

The greater part of the army were here encamped, together with the chief nobles, March, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick, and likewise the King of Scots. James had for a time had the command of the army which besieged and took Dreux while Henry was elsewhere engaged, but in general he acted as a sort of volunteer aide-de-camp to his brother king, and Malcolm Stewart of Glenuskie was always with him as his squire. A great change had come over Malcolm in these last few months. His feeble sickly boyhood seemed to have been entirely cast off, and the warm genial summer sun of France to have strengthened his frame and developed his powers. He had shot up suddenly to a fair height, had almost lost his lameness, and gained much more appearance of health and power of enduring fatigue. His nerves had become less painfully sensitive, and when after his first skirmish, during which he had kept close to King James, far too much terrified to stir an inch from him, he had not only found himself perfectly safe, but had been much praised for his valour, he had been so much pleased with himself that he quite wished for another occasion of displaying his bravery; and what with use,

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and what with the increasing spirit of pugnacity, he was as sincere as Ralf Percy in abusing the French for never coming to a pitched battle. Perhaps indeed Malcolm spoke even more eagerly than Ralf, in his own surprise and gratification at finding himself no coward, and his fear lest Percy should detect that he ever had been supposed to be such.

So far the King of Scots had succeeded in awakening martial fire in the boy, but he found him less the companion in other matters than he had intended. When at Paris, James would have taken him to explore the learned hoards of the already venerable University of Paris, where young James Kennedy—son to Sir James Kennedy of Dunure, and to Mary, an elder sister of the King—was studying with exceeding zeal. James and Dr. Bennet both were greatly interested in this famous abode of learning—the King indeed was already sketching out designs in his own mind for a similar institution in Scotland, designs that were destined to be carried out after his death by Kennedy; and Malcolm perforce heard many inquiries and replies, but he held aloof from friendship with his clerkly cousin Kennedy, and closed his ears as much as might be, hanging back as if afraid of returning to his books. There was in this some real dread of Ralf Percy's mockery of his clerkliness, but there was more real distaste for all that appertained to the past days that he now despised.

The tide of vitality and physical vigour, so long deficient, had, when it had fairly set in, carried him away with it; and in the activity of body newly acquired, mental activity had well-nigh ceased. And therewith went much of the tenderness of conscience and devout habits of old. They dropped from him, sometimes for lack of time, sometimes from false shame, and by-and-by from very weariness and distaste. He was soldier now, and not monk—ay, and even the observances that such soldiers as Henry and James never failed in, and always enforced, were becoming a burthen to him. They wakened misgivings that he did not like, and that must wait till his next general shrift.

And Esclairmonde? Out of her sight, Malcolm dreamt a good deal about her, but more as the woman, less as the saint; and the hopes, so low in her presence, burnt brighter in her absence as Malcolm grew in self-confidence and in knowledge of the world. He knew that when he parted with her he had been a miserable little wretch whom any woman would despise, yet she had shewn him a sort of preference; how would it be when he returned to her, perhaps a knight, certainly a brave man like other men!

Of Patrick Drummond he had as yet heard nothing, and only believed him to be among the Scots who fought on the French side under the Earls of Buchan and Douglas. Indeed, James especially avoided places where he knew these Scots to be engaged, as Henry persisted in regarding them as rebels against him, and in hanging all who were made prisoners; nor had Malcolm, during the courtesies that always pass between the outposts of civilized armies, made much attempt to have any communication

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with his cousin, for though his own abnegation of his rights had never been permitted by his guardian, or reckoned on by his sister or her lover, still he had been so much in earnest about it himself, as while regarding it as a childish folly, to feel ill at ease in the remembrance, and though defiant, willing to avoid all that could recall it.

Meantime, he with his king was lodged in a large old convent, as part of the immediate following of King Henry. Others of the princes and nobles were quartered in the market hall and lower town, but great part of the troops were in tents, and in a state of much discomfort, owing to the overflowings of the Marne. Fighting was the least of their dangers, though their skirmishes were often fought ancle deep in mud and mire; fever and ague were among them, and many a sick man was sent away to recover or die at Paris. The long dark evenings were a new trial to men used to summer campaigning, and nothing but Henry's wonderful personal influence and perpetual vigilance kept up discipline. At any hour of the day or night, at any place in the camp, the King might be at hand, with a cheery word of sympathy or encouragement, or with the most unflinching sternness towards any disobedience or debauchery—ever a presence to be either loved or dreaded. An engineer in advance of his time, he was persuaded that much of the discomfort might be remedied by trenching the ground around the camp; but this measure proved wonderfully distasteful to the soldiery. How hard they laboured in the direct siege operations they cared not, but to be set to drain French fields seemed to them absurd and unreasonable, and the work would not have proceeded at all without constant superintendence from one of the chiefs of the army, since the ordinary knights and squires were as obstinately prejudiced as were the men.

Thus it was that on a cold sleety December day, James of Scotland rode along the meadows splashing through thin ice into muddy water, and attended by his small personal suite, excepting Sir Nigel Baird, who was gone on a special commission to Paris. Both he and Malcolm were plainly and lightly armed, and wore long blue cloaks, with the St. Andrew's Cross on the shoulder, steel caps without vizors, and the King's merely distinguished by a thread-like circlet of gold. They had breast-plates, swords, and daggers, but they were not going to a quarter where fighting was to be expected, and bright armour was not to be exposed to rust without need. A visit of inspection to the delvers was not a congenial occupation, for though the men-at-arms had obeyed James fairly well when he was in sole command at Dreux, yet whenever he was obliged to enforce anything unpopular, the national dislike to the Scot was apt to show itself, and the whole army was at present in a depressed condition which made such manifestations the more probable.

But King Henry was not half recovered from a heavy feverish cold, which he had not confessed or attended to; and he had also of late been troubled with a swelling of the neck. This morning too, much to his inconvenience and dismay, he had missed his signet ring. The private

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seal on such a ring was of more importance than the autograph at that time; and it would never have left the King's hand, but no doubt, in consequence of his indisposition, his finger, always small boned, had become thin enough to allow the signet to escape unawares. He was unwilling to publish the loss, as it might cast doubt on the papers he despatched, and he, with his chamberlain Fitzhugh, King James, Malcolm, Percy, and a few more, had spent half the morning in the vain search, ending by the King sending his chamberlain, Lord Fitzhugh, to carry to Paris a seal already bearing his shield, but lacking the small private mark that authenticated it as his signet. Fitzhugh would stand over the lapidary and see this added and bring it back. Ralf Percy had meantime been sent to bring a report of the diggers, but he was long in returning; and when Henry became uneasy, James had volunteered to go himself, and Henry had consented, not because the air was full of sleety rain or snow, but because his hands were full of letters needing to be despatched to all quarters.

The air was so thick that it was not easy to see where were the sullen group of diggers presided over by the quondam duelists of Thirsk, Kitson and Trenton, now the most inseparable and impracticable of men; but James and his companions had ridden about two miles from the market-place, when Ralf Percy came out of the mist, exclaiming, 'Is it you, Sir King? Maybe you can do something with those rascals! I've talked myself blue with cold to make them slope the sides of their dyke, but the owl Kitson says no Yorkshireman ditcher ever went but by one fashion, and none ever shall, and when I lifted my riding-rod at the most insolent of the rogues, what must Trenton do but tell me the lot were free yeomen, and I'd best look out, or they'd roll me in the mire if I meddled with a soul of them.'

'You didn't threaten to strike Trenton?'

'No, no; the sullen cur is a gentleman. 'Twas one of those lubberly men-at-arms! I told them they should hear what King Harry would say to their mood. I would it were he!'

'So would I,' said James. 'Little chance that they will hearken to a Scot when you have put them in such a mood. Hold, Ralf, do not go for the King, he has letters for the Emperor mattering more than this dyke.'

He rode on, and did his best by leaping into the ditch, taking the spade, and showing the superior security of the angle of inclination traced by the King, but all in vain; both Trenton and Kitson silently but obstinately scouted the notion that any king should know more about ditches than themselves.

'See,' cried Percy, starting up, 'here's other work! The fellows, whence came they?'

Favoured by the fog and the soft soil of the meadows, a considerable body of the enemy were stealing on the delvers with the manifest purpose of cutting them off from the camp. They were all mounted, but the only

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horses in the English party were those of James, Percy, Malcolm, and the half-dozen men of his escort. James, assuming the command at once, bade these to be all released, they would be sure to find their way to the camp, and that would bring succour. Meantime, he drew the whole of the men, about thirty in number, into a compact body. They were properly archers, but their bows had been left behind, and they had only their pikes and bills, which were however very formidable weapons against cavalry as long as they continued in an unbroken rank; and though the bogs, pools, sunken hedges, and submerged stumps, made it difficult to keep close together as they made their way slowly with one flank to the river, these obstacles were no small protection against a charge of horsemen.

For a quarter of a mile these tactics kept them unharmed, but at length they reached a wide smooth meadow, and the enemy seemed preparing to charge. James gave orders to close up and stand firm, pikes outwards; Malcolm's heart beat fast, it was the most real peril he had yet seen, and yet he was cheered by the King's ringing voice, 'Stand firm, ye merry men. They must soon be with us from the camp.'

Suddenly a voice shouted, 'The Scots! the Scots! 'Tis the Scots! Treachery! we are betrayed. Come, Sir,' to Percy, 'they'll be on you. Treason!'

'An it were, you fool, would a Percy turn his back?' cried Ralf, striking at the man; but the panic had seized the whole body, all were shouting that the false Scots king had brought his countrymen down on them, they scattered hither and thither, and would have fallen an easy prey if they had been pursued; but this did not seem to be the purpose of the enemy, who merely extended themselves so as to form a hedge around the few, who stood sword in hand, disdaining to fly. These were, James, somewhat in advance, with his head high, and a lion look on his brow; Malcolm, white with dismay; Ralf, restless with fury; Kitson and Trenton, apparently as unmoved as ever; Brewster, equally steady; and Malcolm's follower, Halbert, in a glow of hopeful excitement.

'Never fear, friends,' said James kindly; 'to you this can only be matter of ransom.'

'I fear nothing,' sharply answered Ralf.

'We'll stand by you, Sir,' said Kitson to Ralf; 'but if ever there were foul treason—'

'Pshaw! you ass,' were all Percy's thanks; for at that moment, a horseman came forward from among the enemy, a gigantic form on a tall white horse, altogether a 'dark grey man,' the open visor revealing an elderly face, hard-featured and grim, and the shield on his arm so dinted, faded, and battered, as scarce to shew the blue chief and the bleeding crowned heart; but it was no unfamiliar sight to Malcolm's eyes, and with a slight shudder he bent his head in answer to the fierce whisper, Old Douglas himself!' with which Hotspur's son certified himself that he had the foe of his house before him. King James, resting the point

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of his sword on his mailed foot, stood erect and gravely expectant; and the Scot, springing to the ground, advanced with the words, 'We greet you well, my liege, and hereby—' he was bending his knee as he spoke, and removing his gauntlet in preparation for the act of homage.

'Hold, Earl Douglas,' said James, 'homage is vain to a captive.'

'You are captive no longer, Sir King,' said Earl Archibald. 'We have long awaited this occasion, and will at once return to Scotland with you, with the arms and treasure we have gained here, and will bear down the craven Albany.'

Kitson and Trenton looked at one another and grasped their swords, as though doubting whether they ought not to cut down their king's prisoner rather than let him be rescued; and meanwhile the cry, 'Save King James!' broke out on all sides, knights leapt down to tender their homage, and among the foremost, Malcolm knew Sir Patrick Drummond, crying aloud, 'My Lord, my Lord, we have waited long for you. Be a free king in free Scotland! Trust us, my liege.'

'Trust you, my friends,' said James, deeply touched; 'I trust you with all my heart, but how could you trust me if I began with a breach of faith to the King of England?'

Ralf Percy held up his finger and nodded his head to the Yorkshire squires, who stood open-mouthed, still believing that a Scot must be false. There was an angry murmur among the Scots, but James gazed at them undauntedly, as though to look it down.

'Yes, to King Harry!' he said in his trumpet voice. 'I belong to him, and he has trusted me as never prisoner was trusted before, nor will I betray that trust.'

'The foul fiend take such niceties,' muttered old Douglas; but checking himself, he said, 'Then, Sir, give me your sword, and we'll have you home as my prisoner, to save this your honour!'

'Yea,' said James, 'that is mine own, though my body be yours, and till England put me to ransom you would have but a useless captive.'

'Sir,' said Sir John Swinton, pressing forward; 'if my Lord of Douglas be plain spoken, bethink you that it is no cause for casting aside this one hope of freedom that we have sought so long. If you have the heart to strike for Scotland, this is the time.'

'It is not the time,' said James, 'nor will I do Scotland the wrong of striking for her with a dishonoured hand.'

'That will we see when we have him at Hermitage Castle,' quoth Douglas to his followers. 'Now, Sir King, best give your sword without more grimace. Living or dead you are ours.'

'I yield not,' said James. 'Dead you may take me—alive, never.' Then turning his eyes to the faces that gazed on him so earnestly in disappointment, in affection, or in scorn, he spoke. 'Brave friends, who may perchance love me the better that I have been a captive half my life and all my reign, you can believe how sair my heart burns for my bonnie land's sake, and how little I'd reck of my life for her weal. But broken oaths

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are ill beginnings. For me, so notably trusted by King Henry, to break my bonds, would shame both Scots and kings; and it were yet more paltry to feign to yield to my Lord of Douglas. Rescue or no rescue, I am England's captive. Gentles, kindly brother Scots, in one way alone can you free me. Give up this wretched land of France, whose troubles are but lengthened by your valour. Let me gang to King Harry and tell him your swords are at his service, so soon as I am free. Then am I your King indeed; we return together, staunch hearts and strong hands, and the key shall keep the castle, and the bracken bush keep the cow, though I lead the life of a dog to bring it about.'

His tawny eye flashed with falcon light; and as he stood towering above all the tall men around, there were few who did not in heart own him indeed their king. But his picture of royal power accorded ill with the notions of a Black Douglas, in the most masterful days of that family; and Earl Archibald, who had come to regard kings as beings meant to be hectored by Douglases, resentfully exclaimed, 'Hear him, comrades, he has avouched himself a Southron at heart. Has he reckoned how little it would cost to give a thrust to the caitiff who has lost heart in his prison, and clear the way for Albany, who is at least a true Scot.'

'Do so, Lord Earl,' said James, 'and end a long captivity. But let these go scatheless.'

With one voice, Percy, Kitson, Trenton, and Brewster, shouted their resolve to defend him to the last; and Malcolm, flinging himself on Patrick Drummond, adjured him to save the King.

'Thou here, laddie?' said Patrick, amazed; and while several more knights exclaimed, 'Sir, Sir, we'll see no hand laid on you!' he thrust forward, 'Take my horse, Sir, ride on, and I'll see no scathe befall you.'

'Thanks,' said James; 'but my feet will serve me best; we will keep together.'

The Scottish force seemed dividing into two: Douglas and his friends and retainers, mounted and holding together, as though still undecided whether to grapple with the king and his half-dozen companions; while Drummond and about ten more lances were disposed to guard him at all risks.

'Now,' said James to his English friends; and therewith, sword in hand, he moved with a steady but swift stride towards the camp, nor did Douglas attempt pursuit; some of the other horsemen hovered between, and Patrick Drummond, with a puzzled face, kept near on foot. So they proceeded till they reached a bank and willow hedge, through which horses could hardly have pursued them.

On the other side of this, James turned round and said, 'Thanks, Sir Knight, I suppose I may not hope that you will become a follower of the knight adventurer.'

'I cannot fight under the English banner, my liege. Elsewhere I would follow you to the death.'

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'This is no time to shew your error,' said James; 'and I therefore counsel you to come no farther. The English will be pricking forth in search of us, so I will but thank you for your loyal aid.'

'I entreat you, Sir,' cried Patrick, 'not to believe that we meant this matter to go as it has done! It had long been our desire—of all of us, that is, save my Lord Buchan's retainers—to find you and release you; but never did we deem that Lord Douglas would have dared to conduct matters thus.'

'You would be little the better for me did Lord Douglas bring me back on his own terms,' said James, smiling. 'No, no, when I go home it shall be as a free king, able to do justice to all alike; and for that I am content to bide my time, and trust to such as you to back me when it comes.'

'And with all my heart, Sir,' said Patrick. 'Would that you were where I could do so now. Ah! laddie,' to Malcolm; 'ye're in good hands. My certie, I kenned ye but by your voice! Ye've verily grown into a goodly slip after all, and ye stood as brave as the rest! My poor father would have been fain to see this day!'

Malcolm flushed to the ears; somehow Patrick's praise was not as pleasant to him as he would have expected, and he only faltered, 'You know—'

'I ken but what Johnnie Swinton brought me a letter frae the Abbot of Coldingham, that my father—the saints be with him!—had been set on and slain by yon accursed Master of Albany—would that his thrapple were in my grip!—that he had sent you southwards to the King, and that your sister was in St. Abbs. Is it so?'

Malcolm had barely time to make a sign of affirmation, when the King hurried him on. 'I grieve to baulk you of your family tidings, but delay will be ill for one or other of us, so fare thee well, Sir Patrick, till better times.'

He shook the knight's hand as he spoke, cut short his protestations, and leapt down the bank, saying in a low voice, as he stretched out his hand and helped Malcolm down after him, 'He would have known me again for your guest if we had stood many moments longer, he looked hard at me as it was; and neither in England nor Scotland may that journey of mine be blazed abroad.'

Malcolm was on the whole rather relieved; he could not help feeling guilty towards Patrick, and unless he could have full time for explanation, he preferred not falling in with him.

And at the same moment Kitson stepped towards the King. 'Sir, you are an honest man, and we crave your pardon if we said aught that seemed in doubt thereof.'

James laughed, shaking each honest hand, and saying, 'At least, good Sirs, do not always think Scot and traitor the same word; and thank you for backing me so gallantly.'

'I'd wish no better than to back such as you, Sir,' said Kitson heartily;

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and James then turned to Ralf Percy, and asked him what he thought of the Douglas face to face.

'A dour old block!' said Ralf. 'If those runaways had but stayed with us, the hoary ruffian should have had his lesson from a Percy.'

James smiled, for the grim giant was still a good deal more than a match for the slim rosy faced stripling of the house of Percy, who nevertheless simply deemed his nation and family made him invincible by either Scot or Frenchman.

The difficulties of their progress, however, entirely occupied them. Having diverged from the regular track, they had to make their way through the inundated meadows; sometimes among deep pools, sometimes in quagmires, or over hedges; while the water that drenched them was fast freezing, and darkness came down on them. All stumbled, or were bogged at different times; and Malcolm, shorter and weaker than the rest, and his lameness becoming felt more than usual, could not help impeding their progress, and at last was so spent, that but for the King's strong arm he would have spent the night in a bog-hole.

At last the lights were near, the outskirts were gained, the pass-word given to the watch, and the rough but welcome greeting was heard. 'That's well! More of you come in! How got you off?'

'The rogues got back, then?' said Kitson.

'Some score of them,' was the answer; 'but 'tis thought most are drowned or stuck by the French. The King is in a proper rage, as well he may be; but what else could come of a false Scot in the camp?'

'Have a care, you foul tongue,' Percy was the first to cry; and as torches were now brought out and cast their light on the well known faces, the soldiers stood abashed; but James tarried not for their excuses, his heart was hot at the words which implied that Henry suspected him, and he strode hastily on to the convent, where the quadrangle was full of horses and men, and the windows shone with lights. At the door of the refectory stood a figure whose armour flashed with light, and his voice sounded through the closed vizor.

'I tell you, March, I cannot rest till I know what his hap has been. If he have done this thing—'

'What then?' answered James out of the darkness, in a voice deep with wrath; but Henry started.

'You there! you safe! Speak again! Come here that I may see. Where is he?'

'Here, Sir King,' said James gravely.

'Now the saints be thanked!' cried Henry, joyously. 'Where be the caitiffs that brought me their false tale? They shall hang for it at once.'

'It was the less wonder,' said James, still coldly, 'that they should have thought themselves betrayed, since their king believed it of me.'

'Nay, 'twas but for a hot moment—ay, and the bitterest I ever spent. What could I do when the villains swore that there were signals and I know not what devices passing? I hoped yet 'twas but a plea for their

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own cowardice, and was mounting to come and see for you. Come, I should have known you better; I'd rather the whole world deceived me than have distrusted you, Jamie.'

There was that in his tone which ended all resentment, and James's hand was at once clasped in his, while Henry added, 'Ho, Provost-marshal, to the gallows with those knaves.'

'Nay, Harry,' said James, 'let me plead for them. There was more than ordinary to dismay them.'

'Dismay! ay, the more cause they should have stood like honest men. If a rogue be not to hang for deserting his captain and then maligning him, then would knavery be soon master of all.'

'Hear me first, Hal.'

'I'll hear when I return and you are dried. Why, man, thou art an icicle errant; change thy garments while I go round the posts, or I shall hear naught for the chattering of thy teeth.'

'Nor I for your cough, if you go, Harry. Surely 'tis Salisbury's night!'

'The more cause that I be on the alert! Could I be everywhere, mayhap a few winter blasts would not have chilled and frozen all the manhood out of the host.'

He spoke very sharply as he threw him on his horse, and wrapped his cloak about him—a poor defence, spite of the ermine lining, against the frost of the December night, for a man whose mother, the fair and wise Mary de Bohun, had died in early youth from disease of the lungs.

James and the two young partners of his adventure had long been clad in their gowns of peace, and seated by the fire in the refectory, James with his harp in his hand, from time to time dreamily calling forth a few plaintive notes, such as he said always rang in his ears after hearing a Scottish voice, when they again heard Henry's voice in hot displeasure with the Provost-marshal for having deferred the execution of the runaways till after the hearing of the story of the King of Scots.

'His commands were not to be transgressed for the King of anything,' and he only reprieved the wretches till morning that their fate might be the more signal. He spoke with the peremptory fierceness that had of late almost obscured his natural good humour and kindliness; and when he entered the refectory, and threw himself into a chair by the fire, he looked wearied out in body and mind, shivered and coughed, and said with unwonted depression that the sullen fellows would make a quagmire of their camp after all, since a French reinforcement had come up, and the vigilance that would be needed would occupy the whole army. At supper, he ate nothing and spoke less; and when James would have related his encounter with the Scots, he cut him short, saying, 'Let that rest till morning, I am sick of hearing of it! An air upon thy harp would be more to the purpose.'

Nor would James have been unwilling to be silent on old Douglas's conduct, if he had not been anxious to plead for the panic-stricken

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archers, as well as to extol the conduct of the two youths, and of the Yorkshire squires; but as he divined that the young Hotspur would regard praise from him as an insult, he deferred the subject for his absence, and launched into a plaintive narrative ballad, to which Henry listened, leaning back in his chair, often dozing, but without relaxation of the anxiety that sat on his pale face, and ever and anon wakening with a heavy sigh, as though his buoyant spirits were giving way under the weight of care he had brought on himself.

James was just singing of one of the many knightly orphans of romance, exposed in woods to the nurture of bears, his father slain, his mother dead of grief—a ditty he had perhaps chosen for its soporific powers—when a gay bugle blast rang through the court of the convent.

'The French would scarce send to parley thus late,' exclaimed James; but the next moment a joyful clamour arose without, and Henry, springing to his feet, spoke not, but stood awaiting the tidings with the colour burning on cheek and brow in suppressed excitement.

An esquire splashed to the ears hurried into the room, and falling on his knees, cried aloud, 'God save King Harry! News, news, my Lord. The Queen hath safely borne you a fair son at Windsor Castle, five days since.'

Henry did not speak, but took the messenger's hand, wrung it, and left a costly ring there. Then taking off his cap, he put his hands over his face, uttering a few words of fervent thanksgiving almost within himself, and then turning to the esquire, made further inquiries after his wife's welfare, took from him the letter that Archbishop Chicheley had sent, poured out a cup of wine for him, bade the lords around make him good cheer, but craved licence for himself to retire.

It was so unlike his usual hilarious manner, that all looked at one another in anxiety, and spoke of his unusual susceptibility to fatigue and care; while the squire, looking at the rich jewel in his hand, declared with disappointment in his tone that he would rather have had a mere flint stone so he had heard King Harry's own cheery voice.

James was not the least anxious of them, but long ere light the next morning, Henry stood at his bed-side, saying, 'I must go round the posts before Mass, Jamie. Will you face the matin frost?'

'I am fitter to face it than thou,' said James, rising. 'Is there need for this?'

'Great need,' said Henry. 'Here are these fresh forces all aglow with their first zeal, and unless they are worse captains than I deem them, they will attempt some mischief ere long—nor is any time so slack as cock-crow.'

James was speedily ready, and with some suppressed sighs so was Malcolm, who knew himself in duty bound to attend his master, and was kept on the alert by seeing Ralf Percy also on foot. But it was a great relief to him that the young gentleman murmured in no measured terms against the intolerable activity of their kings. No other attendants went

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with them, since Henry was wont to patrol his camp with as little demonstration as possible.

'I would scarcely ask a dog to come out with me this wintry morn,' said he, as he waved back his sleepy chamberlain, Fitzhugh, and took his brother king's arm; 'but I could not but crave a turn with thee, Jamie, ere the hue and cry of rejoicing begins.'

'That is poor welcome for your heir,' said James.

'Poor child,' said Henry; then after they had walked some space in silence, he added, 'you'll mock me, but I would that this had not befallen at Windsor. I had laid my plans that it should be otherwise; but ladies are ill to guide.'

'And wherefore should it not have been at fair Windsor? If I can love it as a captive, sure your son may well love it as a cradle.'

'No dishonour to Windsor,' said Henry; 'but, sleeping or waking, this whole night hath this adage rung in my ears—

> Harry, born at Monmouth, shall short time live and all get;
> Harry, born at Windsor, shall long time live and lose all.'

'A most choice piece of royal poesy and prophecy,' laughed James.

'Nay, do not charge me with it, thou dainty minstrel. It was sung to me by mine old Herefordshire nurse, when Windsor seemed as little within my reach as Meaux, and I never thought of it again till I looked to have a son.'

'Then baulk the prophecy,' said James; 'Edward born at Windsor got enough, and lived long enough, to boot!'

'Too late!' was the answer. 'The Archbishop christened the poor child Harry, in the very hour of his birth.'

'Poor child!' echoed James, rather sarcastically.

'Nay, 'tis not solely the rhyme,' said Henry; 'but this has been a wakeful night, and not without misgivings whether I am one who ought to look for joy in his children.'

'What is past, was not such that you alone should cry *mea culpa*,' said James.

'I never thought so till now,' said Henry. 'Yet who knows? My father was a winsome young man, ere his exile, full of tenderness to us all, at the rare times he was with us. Who knows what cares may make of me ere my boy learns to know me?'

'You will not hold him aloof, and give him no chance of loving you.'

'I trow not! I'll have him with me in the camp, and he and my brave men shall be one another's pride. Which Roman Emperor was it that bears the nick-name his father's soldiers gave him as a child? Nay—Caligula was it? Omens are against me this morning.'

'Then laugh them to scorn, and be yourself,' said James. 'Bless God for the goodly child, who is born to two kingdoms, won by his father's and his grandsire's sword.'

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'*Ah!*' said Henry, depressed by failing health, a sleepless night, and *hungry* morning, 'maybe it were better for him, soul and body both, did I stand here Duke of Lancaster, and good Edmund of March yonder were head of realm and army.'

'Never would he be head of this army,' said James. 'He would be snoring at Shene; that is, if he could sleep for the trouble the Duke of Lancaster would be giving him.'

Henry laughed at last. 'Good King Edmund, he would assuredly never try to set the world right on its hinges. Honest fellow, soon he will be as hearty in his congratulations, as though he did not lie under a great wrong. Heigh ho! such as he may be in the right on't. I've marvelled of late, whether any priest or hermit could bring back my old assurance, that all this is my work on earth, or tell me if it be all one grand error. Men there have been like Cæsar, Alexander, or Charlemagne, who thought my thoughts, and worked them out; and surely Church and nations cry aloud for purifying. Jerusalem, and a general council—I saw them once clear and bright before me; but now a mist seems to come up from Richard's blood, and hide them from me; and there comes from it my father's voice, when he asked on his death-bed what right I had to the crown. What would it be, if I had to leave this work half done?'

He was interrupted by the sight of a young knight stealing into the camp, after a furtive expedition to Paris. It was enough to rouse him from his morbid state; and the severity of his wrath was in full proportion to the offence. Nor did he again utter his misgivings, but was full of his usual alacrity and life, as though daylight had restored his buoyancy.

James, on the way back to the thanksgiving Mass, interceded for last night's offenders, as an act of grace suitable to the occasion; but Henry was inexorable.

'Had they stood to die like Englishmen, they had not lied like dogs!' he said; 'and as dogs they shall hang!'

In fact, in the critical state of his army, he knew that the only safety lay in the promptest and sternest justice; and therefore the three foremost in accusing King James of treachery, were hung long before noon.

However, he called for the two Yorkshiremen, and thus addressed them: 'Well done, my masters! Thanks, for showing Scots and Frenchmen what stuff Englishmen are made of! I keep my word, good fellows. Kneel down, and I'll dub each a knight. How now! What are you blundering and whispering for?'

'So please you, Sir,' said Kitson, 'this is no matter to win one's spurs for—mere standing still without a blow.'

'I would all had that same gift of standing still,' returned Henry. 'What is it sticks in your gizzard, friend? If 'tis the fees, I take them on myself.'

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'No, Sir,' hoarsely cried both.

And Kitson explained. 'Sir, you said you'd knight the one of us that was foremost. Now, the two being dubbed, we shall be but where we were before as to Mistress Agnes of Mineshull, unless of your good will you would be pleased to let us fight out the wager of the heriard in all peace and amity.'

Henry burst out laughing, with all his own merriment, as he said, 'For no Mistress Agnes living, can I have honest men's lives wasted, specially of such as have that gift of standing still. If she does not know her own mind, one of you must get himself killed by the Frenchmen, not by one another. So kneel down, and we'll make your knighthood's feast fall in with that for my son.'

Thus Sir Christopher Kitson and Sir William Trenton rose up knights; and bore their honours with a certain bluntness that made them butts, even while they were the heroes of the day; and Henry, who had resumed his gay temper, made much diversion out of their mingled shrewdness and gruffness.

'So,' muttered Malcolm to Ralf Percy, 'we are passed over in the self-same matter for which these fellows are knighted.'

'Tush!' answered Percy; 'I'd scorn to be confounded with a couple of clowns like them! Moreover,' he added, with better reason, 'their valour was more exercised than ours, inasmuch as they thought there was treachery, and we did not. No, no; when my spurs are won, it shall be for some prowess, better than standing stock still.'

Malcolm held his tongue, unwilling that Percy should see that he did feel this an achievement; but he was vexed at the lack of reward, fancying that knighthood would be no small step in the favour of that imaginary Esclairmonde, whom he had made for himself.

Light of the world, he loved to call her still, but it was in the common-place romance of his time, the mere light of beauty and grace illuminating the world of chivalry.

(To be continued.)

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER XIV.

'Oh, please, isn't this London?' said a small weary voice to some men who were loitering around an inn in the High Street of the Borough.

'Well, something very like it, only more no than yes—or perhaps more yes than no,' was the lucid reply of one of the men.

Our two tired little Gipsies looked puzzled; and their distressed faces, together with the remote possibility of a fare, moved another of the men to speak.

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'What part of London do you want to find, young ones?'

'I don't know,' answered Robin. 'A fine part—not like this.'

'Got any money?'

'Yes,' hesitatingly. His bringing-up had not taught him to trust everyone in money matters.

'If you have got as much as eightpence, I'll set you down in a fine part—the finest in all London.' And he pointed to his omnibus, which was close by.

'I should like it very much. Yes, I have eightpence;' and he showed a shilling, part of his change received from the Westerleigh coachman. 'And I am so tired!'

'Yes, we are so very tired,' chimed in the little echo; and her pale face and unsteady limbs told for her the same story.

'Jump in, then.' The man looked really good-natured. 'Leave it to me, I'll set you down all right.'

'Yes,' said Robin, 'take us to the finest place you can.'

'Never fear,' replied the conductor; 'the finest in all London.'

The Borough looked so black, Robin thought they should get on better, and feel safer, in a 'fine part,' where ladies and gentlemen might be about. He liked the remembrance of one or two kind faces at Westerleigh.

The conductor kept his word very well. The omnibus seemed to the children to be traveling on for hours. Gradually it filled, then it stopped in the middle of Regent Street.

'There,' said the man, 'now jump out and look about you.'

They had been looking about them all the way. Now they paid their money, and were helped down the steps, gazing in right earnest. But the passers-by pushed them one way and another. Their hearts were heavy, and their limbs ached; their sad bereavement, their almost sleepless night, their loneliness, their bodily fatigue, were telling upon them.

Robin tried to look brave, but he was ready to burst into a flood of tears at any moment, only there were so many people about; and besides, it would be difficult to stop. Moreover, he should set little Amy off, and that would be worse than anything. He took some cakes out of his pocket which he had bought on their way, and they sat down upon a door-step to eat their supper. But they had no appetite; the cakes felt in their mouths like dust or straw, they could taste nothing. Still their great exhaustion led them to go on eating. At last the heavy eyes closed, and the little troubled hearts were resting in peaceful sleep.

But this could not last long. 'Now, then, children, you had better go home and go to bed!'

Poor Robin and Amy started up. Home! they had no home. But they took the warning. The man seemed to be in earnest; they started from the door-step, and ran away out of his sight. The lamps were lighted, it was quite dark—who could help them to a lodging?

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And now the rain began to fall. Amy was never to be out in the rain. A little girl with green brooms in her hand ran quickly past.

'Oh! do tell us of some place where we can sleep!' cried Robin. 'I'll give you something if you will help us. A van would do,' added the boy, thinking he had made the request more simple and easy, and the night's lodging would feel more like home.

'A van? Are you wild beast children?' said the girl, stopping, but not pausing for a reply. She was attracted by Robin's offer. 'Give it me,' she said, as Robin held out some halfpence. 'I'll show you; and we are coming ourselves, but not yet.'

The child was bare-footed and in rags; but she was a child, and Robin and Amy followed her trustfully through various streets, narrower, darker at every turn. Under an archway, in at a door. 'There,' said the girl, pointing to a black hole at the termination of a flight of steps.

Our little friends hung back. 'Not there, oh! not down there!'

'Yes, down there. Oh, yes, you had better go down. They will light a lamp, and you will have company. See, it's raining fast. I'll take you down. You'll have to pay fourpence.'

She made a sign to a rough man who appeared at another door, took the children down the steps into the hole, and then left them.

Fearing to remain, yet fearing equally to depart, their entire exhaustion carried the day.

'We *must* say our prayers, Amy,' said Robin gravely; and holding tightly by each other, they knelt down and said their few simple words, as they had done in the morning; and 'Oh! take care of us, for we are frightened in this dark place!' added Robin.

'Very frightened in this dark place!' repeated the sad little echo, scarcely able to speak, and somewhat calmer; and from positive exhaustion they lay—almost fell—down, and actually slept again.

After some hours of unconsciousness, a violent blow upon the ancle of little Amy roused her once more to a sense of her troubles. The cellar was full of people, and a man standing with his back to the children had struck the little girl with his heavy boot. He did not know what he had done, or perhaps he might have made a joke of her suffering face. The new comers sat upon the floor to eat their supper, none of the most inviting, though more attractive than the faces which were gathered around.

Robin, too, opened his eyes upon the spectacle. Laughter and noise, stories and songs, startled the unhappy children. The van supposed by the beggar girl to be their residence would have been peace compared to this. They had been little noticed, for the men were hungry; and starting up unheeded, they crawled up the dark steps as rapidly as they found to be possible; up the cellar steps, out into the darkness and the rain. It was pouring in torrents; but they darted on—on—out of the narrow lane into a broader, then a broader street. At last a sudden collision with something tolerably solid brought them to a stand. A

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man in a heavy great-coat and cape turned a lantern full upon them.

'Eh! what is it? You should look. What are you at, children? Doing no good out at this time of night,' said the stout policeman, to whom the shock had been no more serious than the wafting of a leaf in the wind.

'Oh, oh! we have come up from the country. We want somewhere to sleep, and they frightened us in that dreadful place!'

'Up from the country? You are a school-boy run away, I am afraid,' said the man, observing the slate, from which Robin had never parted. 'But I'll put you somewhere when I go off. Stand up there.' And he indicated a location where there was some shelter from the rain.

'Who have you here, Policeman?' said another voice inquiringly, before the policeman had turned away.

It was a gentleman, who stopped under his umbrella at the sound of sobs.

'Two children, Sir. Say they are from the country. They are half drowned, and have no place to go to.'

'Then they are just the children for me,' said the gentleman; 'and you know me, Policeman, in case they are inquired for.'

'Yes, Sir; you are Mr. Sandford, I think.'

'I am.' Then turning to the children, 'I will give you a home to-night, and longer, if you are good children. It will depend upon yourselves. Will you come?'

They were too glad to accede. The kind words kindled a hope, but they could not stop the sobbing; moreover, from little Amy it was partly elicited by pain.

'Cannot you get on a little faster?' inquired their new friend. 'And what makes you walk so lame?'

'Somebody in the cellar kicked me,' faltered out Amy. Her voice was scarcely audible.

'And you came *out* of the cellar? So much the better,' said the clergyman kindly. 'We'll see to the foot.'

But how to reach home with the poor little limping child he did not know. Happily a cab drew near at the right moment, and, as the only hope, he took the children into it, arriving without further impediment at his own door.

Mr. Sandford took out a latch-key, and let himself in with his charges. He had been watching by the bed-side of a sick friend, and his small household had long since retired to rest.

'Stand there, my dears, and I will fetch a kind lady to help you.'

He went into the study, took some hot water, always left boiling for him over a lamp, that he might have some tea when unusually late, mixed it with a little wine, and brought it out to the children. 'Drink this,' said he, and ran up the staircase to call his sister.

Tap, tap, at Miss Sandford's door.

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'Who is there?'

'My dear Ellen, you must get up. I have brought in two poor little creatures out of the country, dripping, and houseless. I suppose they will do for us?'

'Just light our class-room fire, it is all ready, and I will come to you,' was the ready reply.

Mr. Sandford returned to his charges. He considered what should be his next move; but children and bread and butter are inseparably connected in all our minds. He cut some thick slices, and took them out into the passage. Robin thankfully accepted, but little Amy shook her head. Then Mr. Sandford busied himself with the fire, but he would not bring the little wanderers in, to dry their dripping clothes upon them. He waited for his sister. Their one servant's rest should not be disturbed if it could be helped; her day was so full of work that she should not be called unless it were absolutely necessary. Not that her day was much fuller than that of her master or her mistress, but they had made this considerate rule, and usually kept it the more carefully, from their knowledge of the maiden's willing mind.

Miss Sandford was not long in coming. 'Oh, John, that child is ill,' said she, looking at Amy. 'Poor little things! how thankful I feel that you met them, and that we are quite ready to take them in.'

Mr. and Miss Sandford had planned a small orphanage in connection with their national schools, where there were two small dormitories; and these children were the first gleanings for the new scheme. Here a houseless friendless child might be occasionally trained for service. Such plans, of which there are so many at present, were then comparatively rare.

The trembling sinking little one was undressed, and laid in a little bed in a closet near Miss Sandford's room. This had been made ready for an emergency; and here was the emergency at once.

And Robin was dressed in some dry clothing, and sat by the fire with Mr. Sandford. When his jacket was removed—it was thick, and he was not so thoroughly soaked through as his sister—the parcel appeared tied round his waist.

'What is this?—your clothes?' asked Mr. Sandford.

'Mother's parcel. It's Mrs. Sutton's. I'm so glad it's safe! I forgot it,' added he, crying.

'You need not cry, as it is safe, whatever it is,' said his friend kindly.

'I cry about Mother too,' said Robin, the tears continuing to flow. 'And she told me about the parcel. "It's important," she said; and Mrs. Sutton *must* have it!'

'Very well; and so she shall, if we can find her,' said the good clergyman. 'And now, my boy, tell me where you come from?'

Robin told his tale, and Mr. Sandford felt quite assured of its truth. He pitied the friendless orphan, and his interest grew as the story proceeded. It was mostly elicited by questions. There was no particular

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satisfaction in finding that his home had been with Gipsies; it made the clergyman contemplate the possibility of cunning, but speedily again to dismiss the idea. Nor, since there were no parents, would it be needful to return the children to their former doubtful mode of life. Besides, they did not look like *Gipsies;* there was more to learn, perhaps, another time.

'And now, my boy, listen to me. You have been very unhappy; but look up, I think it is over now, except your loss, which we cannot restore to you. We shall take care of you here, and you need not leave your sister. You will both learn in our schools; and if you are good children, you will be provided for.'

And Robin said, 'Thank you, Sir,' and smiled. The cold chill had not left his heart, but he could give the kind gentleman his first smile since he left home, and he did so.

Mr. Sandford did not quite like to leave his new charge wholly. It would be foolish, perhaps, to do that. So he told him to lie down in the warm room, and the clergyman went into the library, leaving the door open, and busied himself with his books.

Miss Sandford did not rest again that night. She sat by the little one's bed-side, or visited her from time to time; and in the morning, calling the maid earlier than usual, she sent her out with a message to the doctor.

CHAPTER XV.

Little Amy lay for many days between life and death, and Miss Sandford nursed her with unremitting care. The child was often totally unconscious; the pulse was low, and the life seemed ebbing out. But a change came at last, and the danger passed away. Those who have ever tended a helpless stranger for their Saviour's sake, well know the marvellous love that has grown in their hearts towards the object of their solicitude; and in this case, to watch over a lamb of the Fold, such a child as Ellen Sandford's little charge, this was a pleasure not many need look for in their ordinary 'district' work. Yet some of our readers may have a tale to tell, and will be able to uphold our narrative.

'I must again suggest your taking another maid, before you quite wear out,' said Mr. Sandford to his sister one evening as they sat at tea, (with open door, that they might hear of the little patient, if necessary.) It was after the improvement had taken place, and Miss Sandford had no fear in leaving the little girl asleep.

'Estimated refittings, &c., &c., £500,' was Miss Sandford's reply. 'No, my dear John, no unnecessary expenses, if you please. The maid will not be required, and the worst is quite over now.'

'But you ought to have done it sooner, I fear,' returned her brother. 'I would not have you "down" with fever from over-fatigue.'

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'I am not over-fatigued; and besides, there would be difficulties that, if you will excuse me, you cannot know. The strange maid could not be trusted to nurse a child in such a state, and she might quite upset the house if she took Ann's department. And besides, *we want the money.* My views are mercenary, as you may perceive.'

'All very wise, if you are not laid up.'

'I promise you that I will make a change upon the very first hint my bodily frame may give me. Will that suffice? And with regard to nursing that child, it is one of the very sweetest labours that ever fell to my lot. Grateful, patient—nay, holy. It is like the care of a little angel, so far as my ignorance can say. And so trusting!'

'Yes; I have observed that she receives the few words I say to her in a perfectly unquestioning manner, and tries to follow the short prayers in a very touching way. She is certainly a most interesting child: what will be her future? She seems now so *ready*, that I can scarcely wish her to get well.'

'I felt as if I could not spare her, almost,' said Miss Sandford; 'though, had she been taken, I believe I should have felt particularly happy, after a time.'

'How is the ancle going on?'

'Not very well now, but the doctor believes that it will improve if she gets stronger; and once in good health, he says that it would heal entirely.'

'We must do our best for her. And perhaps it will be as well not to take another mouth into our household just now,' continued Mr. Sandford, smiling. 'That is, if we can safely avoid it. Does she ask for her brother now?'

'Not again, since I explained that it would be best for him if they did not meet at present; though Mr. North does not fear much about infection, only he said that he thought children were better away.'

'You must not make too much of a romance out of this first gleaning for our orphanage,' observed Mr. Sandford.

'No, no. I am very matter-of-fact; it is all reality. I do not mean that we can never be disappointed in this little one, though I earnestly hope not; but I have spoken of her as she is now.'

'How that poor boy fretted about his sister!' observed the clergyman thoughtfully. 'It quite troubled me to see him. And they have no one but each other in this world.'

'You like the boy a little bit, I see,' said Miss Sandford.

'Indeed I do,' replied Mr. Sandford readily. 'And how quick the little fellow is! He will be in our first class before we can look round, in spite of the temptation of his slate. "My scribbler," Mr. White calls him. I doubt if he ever writes a copy without making an etching somewhere; and if you see the left hand closed, it is because there is a pen-and-ink scrawl upon the palm.'

'He must get himself into trouble, then, sometimes.'

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'Yes, he does; but it is no great wickedness. He takes his punishment quite quietly, regarding the circumstances as cause and effect, no doubt. He is a very odd boy, but a bit of a genius, I believe, and will very likely turn out something beyond his class, if not desultory.'

'Here, then, is *your* piece of romance,' said Miss Sandford, laughing. 'Keep it, by all means, only pray let us take care how we make favourites of the orphans, with such a very large family to encourage in well-doing.'

'Never fear me,' returned the clergyman. 'I know the danger of it, and the very ill feeling it calls up, especially in inferior minds; but perhaps the caution we have so kindly given each other may not be without its uses for us both. But now let us have a little "mercenary" talk. I am going to have a collection in church for these re-fittings, and to write out a circular for those non-worshippers, one of whom was wittily called a "buttress of the Church." I wish, I am sure, that they may prove half as useful, and not more responsible for their position.'

'We will do them the favour to apply their money to any extent, if they will only send it,' observed Miss Sandford.

'The extent will be but limited, I fear. People are rarely very neglectful of one duty, and at the same time very earnest concerning another,' continued Mr. Sandford. 'But my mind is made up to go on asking and preaching for this object as long as I live, if necessary; and if I do not complete my work, I charge you to lay the injunction upon my successor.'

'"*Ben cominciato, mezzo finito,*"' replied his sister. 'I have found that proverb true as long as I have known it.'

'You are always encouraging, Ellen, I must say. The *beginning* is certainly made already. What a comfort it has ever been to me that you are not a croaker: "It will be of *no* use. You will *never* get the money. You are only hampering yourself," and so on.'

'Now, John, you are thinking of an unhappy neighbour of ours, you know.'

'How can I help it? I do often think of that poor man. Such a companion for life would weigh me to the ground. I do not allude to her maliciously; only with the recollection of my own happier circumstances came the pity for another's lot. But now we really must be practical, and very mercenary indeed for a little while.'

So the tea was removed, and forth came the directory, and written lists, and various other papers, and the brother and sister were immersed in business until it was time for the evening prayers.

Shall you not prefer our not attempting to go through all this business with them?

(*To be continued.*)

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CAMPANELLA.

CHAPTER I.

'So they sailed and sailed until they came to a beautiful island, where cheese-cakes grew instead of flowers. What is an island?' said the school-mistress. A dozen little arms were stretched eagerly forth, a dozen pairs of lips parted to reply. The children were sewing; the mistress was telling a story, now and then asking a question in geography or arithmetic. The children were so happy that they paid no heed to the laburnum boughs which tapped against the window, and only one naughty little head was busy counting the tiny, green, half-formed gooseberries which were in sight through the open door, hanging like tassels on the squabby bushes beside the red-tiled garden path, on which the spring sun was shining. The smell of the ladslove and lilacs came in both strong and sweet, with the sound of birds singing, cows lowing, and the rumble of carts in the lane. The sounds were low and sleepy, however, for the school stood in a nest of turf and trees, and everything was quiet there, except the children, who were noisy enough at times, you may be sure.

Presently, the little gate was heard to swing open, and a heavy step to come trampling up the tiled walk. Others besides the child who had counted the gooseberries forgot the island where cheese-cakes grew, and turned their heads towards the door. When they saw who was coming, their eyes grew large and round. Black Bill, the wickedest man in the village, had come to terrify those timid little birds in the green nest. But Black Bill, although even dirtier and more ragged than usual, was not frightful to-day, for he was sober, and his face looked puzzled and even kind. The mistress, who had risen like a mother hen to protect her chickens, smoothed down her ruffled feathers when Bill scraped his foot in what was meant for a bow, and came shyly a few steps towards her, with a wet bundle in his arms.

'Look ye, Mrs. Lester,' he said; 'this is a little lass, this is. I found her down among the sea-weeds, high and dry on a bit of an old raft that the tide had washed in along shore. For cold and all, she were welly dead, poor little soul, but she bean't rightly dead yet, I'm thinking, and I didn't know where to bring her to if it wasn't here. For children and you come into one's mind together natural, Ma'am.'

He meant this, not only because Mrs. Lester was a school-mistress, but because she was such a bonny, plump, rosy little woman, with a child's face of her own still, and a great love for children, who all loved her.

The man sat down on one of the benches and began to unfold the bundle. Then indeed the little ones saw that it was a girl, but her face was so pale and still, that they were frightened, and some began to cry. Mrs. Lester opened the door of her own little parlour.

'Bring her in here, Bill,' she said; 'I will try what I can do; I fear it will be of little use.'

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'I may come again, mayn't I, Ma'am, and hear how she gets on? I found her, you see,' said Bill apologetically.

'Surely you may come; come in two hours time,' answered the mistress; and so Bill went away, and left her to her work of chafing and warming and bathing the poor little body, which had drifted about on the gentle merciless sea until it was chilled and starved almost to death. Not quite to death, for in time the eyes opened a very little way and a shiver passed through the limbs. By this time the children had gone home, marshalled away in good order by the eldest scholar, so there was no one to hear Mrs. Lester's sob of joy as those black eyes opened and opened wider, and the little figure began to turn and move. She wrapped it in flannel, and took it on to her knee, and put hot brandy and water between the blue lips.

When Bill came again, the little lady he had saved was sleeping soundly in her blanket in a bed made up in the full warmth and glow of Mrs. Lester's bright fire, (for it was only spring as yet, and nights were chill,) and the school-mistress was watching her over her twinkling knitting-pins. Bill looked at the little sleeper with a puzzled face still, scratched his head, repeated how he had found her down among the tangle, said 'Thank you, Ma'am,' quite humbly, and went away, scraping a leg and pulling his hair. He was very different to-day from the wild Black Bill who was the terror of all quiet souls in the village.

The poor little half-drowned creature lay for a full week in Mrs. Lester's warm and cleanly room, sleeping continually. Meanwhile, some little garments were begged for her, and others were made against the time when she should be able to wear them. One day, Bill brought a little parcel of money to the school-mistress.

'Look ye, Mrs. Lester, Ma'am,' he said; 'I had a good take of fish yesterday, and I can spare this much for the little lass. She'll be wanting some rubbish of clothes or so, I reckon.'

'You are very kind,' said Mrs. Lester.

'No, it's not *kind* exactly,' answered Bill, rubbing his hand across his mouth because words did not come readily to him. 'I'd like to have her down at my place,' he added, looking in his puzzled way at the little sleeping face.

The school-mistress turned her eyes upon him doubtfully. She thought that Bill's 'place' was by no means fit for a little girl to live in.

'She is better with a woman while she is so ill,' she answered, 'and the parson is seeking her friends.'

CHAPTER II.

At last the little form, which had hitherto lain so still, began to stir and turn in the soft bed, and the eyes opened large with wonder at all the strange new things which they were now able to notice for the first time.

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The child sat up and spoke to the eldest scholar, who was watching her, some words which she could not understand. She was frightened, and ran to call Mrs. Lester, who came. The child spoke to her also, and seemed to be eagerly asking questions; but the mistress could understand her no better than the pupil. 'Poor little soul!' she said; 'she comes from a foreign land. Never mind, Mr. Dykes will talk to her, he knows so many foreign tongues.' Mr. Dykes was the clergyman.

It was clear, however, that the forlorn little stranger was tired of bed, so Mrs. Lester lifted her up in her arms, and would have wrapped her in a shawl and carried her so into the school-room. But the small lady wanted to be nicely dressed; she showed it by the way in which she stroked down her rough hair, and the distress with which she regarded her poor little unwashed hands. So kind Mrs. Lester called for the clothes which had been made, and washed the child, and brushed her soft hair, letting it fall, all straight and black and silky as it was, on her shoulders, and dressed her nicely in the fresh calico, and warm flannel, and neat purple print, which Bill's little packet of money had helped to buy, and the scholars had helped to sew.

The child stood quietly to be dressed, but from time to time she asked some question in the strange language, at which Mrs. Lester could only shake her head, or at least, kiss the poor little lips, which might as well have been dumb for all the use their speech was to the child or to those about her. Then she was wrapped in Mrs. Lester's best Scotch shawl, and carried (for she was weak as yet) into the school. It was the afternoon; the children had their thread and thimbles ready to begin to sew while Mrs. Lester should tell them a story. That was the afternoon lesson. But the children were more eager for a sight of the stranger than even for a new story; their eyes and mouths grew very round with surprise as they watched her where she sat on the mistress's knee; her face was so small and brown and odd, her eyes were so large and dark, her little brown hands were so thin. She was not like them; they were shy before her. She looked at each of them, one after the other, and each child on whom those black eyes rested, fidgeted and felt uneasy. She was seeking for a face she knew, and when she found none, she watched the door throughout the lesson, of which she understood not one word.

When all the children were gone away, Mrs. Lester carried the child into the garden, and set her in a little chair placed where the warm spring sun could shine upon her, but the deep porch sheltered her from the keen spring air. The whole place was sweet with violets and lads-love, and musical with the distant tinkle of children's laughter, and a gentle under-lying bass from the sea flowing upon the beach. The child did not notice the beautiful things around her; she looked wistfully at the kind school-mistress, and a great tear rolled down her cheek.

'Poor child, she misses her mother,' said Mrs. Lester to herself. It was true; and that mother lay dead far beneath the sea which was murmuring so musically.

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Presently, Bill came skulking up the road, as if he were ashamed to come. He stopped outside, and stood watching the little girl through a thin place in the hedge. 'Come in,' called Mrs. Lester; and he came in shyly, for the cleanliness of the school-house always seemed rather awful to him—scarcely less awful indeed than the Rector's grave face when Bill met him. As he came up the garden path, the child sprang to her feet, stretched out her thin brown arms, cried, 'O caro Giacopo!' and fled to him. He took her up, and she kissed him.

'She mistakes you for someone she knows,' said Mrs. Lester. That was true, for when the child looked again in his face, her joyful countenance fell, and she struggled to be set down. When let go, she ran to Mrs. Lester and hid behind her gown. The child seemed frightened of him, and something in the manner of her shyness made him somehow feel how rough and dirty he was, and that his great boots, which had been soaked through and through with mud and sea-water until they had lost all shine and almost all shape, were soiling that prim, spotless pathway of warm red tiling. He stood awkwardly still, pulling at a twig which he was chewing.

'I'd like to have her down to my place, now she's hearty again,' he said in a little while, looking at the straight dark hair, like silk, which was all he could see of the little one's head. 'I'd send her to you, Mrs. Lester, Ma'am, for the schooling; I'd pay the two-pence regular,' he added, seeing that the mistress looked doubtful.

'I'm not afraid but you'd do that, Bill,' she answered; 'but is your house fit for a girl to live in, think you?'

'Why not?' he asked, scowling, and looking like Black Bill again. 'Why not my house as well as any man's?'

'What if you were to bring your wicked friends there to drink with you? would it be fit for her then?'

He was silent a few moments, then said sulkily, 'Maybe I wouldn't bring them where she was.'

'Well, the matter will be decided for us if Mr. Dykes finds her friends, as he most likely will,' said Mrs. Lester.

But Mr. Dykes did not find her friends, although he found out that she had sailed from Italy in a ship called the Buonaventura, which means The Good Fortune, but which had met with ill fortune instead. For the poor vessel had gone down not far from land, and this little child, danced into shore upon the merry cruel waves, was the only creature of all that ship's company which the sea had spared. No one claimed her in Italy or in England, so she was left to the mercy of the villagers; and as Bill seemed still to wish for her, 'because he had found her, and so she was his in a sort of way,' he said, it came to pass that she was sent at last to live in his rough home. For kind Mrs. Lester thought: 'I can still see after the poor child's welfare, and she may be the means of bringing that terrible man to a better life, poor lost soul! If he harms the child, I will take her back, and she shall share what little I possess, let Black Bill say what he please.'

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CHAPTER III.

THE real name of that village was Brentholm Meadow-sweet, because in the season the delicate creamy feathers of the meadow-sweet drenched the whole place in their strong delicious odour. But the people found that name far too long for common use, so the village was generally called Holm, or Brentholm at the most. A ridge of uneven yellow cliffs ran along by the sea, and up these cliffs climbed the little Brentholm houses, white, with red roofs, odd and picturesque, perched in all sorts of funny out-of-the-way places, on ground so steep that the roof often touched the soil at the back of the building. The houses, from a little distance, looked rather like houses from a box of toys than actual human habitations. Then there were cosy cottages hidden away in warm nooks behind the cliffs; and daring little fishermen's huts, which ran down to meet the devouring sea, and would have been swallowed up by it long ago had not a hand which is stronger than nature set bounds to the ocean.

So Brentholm was a large village. It did not stand upon the open sea, but on a long creek which ran up into the land—a tongue of water licking the soft lips of two peaceful green shores. Brentholm stood near the mouth of this gulflet, here ten miles across, not so wide but what the woods on the opposite bank showed thick and green. A strip of land ran out into the sea below the cliffs, a bit of pasture shaped like a leaf, and indeed from the heights it looked very much like a leaf of green enamel encrusted with pearls. The pearls were grave-stones. For the dead of Brentholm lay where the waves could murmur a soft continuous dirge over them, and the village church stood where that tiny promontory sprang from the mainland.

Black Bill's cottage, his 'place,' as he called it, was a tumble-down building behind the other Brentholm houses, and apart from them. A narrow, deep-rutted lane led to it; long tangled sprays of briar and wild rose and clematis threw themselves across the path, as if they wished to join hands with their neighbours on the other side and close the lane to wayfarers. Bill's garden, now no garden, but a mass of weeds, ran to the edge of a steep cliff, at whose foot the sea dashed and roared; for here the shore curved, and a dark creek came up into the land; its sides looked so steep that you would have said no one could venture up or down them, yet Jem the sexton and his old friends, when they spoke of Bill, would shake their white old polls in a meaning way, and say 'there was more in Lubber's Creek than the gaugers knew of.' They meant, that half way down the steep rock below Bill's garden, was a dark hole of a cave, and that in this hole Black Bill, who was more than suspected of smuggling, hid his barrels of spirits and cases of contraband tea. The cottage itself was in a sad state; the walls were bulging out, the thatch

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was falling in, there were holes in the floor and bad places on the walls; the one lower window was half stuffed up with rags and straw in place of glass, and the two windows above-stairs, close under the over-hanging thatch, looked like blind owls' eyes when they peep from beneath their shaggy eyebrows. When Mrs. Lester brought the child to this dreary place, because no one had owned the poor little thing, she almost cried to think of leaving her there. Yet there was no help for it; Bill wished for the child, and he had found her, and so he had a better right to her than anyone else had. He stood leaning awkwardly against the door-post of his cottage, chewing the end of his neckerchief; he looked very shy and uncomfortable when Mrs. Lester came up over the ragged broken path; he was doing a kind action in taking the little girl to his home, and it seemed so unnatural to him to be doing a thing which was not foolish or bad, that he grew red and dumb under the strange feeling. The child, too, was 'such a lady,' as Mrs. Lester said, and the foreign tongue which she spoke formed so impassable a barrier to Bill, who did not know even his own language over well, that he felt half afraid of her, and did not even dare to kiss her when the school-mistress said, 'Well, Bill, I have brought her, you see.' He only put his hand behind him on to the table before the window, where lay a big juicy orange, which he had bought to give to his small visitor as a welcome and a peace offering. He held the orange towards her, and she took it with a pretty smile and the word 'Grazie,' which in the Italian tongue means 'Thanks.' She looked at him, meanwhile, with her deep sad eyes, until Bill began dimly to fancy that he had found a little fairy, countless ages old yet always young, instead of a real human child of common flesh and blood. Fairies were still told of in that part; who could tell what this odd dark little thing might be? Then Bill pointed with his thumb up a steep set of ladder-steps which led to the second storey.

'Her room's up yonder,' he said; and the women went climbing up the ladder. A sailor's wife had cleaned the floor of the little chamber; Bill had paid her sixpence to do it, and he had also bought a little bed and a stool, and even a blue and white jug and bason, at a shop where seamen bought and sold second-hand articles. The jug and bason were set out on an old box; Bill was proud of them, and thought them great luxuries, for he always washed at the pump, when, indeed, he washed at all, which was not too often. He had brought them up the night before, one under each arm; his face was sulky as he came up the street, for all his comrades had laughed at him, and asked if he was going to set up for a gentleman, and had called him Lord Rags, which made them all laugh again. He had thought then, of setting down the jug and bason, and having a fight with all the men there before he carried the crockery home; but remembering that in the scuffle it would get broken or stolen away, and that it had cost eight good pennies, he bore all the laughter, and was so much the more proud of his finery because he had endured something for its sake.

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In spite even of the blue jug, however, the room looked so rotten, and bare, and wretched, that Mrs. Lester fairly broke into tears here, and sitting on the little bed, kissed the poor lonely child, and said, 'God bless you, my pet; if he hurts you, come to me;' forgetting that as yet the little one could not understand her. *She* looked round her with a forlorn surprise; she had never seen any place so poor, and bare, and ugly; yet she did not cry nor complain when it was made clear to her that she was to stay there instead of going home to Mrs. Lester's daintily clean little parlour, with the geraniums in the window, and the sun shining (it seemed to shine always there) on Jacob and Rachel kissing each other in a beech-wood frame over the mantel-piece, and on the two worsted kettle-holders, the one worked with a blue kitten, the other with a red one, hung up on nails for ornaments on either side of the picture. Mrs. Lester found another old box in the child's new room besides that on which the jug and bason were standing, and in this she laid the small stock of clothes, neatly, with a handkerchief over the top of them. Then the two picked a way cautiously down-stairs again, and found Bill still chewing his neckerchief at the door. Mrs. Lester laid out on a plate a good slice of cake which she had brought with her, and poured out some nice milk from a bottle which she had also brought in the basket in which the child's clothes were laid, before she went home.

'Will you stay and have a drop o' tea, Mrs. Lester, Ma'am?' said Bill. 'I'll find you some right good tea.'

'No, thank you, Bill,' answered Mrs. Lester, shaking her little round head quite gravely, for she knew that no duty had been paid on that tea; and then she gave the child a last kiss, picked up her clothes gingerly, and trotted home to her cosy meal, which, however, she could not enjoy for thinking of the poor little foreigner left in the dreary cottage.

Bill stayed at home until eight o'clock that night, trying to amuse his little guest. He had a case of silk handkerchiefs from China, which had come to him in the same way as the contraband tea. These had little figures of men and women worked on them, and pagodas, and trees with great round leaves, and bridges in the air, and slaves carrying big parasols; and Bill now opened these wonderful handkerchiefs and spread them out on his knee for the little girl to look at, like pictures. She had found a stool to sit on, and she came timidly when Bill called her, and placed herself by him, and looked at the silks as he spread them out, not quite understanding what she was to admire. Bill pointed with his great fore-finger at a little fat man walking in the clouds, and said, 'Man;—Chinee,' very plain and loud, by way of teaching his visitor English. 'Sinee,' repeated the little girl, very prettily; and then Bill nodded and began the lesson again. But it was dull work after all; and at eight, when all the handkerchiefs had been looked at twice over, he got up and yawned and stretched himself, and looked at the little girl and said, 'Bed-time—bed!' pointing up the stairs. She understood that quickly enough, and so made him the prettiest curtsey, saying words he did not understand,

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and climbed up the ladder again. Bill went out, and she was left all alone in the dismal cottage, sitting on her bed and eating her orange, until it was dark and she grew sleepy, and then she put on the clean white night-gown which Mrs. Lester had laid out for her, said her prayers in her sweet native tongue, put her head on the pillow and fell asleep.

No one awoke her next day; and when at last she had awakened through the sun shining into her face, and had dressed and come down into the kitchen, she found no one there, for Bill had gone out long before, but he had left a loaf and butter and bacon, and a jug of milk, for her on the table. By the time when she had eaten her breakfast, one of Mrs. Lester's pupils came to fetch her to school; and so she lived from day to day—at school until four o'clock, then sitting for another hour with the mistress, and then making her quiet way home to Bill's cottage, to amuse herself as she best could.

(To be continued.)

LENA'S SEVEN BIRTH-DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

'There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight, to me did seem
Appareled in celestial light, the glory and the freshness of a dream.'

Wordsworth.

I AM fourteen years old to-day. Papa says I am growing quite old, and that I am nearly as tall as Mamma; but I don't want to grow old, and be always grave and busy, and never have any pleasure. Now, I have so much pleasure: I am out in the garden, and in the woods, and in the park, early in the morning, and quite late in the evening; and I love the birds, and the flowers, and the dogs; and I can sing, and jump, and gad about just as I like, when lessons are over, and Miss Blunt is too tired or too busy to come out with me. Nurse says she never saw a young lady of my age so much of a child; and so does Mary Trevor, for she told me the other day, that I was more like a baby than a growing-up girl. Well! I don't care, for I am downright happy, and my own dear and precious mother says she does not want me to be a young lady, she had rather have me a child.

This morning at breakfast time, Papa gave me this journal book in which I am now writing; I was so pleased, for I had wanted one a long time, but when I said so, he only laughed, and told me I should never have anything to write that would be worth the trouble; so I did not expect he would give it me, but he has, and it is a real beauty, bound in red morocco, and with a gold lock and key. Dearest Mamma gave me a lovely thing, for it was a pearl and sapphire locket, with her own

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pretty soft brown hair in; and it will be fastened round my neck by a fine many times twisted Indian gold chain, which I have always thought so beautiful; Mamma told me that she should one day, perhaps, give it me, and now it is mine. By-and-by, I shall have some more presents to tell my journal-book about, but my brother and cousins are not come yet. I have but one brother, and his name is Herbert: he is at Eton, but he comes home to-day, because it is my birth-day, and he has no other sister but me; and Harry Leslie is coming with him, and Charley Grey, my favourite cousin, my grave Mentor, as he calls himself, is also coming; and his sister, my very dear dearest friend Edith, comes too.

And now I cannot write any more in my journal, but must go and gather some flowers for a garland, which Nurse says she must make herself for me—for she has made one for me ever since I was two years old, and it would break her heart if I did not let her do it; and then I must put a clean pretty frock on, or Herbert will say, as he generally does, that I look such a figure, and so untidy; and I do believe I hear the sound of wheels.

I had no more time yesterday to write in my journal. I left off because I heard the sound of wheels, and it was the wheels of the carriage which brought my two cousins, Edith and Charley Grey; so we three went at once into the garden, and Miles, the gardener, gave us such lovely flowers, that when I took them up-stairs to Nurse, she said it was quite a shame to make them into a wreath; but nevertheless she did do it, and very cleverly too. I had but just time to wash my hands and brush my hair, and have my pretty blue muslin put on, before Herbert arrived: and he had not been in the house two minutes, before I heard him shouting out at the bottom of the stairs for me to come down. Now you must know, journal, that everybody in the house, from Papa to the page, obeys Herbert. He orders all of us about, and we submit: though sometimes he is downright tiresome. Darling Mamma says often, 'Herbert, be patient,' or, 'Herbert, don't be so unreasonable,' but she says it with such a sweet smile, that Herbert only kisses her, and gets his own way; but Papa never even says as much as this, but only, 'Of course, Herbert my boy, it shall be as you like!' So every one has to give up to Herbert, except Charley, and he never does, and I think Herbert really cares more for what Charley says to him, than for what any one else says in all the world; then, Charley is four years older than Herbert, and seven years older than I am; indeed, he is quite a grown-up man, and so tall, and so wise, and so grave as well as merry. I liked his present to me yesterday—oh, so much! for it was a beautiful Church-service. I had not got one, and he told me that he had noticed what a very shabby Prayer-book I had been using in church, and that he did not like to see such a smart little girl as I am on Sunday, (these were his words, because I don't think myself smart,) with such a shabby Prayer-book, he said it looked as though I had not yet begun to think about

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God's house, and God's service, and that everything about a church ought to be as beautiful as it can be; and so I am to use my new service-book every Sunday. Edith gave me a photograph book—so pretty! and besides these, I had a great many other presents, one from dear old Nursie, which I value very much indeed, a smelling-bottle for my own table—toilette-table, she calls it, but I won't, because that sounds too much like a grown-up young lady; and one from Herbert, very nice too, an ormolu clock for my own room.

By half-past twelve all my guests had arrived, and we were able to have dinner at one, which was just what we wanted to do, that we might have a long long afternoon for our expedition to Cleveland Glen. We were fourteen at dinner—and so noisy, even Papa, and gentle Mamma, were in such good spirits. As soon as ever dinner was over, Papa drove us out of the dining-room, and bid us put our hats and cloaks on as fast as we could, for the carriages would be round in two minutes, and if there is one thing more than another that makes Papa in a fuss, it is to have the horses kept waiting, so we flew up-stairs, and made as much haste as we possibly could; still for all that, we were not in time, so Herbert came up in such a hurry to my room, where Edith and I were making all the haste we could, and said, 'Girls, if you don't come down this moment we shall go without you.' I thought this so unkind, and on my birth-day too! and I told him so when we were in the carriage. The great barouche was packed with five inside and one on the box, and it was driving away, when Edith and I came into the hall, all ready. Papa was just beginning to scold me for being late, when Mamma stopped him, and said, 'Dear Papa, don't say anything to the child, she really has been very quick, and besides, it is her birth-day;' and then she gave me one of her dear kisses, and told me to be very happy—and so I am. She was not coming, which was a great disappointment to me, but she had a head-ache, and I dare say the drive would have been too long for her; then Herbert began to call me impatiently, and Charley came and took my hand, and led me to the pony-carriage, in which I found Edith already seated, and Herbert too, with the reins in his hand. I jumped in by Edith's side, in the back seat, and Charley got up in front, by Herbert, and off we started; and Papa with three others came after us on horseback. We had six miles to drive, but we were so merry and so happy, that it did not seem to take us any time at all to get over the ground, and I was quite sorry when we saw the barouche stop just ahead of us, at the gate leading into the glen, where we were going to scramble about, and spend the afternoon, and have tea.

When we got out of the carriages, we had a good long walk before we came to the pretty part of the glen, but it was cool and shady, and so we did not mind, and when we reached the steep rocky banks of the swift dashing stream, we all sat down, and made ourselves a thick carpet of shawls, and cloaks, and plaids, and there we rested. And whilst we were resting, a gipsy woman came through the glen, and no sooner did she see

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us, than she came straight up to us, and as I was the first of the party she passed by, she stopped before me, and asked me if I would have my fortune told, and then she looked hard at me and said, 'No, no! pretty one, I won't draw back the veil yet from your future. Let it be—let it be! bright woof woven with a dark web. Let it be—let it be!' and she went on to someone else. I was glad when she went, and when her eye was off me: not that she was fierce looking, but she seemed to chill and sadden me, and she made me turn pale, for Charley came running up the glen to join our party, just at that moment, and he said to me, 'Why are you so pale, and where is your brightness vanished to, Lena?' (My name is Aileen Mary Villiers, but I am always called Lena.) As he said this to me, the gipsy woman turned herself round, and she gave him such a look, and muttered half aloud, 'Young hearts—young hearts! Ever the same tale. But the gift to read the days yet in the dim distance is mine—mine by inheritance; and I see deep gloom mingled with the bright sunshine of your two lives.' 'Hush, hush!' said Charley; 'stop this nonsense, we don't believe in charms, and fates, and predictions. You have got no disciples here, my good woman, so you may as well go on your way.' 'Rash youth—rash youth!' the woman answered; 'your fate will meet you, say what you will; no one escapes from their doom.' And then she turned and went.

'What can she mean, Charley?' I asked. 'Just nothing,' he answered. 'What have we to do with doom, and fate, and such trash? we have brighter and better hopes, than she with her half heathen belief, can enter into;' then very gently he said to me, '"The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing." Remember that, dear child; and ever lean on that. Now then,' he went on, 'suppose we were to sing some glees, and so chase these shadowy fears away.' To this we all consented, and sang very heartily for some time. When we had finished singing, as the sun was still hot, we proposed that everybody should tell a story, or something very pretty, equal to a story. Some said they could, and some said they couldn't; and those that could and would, did; and so we amused ourselves till Papa called to us to move, and begin our walk; and a very scrambling walk we had, right through the lonely wild glen, and when we arrived at the other end, we found that Herbert and Harry Leslie had lighted a fire and put a kettle on to boil, with water in it from one of the fresh springs in the glen; and they called to us girls to come and arrange the table-cloth, and the tea-cups, and the cakes, and bread and butter, and hard eggs; which were the only things we had brought with us, because Mamma said we should find a beautiful supper ready for us when we returned. We had great fun over our tea, and it really was delicious, and so refreshing—some of us had four and five cups. Then, before we left the glen, the sky was so magnificent, with such a grand sunset, that I don't think I ever saw anything so beautiful as it was; but it made Papa hurry us on, for he said such clouds predicted storms, and heavy ones too. We went home as we came, and only think! just as we

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were leaving the glen, the gipsy woman overtook us, and opened the gate for us, and as we passed by her, Herbert threw her a shilling, and said, 'Good luck to you, old crone: now wish us good luck in return, out of civility's sake.' 'Ah, ah!' said she, 'my wishes won't turn the wheel of fate; there is a dark woof woven with a bright thread for all of you. Poor bairns—poor bairns!' Herbert gave the pony a touch, and it started on, and carried us quickly out of the sound of her voice; but the same chill came over me that had come before, when she said those same mysterious words.

'Cross old witch!' exclaimed Herbert. 'Ditto,' said both Charley and Edith; and I said, 'I wish she had not met us at all, and spoiled all our fun.' 'Spoiled all our fun, Lena?' answered Charley; 'surely, dear child, you have had a happy day in spite of her.' 'Yes, I have,' then I said, 'but not nearly so happy a one as if she had never come.' 'Lena is apt to brood, Charley, as you know,' said Edith; 'as for me, I don't care a fig for the old woman's words, and she included us all four in her dark spell, as you know, Herbert.' 'So she had the impudence to include me, had she, Edith?' answered Herbert. 'Much I care about her predictions! including me, indeed! I did not understand that before; I thought it was Lena's dreamy half-sad face that tempted her to say ridiculous things.' I did not like Herbert to call my face half-sad and dreamy. I know it is not so bright a face as Edith's, because Mamma has often said so, and often called Edith 'Sunshine.' She looks so exceedingly happy, generally speaking; and then her hair shines like gold, whereas mine is quite brown; and her eyes twinkle like little stars, and mine, Mamma says, 'have the tear and the smile in them.'

Whilst we were talking about the old witch and her cross words, Bruno, that's our pony, chose to take fright at a great lumbering field-roller, that came making such a noise along the road, drawn by four horses—and off he started. Herbert was taken by surprise, and so he could not hold him in all in a moment, and on we flew. Charley said very quietly to us, 'Sit quite still, it will be all right in a minute or two;' and then being older and stronger than Herbert, he took the reins into his own hands, and before long he managed to bring Bruno to a stand-still, so that we did not tear down the hill as we thought we should have done. Then when Bruno did stop, Herbert got out and patted him, and spoke to him, and put the harness right, which had got a little wrong; and he told us the pony was more frightened than we were, for it was trembling all over. I was so glad, when we started again, that Charley kept the reins, and drove us all the way home. Herbert then said, 'That old witch, with her spells, and her charms, and her black words, has caused this: for I never knew the pony run away before.' 'Perhaps,' answered Charley, 'it had never before met so huge a roller, nor heard its crashing din.' 'Coming events do cast their shadow, Charley,' said Edith; 'so perhaps that old woman did indeed

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see the shadow.' 'I see the Hall windows peeping through the trees, which is much more to the point,' Charley said, in reply to Edith, and no more; as though he did not choose to begin again about the old woman.

In a few more minutes we got home, and before we told anything that had happened to us, Mamma sent us all away to get ready for supper, because some of our guests had to go away afterwards, and it was getting quite late. I found Nursie had put all my white things out, so I was obliged to wear them to please her; and the wreath too, made only of white flowers. When I went down-stairs, Herbert exclaimed, 'What a swell!' Charley made me a low bow; and Mamma just kissed me in her own dear way, and said, 'Nurse's wreath is very successful;' then Papa called me 'his little nun,' and made me sit by him at the bottom of the table. We were all very hungry, and rather tired; and Charley told about the pony, and Mamma turned so pale, and Papa gave Herbert such a look, and said, 'Were you frightened, my boy?' 'Oh, just a bit, for a minute,' he answered; 'but Charley managed Bruno so right down well, that it was soon over; and besides which, it was all that old witch's fault.' Mamma asked him what he meant, and so he told her about the old woman and her words, and I saw Mamma did not like it, and looked so sad; and Papa saw it too, and did not like it either, for he said in the quick way he speaks in when he is not pleased, 'Such people were nuisances, and if he met the woman, he, as a magistrate, would either fine or imprison her.'

After supper, the carriages came round for those who were going home that night, and we ended the day by walking up and down the terrace, and watching the moon and the stars. Herbert was telling some wonderful stories, which I did not want to hear, so Charley took me away, and we two walked about together; and I told him, (because I can always tell Charley everything,) that in the morning I had felt as though I should never never be old, and that that witch woman, and the fright about the pony, together, had really made me feel old, and quite different. 'Which feeling will all go away, dear child,' he said so gently, 'and you will forget it, and be as young as ever again; but I don't promise you such feelings won't return, and you must not be surprised if they do. Life is sunshine and shade, winter and summer, day and night, smiles and tears.' As we were talking, we heard Papa calling to us to come in. I wanted to stay out longer, but Charley said, 'No! Uncle wishes you to go in.' I was soon sent off to bed, and had no time to write in my journal till to-day; and now I have told all about my birth-day, and shall not write any more at present.

(To be continued.)

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ZANINA, THE FLOWER-GIRL OF FLORENCE.

PART I.

All the short spring day the sun had blazed over Florence, unshadowed by a cloud. Not a breath of wind from the hills had stirred the acacia leaves, or blown aside the spray from the fountains in the Boboli gardens. The lizards had swarmed over the red walls, and the birds had sought the shade of the close-cut hedges.

But these were times when the sun itself was not as hot as the hearts and heads on which it shone; when liberty burned fiercely in the bosoms of the people, and, fired by the example of all Italy, Tuscany was ripe for revolt. The Grand-duke, weak and vacillating, granted his people an inch of liberty one day, only to withdraw an ell the next. The state prisons were full of prisoners suspected of liberal principles, and the streets and houses even of the nobles of the land were not free from the encroachments of that most noxious of all human beings—the spy!

It was evening now, the great heat of the day was waning, the inhabitants were stealing out one by one, either for business or recreation. The venetian shutters were thrown open, and carriages stood in the palace court-yards to carry the great and gay to the green walks of the Cascine. In the markets, on the bridges along the river side, people began to gather in clusters and discuss beneath their breaths the progress of the great social change they had at heart.

There were those who spoke with a fool-hardy energy, and eyes kindled already with the fire of success: there were others pale with suppressed emotion, and glancing warily around them; others again who said little, listening with apparent apathy, but whose ears were wide open, drinking in every word and treasuring them up for purposes base and cruel.

The bell in the campanile had just finished tolling the hour of five, when Zanina Maratelli came down the road from the ducal gardens of Boboli, and traversed the quarter of the town, close by the Porta San Miniato.

She looked pale and out of sorts this evening, poor Zanina, the flower-girl of Florence, and the pet and favourite of the town. There was scarcely a tinge of rose on her lemon cheek, and her long black eyes were fireless and dull; she was one of those who had come out for business this evening, and not for pleasure.

Before crossing the river on her way to the flower-market, Zanina stopped in front of a door in a narrow street, and set her basket on the ground; the floor of this house was let to a working jeweller of the name of Giulio Zarti, the uppermost floor of all to a young artist named Andrea Palero.

It was towards the upper windows that Zanina, moving back a step

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or so into the narrow street, cast anxious inquiring glances. The jalousies lay wide open, and the evening air was stirring the white curtains within, but nothing further testified as to the life or state of its occupants.

Zanina could not be satisfied to go away in ignorance of the thing she most cared to know and hear. Raising her basket again from the ground, she entered the door-way and turned in at the shop to the left.

'Ah! Zanina, is it thou? On thy way to the market?' asked the jeweller, raising his head from the works of a large silver watch he was inspecting.

Zanina nodded her head silently, and laid her basket on the counter.

'Poverina! Poverina! nay, how pale thou art to-day; here, sit thee down.' The old man touched her kindly on the arm, and pointed to a low chair beside the counter. 'Sit thee down; I guess thy errand, poor child, and I will tell thee all, though I fear my news will not mend matters. Thy Andrea is no better since daylight; there is a great change, the fever has taken a malignant turn, the woman who has nursed him so far has fled, the people on the second floor are gone also. I do not blame them, poor souls, with their flock of pretty children; the house, in fact, is empty. I only remain and my good woman, who is even now gone up to watch by his bed-side; but he does not know her, poor soul, only calls loudly for thee, Poverina. Hark! even now thou canst hear him.'

The flower-girl knew the fevered voice well, which resounded hoarsely through the empty house. She started suddenly from the chair, and made a movement towards the door.

'Nay! nay! child, thou must not go up, it might be thy death; besides, thou wouldst spread the infection. To-morrow, perhaps, if he is better!'

Zanina shuddered at the name of death, and her cheek flushed as she said hastily, 'I was not going; I must hasten on, I am late for the flower-market as it is; good evening, Zarti. To-morrow, as thou sayest, if he is better!' She stretched out her hand towards her basket, but in drawing it towards her with nervous haste the cover became detached and rolled upon the floor.

'Chi, chi! what need to go to the market, my child, when thy basket is full of flowers? seldom have I seen such rare beauties as these. From whence hast thou procured them?'

Zanina stooped to recover the lid of her basket, which had rolled beneath the counter; when she raised her face again it was pale as before, and her manner cold and composed, though her lips trembled as she answered,

'I have been to the market already, but returned that I might have news of Andrea; my basket is not full, I have still some flowers to add; good evening, Zarti—to-morrow, as thou sayest, to-morrow!'

'Ay, to-morrow,' replied Zarti, somewhat perplexed by the girl's hesitating manner, 'to-morrow, if—'

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'If what?' Zanina stopped on the threshold.

'If he is not worse, my poor child; why should I not speak openly? within an hour or so, when the doctors return, if he is no better they purpose to summon the Misericordia * to take him to the hospital.'

Zanina leaned against the door for a moment to steady herself; then with a sound of ill-concealed pain, she stepped into the street and moved on to the bridge.

The tables in front of the Café Doni, in the Piazza Santa Trinita, which had been deserted all day during the heat, were filling briskly this evening with those of the nobility and gentry who preferred an ice and a quiet chat with a friend, to sunning themselves in the glances of the fair noblesse, or the favour of the great; by half-past five there was scarcely a vacant place to be had outside; the waiters were to be seen flitting in and out ceaselessly at the open door-way, carrying out fresh chairs and tables from the saloons.

Jacopo Federighi, noble, handsome, and rich enough to shine in the highest circles of Florence, was one of those who preferred this social gathering outside the door of the Café Doni to the fashionable promenade by the Arno.

He, whose grey-haired father had lain for ten long years in a state prison, was not likely to hang on the skirts of royalty, or follow in the wake of young arch-dukes and duchesses. He had sauntered down in the cool of this evening with his friend, Ludovico Dossi; and calling for ices and cigars, had chosen a table somewhat apart from the rest, preferring to enjoy himself with his companion after his own fashion.

The two friends were, however, not long seated before the earnest conversation and excited gestures of Jacopo began to attract the attention of those nearest to their table; and Dossi, more cautious than his companion, tried dexterously to warn him of his danger.

'Pazienza, pazienza! we can talk of this on our way home; you are right, no doubt, my friend—wait awhile till we can talk with greater freedom.'

'Pazienza! I know not that word!' cried Jacopo, trying to subdue his voice, though his eyes flashed forth their angry zeal; 'how can one have patience in such times as these? He calls himself the father of his people, and boasts that he governs us by love. Heaven save me from such a father! And as to his love, it is a jealous love indeed; so jealous, he would thrust half his people into prison rather than lose one—pazienza! nay, per bacco! I shall yet live to see the day when my true father shall

* 'The Order of the Misericordia includes persons of all ranks, from the Grand-duke downwards. When on duty they wear a black dress, with a hood which conceals the countenance. All, however they may be engaged, attend at a moment's warning on being summoned by the toll of their great bell, to perform the duties required. The principal duty of the brotherhood is to convey the sick to the hospital, and to relieve their families during the illness. So great is the respect in which the Misericordia is held, that as it passes through the streets, all persons take off their hats, and the military carry arms.'

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come forth from his prison to make room for this false one—when the hairs which have grown white in darkness shall be crowned with laurels in the sun—when—' Suddenly arrested by a warning gesture of his friend, Jacopo looked impatiently over his shoulder in the direction of the café.

'Is it only thou, pretty Zanina?—By thy glance of terror, Ludo, I thought thou hadst been stung by a scorpion, or seen one creeping up my shoulder. Zanina is no spy.—Say, pretty child, wouldst thou not exchange thy basket of flowers this evening for a branch off the tree of liberty?'

'I have never seen that tree, Signor.'

'No, Poverina, thou sayest truly; but there are many of them, nevertheless, growing in our land; they are budding just now, but they will blossom by-and-by.'

'My Signor speaks in parables; I cannot understand all that he says. But here is a bunch of violets and a rose; see this one striped with white—take it, Signor!'

Zanina laid a bunch of flowers on the marble slab before him, and moved on to the group seated at the next table.

Jacopo drew the flowers towards him with a pre-occupied manner, and raised them in his hand. 'Ma, certo! this is a rare specimen,' he cried, suddenly arrested by the strange marking of the rose she had given him. I wonder where the girl obtained this flower.—Here, Zanina carissima mia, tell me where thou didst procure this rose?'

'I bought it in the market, Signor.'

'In the market?'

'Yes, truly;' but Zanina's cheek grew crimson red as the flower which Jacopo held in his hand.

'Nay, nay, who would send such a gem to the market? speak the truth, Poveretta, say thy love gave it thee. Come now, is it not so?'

'If it were my love gave it me, it would be ungrateful not to keep it,' replied Zanina, recovering quickly her composure, and entering her usual promise of banter, 'I should be giving you the preference over him, Signor, which would not be just.'

'Bravo! thou hast well answered him, Zanina,' laughed Ludovico, taking the rose from his friend's hand and examining it carefully; 'but stay, if I mistake not, I know the tree from whence this flower was cut. It grows in the Boboli gardens, just by the palace fountain. I can tell thee who planted it also; no less a personage than the Dowager Grand-duchess herself, who brought the graft from her own country; is it not so, Zanina?'

'I bought it in the market, Signor,' replied Zanina angrily; 'have I not told thee so thrice?'

'No doubt you are both right,' cried Jacopo, with a bitter laugh; 'why should not our illustrious Grand-duke send his goods to the market like other honest folk; those who buy and sell human lives, and barter flesh and blood every day, must understand the tricks of trade. Here,

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Zanina, child, shew me thy basket; I will have another flower instead, for this one smells of tyranny and falsehood.' Jacopo threw the offending rose on the ground, and crushed it with his foot.

The flower-girl's black eyes flashed with a strange light as she drew a second rose from her basket, almost as uncommon in its colour and markings, and placed it in his hands, watching with a curious interest, whilst he fastened it in his button-hole.

'Enough of this! let us light our cigars and dream of the golden ages. Zanina, thou art a good girl, and thy roses are no doubt of as humble but honest an origin as thyself.'

Zanina's lips were parted to reply; a smile of strange import hovered round them, when suddenly the words she would have uttered were arrested, and all ears were on the stretch to count the throbs of the Misericordia bell, now booming ominously over the city, telling those assembled for earthly pleasure, greed, or warfare, that one immortal soul amongst them stood even now on the brink of the valley and shadow of death.

'Once—twice—it is an urgent case.' Jacopo started from his chair, threw his newly-lighted cigar on the ground. 'Farewell! Dossi; addio, Zanina, a rivederla! I am on the duty of the Misericordia this week.' And before either could utter a word in reply, Jacopo was already half-way across the Piazza, bound on his errand of charity, a willing member of this noble freemasonhood of mercy.

'Per bacco! he is a brave kind-hearted fellow,' ejaculated Dossi, stamping out the embers of his friend's cigar.

'It is Andrea, Andrea mio! murmured Zanina, crossing herself thrice on her bosom; 'Andrea mio, morendo sta.'

Before eleven o'clock the carriages were beginning to roll homewards from the Cascine; the people were moving inside of the cafés from the keen east wind, which had sprung up at sun-set; and Zanina, with her basket half full of flowers, had moved out of the Piazza.

She was in no mood this evening to smile and joke, and thrust her goods into the hands of passers-by. She was sick at heart, and loathed her lovely burden of flowers. And as she stood on the Ponte Trinita, and gazed down into the depths of the river beneath, she passionately flung the bright blossoms by handfuls into the water, and watched them floating away.

Everything she looked on this evening seemed tainted with fear and death; all the bloom of young life was chilled, and the quivering sound of the Misericordia bell still vibrated on her ear.

It was the knell of all that she had loved on earth; and yet the thought that Andrea was dying was not the bitterest which overwhelmed her heart that night. Shame and feeble repentance were struggling with a wild fear in her breast; and this shadowy fear, and this foreboding of evil, had been growing on her of late. As hope and light dawned in the breasts of her fellow countrymen and women, her soul became a prey to

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terror and nervous forebodings: a hasty step behind her on the pavement —a sudden shout—a crowd gathered in the streets—each of these trifles were enough to send the life-blood bounding to the heart, till her knees trembled beneath her, and she was often forced to cling to the walls or door-ways for support.

She stood long on the bridge this evening, doubting which course to pursue, whether to call and learn from the old jeweller whether they had carried Andrea to the hospital or to the Casa dei Morti, or to finish her day's work, the heaviest part of which remained still to be carried out. For Zanina's occupation was not altogether flower-selling, or smiling, or bandying repartees; this was a suitable enough occupation for a bright young girl, scarcely entered into her seventeenth year. She had other and darker duties to fulfil; let us not inquire just now too closely into their nature. It is enough to know that to-night her soul recoiled from the self-imposed task.

'Would that I had never consented!' she groaned in her heart—'would that I had never begun this hateful life. To have deceived Andrea as I have done—worse, to be ever sinning, day after day to be blackening my heart with crimes which would make him turn from me with horror if he knew them; and yet! oh! Andrea! Andrea, it was for you—it was to bring the home and the life with you nearer—it was a dower of gold, which I meant to have brought to you, and instead of that it is a sore hard weight which I shall ever have to carry alone. Would you have hated me if you had known all?—will you know it when you go to GOD?' and shuddering at the thought, Zanina walked on restlessly for a few paces. Then she paused suddenly, 'Is it too late?' she thought; 'could I not give up my life's lie to-night? Even now, a voice from Heaven seems to bid me give it up, and perhaps GOD would let Andrea live if I did; but no! I dare not! I have gone too far. Neither side would shew me pity now if I turned back. My patrons are bound to protect me if I do their work, and soon their hour of power will come. Signor Federighi is too rash; but, poor soul, how he fled to the succour of my Andrea!' Then, impelled by a feverish anxiety, she hurried to the court-way where Zarti lived, and entered the door of the jeweller's shop.

'What news hast thou for me this evening, Zarti?' she asked.

The old man shook his head despondingly. 'The Misericordia have been here, my child, and have taken him away. I tell thee the truth when I say he will never return to this poor place again; but they left this gift for thee, Poverina!' Zarti pointed to a heap of silver on the counter. 'They asked "if Andrea had any friends." I answered, "Yes! one poor soul who loved him from her heart." They inquired if you were rich. I answered No! for after all thine is a thankless trade, Zanina, buying flowers and giving half of them away. I told no lie, Poverina. The tallest of the set, he who was evidently at the head, left this present for thee, and said he would give thee more if Andrea died.'

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Zanina looked at the silver with eyes from which the light of life seemed to have utterly died out; she placed her fingers hesitatingly on the glittering coins.

'Take it, my child, in the spirit of charity in which it was given; never, no never, have I seen such courage and tenderness combined. He lifted him in his arms like a brother, and spoke pitifully as a woman.'

'What is that on the floor?' asked Zanina, over whose eyes a film was gathering.

'A rose which fell from beneath the cloak of him who stooped to raise the litter; nay, if I mistake not, it is one I saw in thy basket this morning.'

Zanina lifted the heap of silver with a sudden movement from the counter, and flinging it across the room with a passionate cry, went out through the open door-way.

PART II.

It was night now, and Florence was asleep. Carriages had long ceased to rattle over its pavements; lights were extinguished in the houses; and sentinels challenged at the gates the few foot passengers who, belated in the country, sought to return to their houses within the walls.

But outside the town, in a villa on one of the hills, where such strict scrutiny could not be maintained, lights were still burning up to the early hour of *one* in the morning, and the drawing-room windows lay wide open to the ground.

Three or four gentlemen were seated outside, in the long verandah which overlooked the pleasure-ground; others were gathered inside, round a table, on which were papers and writing materials; whilst, strolling up and down the garden, beneath the white and purple lilacs heavily fragrant in the night air, linked in the arm of Ludovico Dossi, walked Jacopo Federighi, still eagerly discoursing on the subject of the Italian Constitution, and vehemently declaiming against the vacillating conduct of the Grand-duke. The moon was shining brightly over the garden, so brightly that the gold-fish could be seen sound asleep at the bottom of their tanks; the white roses on the trees gleamed out like stars, and the fire-flies' darting lamp could only be descried now and again beneath the shade of the cypress alley.

Jacopo paused in his excited walk, and freeing his hand from his friend's arm, lifted the drooping head of a sumptuous standard rose. 'See, Dossi,' he said, exposing the flower to the full light of the moon, 'how my roses are destroyed this year by insects; here are three in the heart of this one.' Jacopo shook the rose, two of the green beetles fell heavily to the ground, while one boomed out into his very face. 'I had hoped,' he continued, lifting another flower, 'that my roses would carry off the palm this year above all others, till this plague came upon them; by-the-

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by, mon ami, those were rare flowers Zanina proffered to me this afternoon at the café.'

Dossi shook his head ominously, and gave a long dubious whistle.

'Why, Ludo, dost thou think she has a lover in high quarters?'

'Nay, not exactly a lover. I do not doubt that she may have friends.'

'What would you have me to understand? come, speak out.'

'I would have you be more wary in her presence.'

'You think, then, that she is in the pay of the Government?'

Dossi nodded a gloomy assent.

'Zanina a spy, Poverina! when the Government can find no stronger or sharper tools than poor Zanina to undermine our new-born constitution, Florence must be near the morning of her liberty.'

'Well, have it your own way, Jacopo; when that morning comes, darker things even than this may be brought to light.' Jacopo, again taking his friend's arm, passed up the steps into the verandah, and from thence into the saloon; but Dossi could not remain as his guest for the night; he had a task of difficulty and danger before him, which he did not care to communicate to his friend; so, wishing him good-night, he went out through the dark gate beneath the acacias, and down the steep lane leading into the high-road.

It was a wonderfully calm night in the country, almost oppressively so to one whose heart was strained to the utmost. Not a leaf stirred among the pale olives. The white dust rose up spectre-like at his feet, the nightingales seemed to have forgotten their songs, only in the distant marshes the frogs croaked ominously, and the Mugnone river rushed onward to its fate.

Replying to the challenge of the sentinel, Dossi passed into the sleeping town. He did not, however, take the turn leading to his home; he had determined this night to test the truth of a rumour, vital to the cause he had at heart; and with a cautious step, he took the direction leading across the river towards the ducal palace.

Just, however, as he turned out of one of the narrowest streets leading towards the San Miniato, he was arrested by the sound of a woman's voice raised in a deprecatory and fretful key, and the low curse and hush of a man, which came out like the hiss of a serpent through the creak of an open window just beside him.

Something familiar in the sound of the woman's voice made Dossi stop for a moment longer and listen, then bend his head lower and lower, till at length his ear was on a level with the open gap left between the sashes.

'You are playing false, girl. You are reserving facts and words. There were other witnesses besides you; your account of the conversation does not tally with theirs; you must tell the whole truth or none. Come now, take courage, child—what said he at the moment that he threw the flower you gave him on the ground and crushed it with his foot? You must tell the whole truth or none. Come, now, take courage,

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child—what said he at the moment that he threw the flower you gave him on the ground and crushed it with his foot?'

'I cannot remember, Signor.'

Again came the hissing sound, and a quick stamp on the stone floor inside. 'But you shall be made to remember. Have you gone mad, Zanina, or are you playing us false at the hour when everything is at stake?'

'If I am playing false, it is only the trade which you have taught me yourself.'

The man's voice rose in such unrestrained threats and imprecations at this answer, that Dossi ventured with his fingers to open the folds of the venetian blind and take a glance at the occupants of the room within.

There was but little light to assist him in his research, one flickering oil-wick in a brass hand-lamp on the table, that was all; but by degrees, as he looked earnestly within, Dossi could discern the form of a woman seated on a bench, with her back to the opposite wall, her hands clasped on her knees, and her head sunk on her bosom in an attitude of listless despondency, while by the table on which stood the lamp sat a notary with papers before him—a face bleached white with passion, and a trembling hand that scarce could hold the pen.

'You persist, then, in refusing to give the necessary evidence?' he asked, striking the paper before him with his hand.

The woman was silent.

The notary stood up and gathered the papers from the table.

'Then, woman, listen; by your assistance we might even at this late hour secure the safety of the Government, and strike a panic into the hearts of the people, by capturing one of their most prominent leaders; but by to-morrow all may be changed, and when your true character is known you will be hunted down the streets like a mad dog, and probably pierced to the heart by him whom you are now foolishly seeking to save.'

The girl raised her head slowly and looked up. Dossi recognized the features of Zanina, the flower-girl of Florence. His suspicions, laughed at an hour ago by Jacopo, were now confirmed, and his worst fears realized, as, either through a sudden impulse of terror or under the conviction of some powerful emotion, word by word, without the error of a syllable, Zanina retailed the treasonable speeches uttered by his friend that evening in front of the Café Doni.

'Ah! that is well! Bravo! Zanina, these words of thine will cage our bird, if I mistake not.' The notary rose, and strapping his papers together, moved towards the door. But Zanina cast herself forward on the ground in profound despair.

Dossi dropped the venetian blind, and stepped aside in the shadow of a door-way. 'We will nip this piece of midnight treachery in the bud, if I mistake not.'

He waited till the valiant notary had passed out of sight; then, turning down the nearest street, he hurried homewards.

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The morning dawned on Florence bright as its predecessor. The roofs glistened, the birds sang, the river rushed on to the green Cascine like a sea of gold, while Zanina, pale, weak, and dispirited, handed in her basket at the gate of the Boboli gardens, to be replenished according to long custom by the gardener within.

Zanina, the flower-girl of Florence, and the spy—beautiful, graceful, and young—who would have changed places with her this morning, as with dim envious eyes she watched the happy face of a boy astride upon the shaft of a waggon, devouring his morning meal of coarse bread and white glistening onion.

'You will have to go to the market for your flowers after to-day, I fear, Zanina,' observed the gardener, as he opened the gate and replaced her basket in her hand. 'When the swallows forsake the country, the sparrows will soon come and build in their nests.'

'What meanest thou, Pedro? answer me!' cried Zanina, suddenly rousing herself from her lethargy. But the garden door was shut, and the grating sound of the bolt pushed across it from within was her only answer.

After this warning, Zanina almost feared to pursue her usual course towards the Piazza Santa Trinita. She saw with uneasiness groups gathering on the bridge near the Palace, and fancied she could discern the eyes of all flashing with triumph and scorn cast openly towards the ducal mansion.

Her uneasiness grew upon her, so that she sought the most retired streets and lanes leading to her destination. She crossed the river by the jeweller's bridge, and hurried along under the dark arches of the Uffizi, but in the grand square the crowd was already dense, and the roar of a thousand voices went up into the sunshine overhead.

'What is it?' asked Zanina, of a hump-backed pedlar, who stood unmoved among the crowd, extolling his goods in a cracked tone to the passers-by. 'What has happened to cause all this commotion?'

'Why, have you not heard, my child? There is a rumour that the Grand-duke has fled!'

'Fled?' Zanina laid her basket on the ground, and leaned against one of the pillars.

'Ay, fled, like a great coward as he is, afraid of his pope, and still more afraid of his people; the news has come back a quarter of an hour across the river; and the people, as you see, are gone mad. They will never stop till they have drunk some blood to quench their thirst; a mob is already hurrying down the town to the police office. Heaven help those whom they find to-day in the pay of the Government!'

Zanina cast one quick inquiring glance into the pedlar's face, and forsaking her basket of flowers, pushed forward into the crowd.

She felt now that she must fly to some place of safety, or the rabble, eager for revenge, would be upon her heels. But it was difficult to advance; the swarming excited crowd hustled her from side to side, and

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people whose tongues and thoughts were no longer held in bondage gave vent to noisy imprecations or shouts of savage joy; still with trembling knees she pushed forward.

It was not that the life she sought to save was sweet to the poor girl this bright spring morning of freedom, but that death was terrible. It was the hereafter for those whose actions have been false or foul, which frowned at her through the scorching sunshine, and appalled her in the voice of the multitude.

All at once there came a lull, the rabble ceased their imprecations, and the people held their breaths to listen as once again with two solemn booms the Misericordia bell swung its warning cry over the town.

'Ah! misericordia, misericordia mia,' cried Zanina involuntarily, as the thought flashed through her mind; there was help being summoned for some poor dying wretch in the town, but there was none for her.

'Misericordia, misericordia mia,' she called with white lips, as wild with fright, she rushed down one street and up another. It was as the notary had said, she was like a mad dog, rushing hither and thither without other object save to escape from her pursuers.

Suddenly there came a gleam of hope; could she but reach the rallying point of the Misericordia, they might extend to her also the arm of mercy. She turned almost recklessly into the Piazza del Duomo, filled with the densest crowd she had yet encountered.

Pale, panic-stricken, half fainting, she knew by the yell which greeted her appearance that the mask had been rent from her face for ever.

'Down with the spy, down with the false spy Zanina!'

She staggered a few steps forward, but her limbs refused their office; in vain she strove to climb the steps of the sanctuary of mercy. 'Misericordia! Dio mio, misericordia!' burst from her lips.

The appeal for mercy was heard and answered. The door of the Cereria, on whose steps she had fallen, opened, and one of the Order, enveloped in his long black gown and hood of office, hastened to her assistance.

The crowd paused for a moment, accustomed to view with reverential awe the garb of this noble body; some even crossed themselves, but a cry of ill-concealed rage burst from all lips, as the hooded figure, bending over the prostrate spy, lifted her in his arms and carried her within the sanctuary, where, safe from the pursuit of the infuriated mob, Zanina lay white and trembling at the feet of Jacopo Federighi, her deliverer.

Then the sound of the voice which had many a time before spoken to her words of kindness—the voice of the man whom she had betrayed only the night before—speaking to her now in accents of forgiving pity, touched the springs of real repentance in her heart, and the spy saw, as by a sudden flash, the horrors of the life which she had been leading, and in agonized sorrow she sobbed out, 'Mercy! mercy! Signor. I deserve death from *you*, but let me not die with sin upon my soul; have mercy!' and she tried to clasp his feet in her heart-wrung prayer for forgiveness.

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Signor Federighi raised her gently, and said with grave kindness, 'My child, ask GOD'S and your country's forgiveness, not mine; it is they whom you have wronged by your life of deceit.'

Zanina hid her face, as the angry cries from the crowd outside again reached her ears through the barred doors. The deep bell again sounded forth overhead, and some of the brotherhood prepared to obey its summons; there was no time for delay, or lengthy consultation, and after a few words interchanged in whispers Signor Federighi again came to Zanina's side. 'You cannot stay here, Zanina; we must convey you to some place of safety; I think I know of a quiet house where you would be sheltered until the fury of the mob is over. Will you trust yourself to me? and do as we desire you?'

'You are too good, Signor!' sobbed Zanina; 'I will do your bidding, whatever it is.'

'Then you must enter this litter, which we are taking to bring home the sick or the dying who are needing us now; you must lie perfectly still! and no one will dare to interfere with you.'

Zanina shuddered slightly, but did not dispute the words of her deliverer, and entered the litter.

Thus, borne like a corpse on the shoulders of some of the brotherhood, she was taken down the steps on which she had thrown herself in her despair a short while before, and was carried out through the unsuspecting crowd, in the dark narrow box which seemed to her as if it might have been her coffin, so entirely was she cut off from the tide of human life, which was surging all around her.

At length the procession stopped at the house of Zarti, the jeweller, to which the Misericordia had again been summoned; and here, after a few brief words of explanation, the captain of the band gave directions that the litter should be carried within, and Signor Federighi opened the lid of the box, and lifted out the terrified Zanina.

She looked round her in scared bewilderment till her eye rested on the well-known and benevolent countenance of Zarti; then, with a sudden rush of anguish, the source of which lay deeper than either terror or remorse, she exclaimed in broken words, 'Andrea! what of him? Andrea, my beloved!'

'He is dead.'

Zanina covered her face with her hands, while she groaned forth, 'Dead! Now GOD be thanked, who has saved his pure soul from the knowledge of my guilt!'

'Ay, dead, my child; and the good wife within is even now preparing to follow him, I fear.' The old jeweller bowed his head low upon the counter before him, as the brotherhood, entering the chamber beyond, carried forth in the litter the aged partner of his life, who was stricken with the fatal fever; for something told him that she would never return.

* * * * * * * *

For many days, till the wild fury of the populace had subsided, old

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Zarti sheltered the flower-girl of Florence; and the repentance which had begun at the feet of Jacopo Federighi her deliverer, worked on in the heart of Zanina while she stayed in this quiet home.

Then at length, when news came of the death of the good wife, and the old man was bewailing his lonely life, Zanina came to him, and laying her hand on his, said, 'She gave her life for Andrea!—for my Andrea! —whilst I only worked sin for him. Do not hate me—do not send me away. I will be your slave; only let me live the rest of my life for you.'

'Poor child, thy repentance is indeed a bitter one,' said the old man; 'stay, and be as a daughter to me until I die!' And Zanina stayed with him, forgotten by all others, but devoting herself with quiet self-sacrifice to the lonely old man, and looking for forgiveness from Him to Whom all sinners cry Misericordia.

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

I.

VORARLBERG.

THE USE OF LEGENDS—AARAU—ROHRSACH—THE BODEN-SEE—OBERRIET—THE RHINE-FERRY—THE RHÆTIAN ALPS—ALTENSTADT—SCHATTENBURG—S. COLUMBAN—S. GALL—FELDKIRCH—BLUDENZ—THE STASE-SATTEL—THE TEUFELHAUS—VORARLBERGER-GEIST.

. . . . . 'Everywhere
Fable and Truth have shed, in rivalry,
Each her peculiar influence. Fable came,
And laughed and sang, arraying Truth in flowers,
Like a young child her grandam. Fable came,
Earth, sea, and sky reflecting, as she flew,
A thousand, thousand colours not their own.'

Rogers.

'The world is full of poetry unwrit;
Dew-woven nets that virgin hearts enthrall,
Darts of glad thought through infant brains that flit,
Hope and pursuit, loved bounds and fancies free—
Poor were our earth of these bereft! . . . .'

Aubrey de Vere.

'TRADITIONS, myths, legends! what is the use of recording and propagating the follies and superstitions of a bygone period, which it is the boast of our modern enlightenment to have cast to the winds?'

Such is the cry of our age. But how large is the debt we owe to legends in the building up of our present enlightenment! Is it not they which moulded and developed the poetry of Europe for sixteen centuries?

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Is it not they which have preserved to us, as in a registering mirror, the manners and habits of thought of the ages which have preceded ours? Is it not they which, appealing to the fancy, won to the grasp of Divine Truth the imagination of barbarous peoples on whom learned dissertations and logical arguments would have been poured out in vain? 'What are they,' asks an eminent Italian writer of the present day, treating of the traditions of the earliest epoch of Christianity, 'but narratives woven beside the chimney, under the tent, during the halt of the caravan, embodying as in a lively picture the popular customs of the apostolic ages, the interior life of the rising *(nascente)* Christian society? In them we have a delightful opportunity of seeing stereotyped the great transformation and the rich source of ideas and sentiments which the new belief opened up, to illuminate the common people in their huts no less than the patricians in their palaces. Those even who do not please to believe the facts they expose, are afforded a genuine view of the habits of life, the manner of speaking and behaving—all that expresses and paints the erudition, of those men and of those times. Thus it may be affirmed they comment beautifully on the Gospels, and in the midst of fables is grafted a great abundance of truth.

'If we would investigate the cause of their multiplication, and of the favour with which they were received from the earliest times, we shall find it to consist chiefly in the need and love of the marvellous which governed the new society, notwithstanding the severity of its dogmas. Neophites snatched from the superstitions of paganism would not have been able all at once to suppress every inclination for poetical fables. They needed another food according to their fancy. And indeed were they not great marvels (though of another order to those to which they were accustomed) which were narrated to them? The aggregate mass was, however, increased by the way in which they lived and the scarcity of communication; every uncertain rumour was thus readily dressed up in the form of a wonderful fact.

'Again, dogmatic and historical teaching continued long to be oral; so that when an apostle, or the apostle of an apostle, arrived in any city and chained the interest of the faithful with a narration of the acts of Jesus he had himself witnessed or received from the personal narrative of witnesses, his words ran along from mouth to mouth, and each repeater added something, suggested by his faith or by his heart. In this way his teaching constituted itself into a legend, which in the end was no longer the narrative of one, but the expression of the faith of all.

'Thus whoever looks at legends only as isolated productions of a period most worthy of study, without attending to the influence they exercised on later epochs, must even so hold them in account as literary monuments of great moment.'

Nor is this the case only with the earliest legends. The popular mind in all ages has evinced a necessity for filling up all blanks in the histories of its heroes. The probable, and even the merely possible, is idealized;

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what *might have been* is reckoned *to have* happened; the logical deductions as to what a favourite saint or cobbold *ought to* have done, according to certain fixed principles of action previously ascribed to his nature, are taken to be the very acts he did perform; and thus, even those traditions which are the most transparently human in their origin, may serve to show us reflected in action the virtues and perfections which it is the glory of the Christian religion to inculcate.

Among those who thus appreciate the use of legends it is a matter of regret that their influence flags in the times under their observation. They sigh to have the opportunity of seeing them at home in their contemporary life, and trace every record of it with as much interest as the cutting through a series of geological strata, or the unearthing of a buried city.

For such there is a special pleasure in visiting those peoples who yet retain some remnants of the veneration of their forerunners for popular traditions.

Europe possesses in Tirol one little country at least in whose mountain fastnesses a store of these lies enshrined, and where we may yet see it in request. Primitive and unsophisticated tillers of the soil, accustomed to watch as a yearly miracle the welling up of its fruits, and to depend for their hopes of subsistence on the sun and rain in the hand of their Creator, its children have not yet acquired the independence of thought and the habit of referring all events to natural causes, which is generated by those industries of production to which the human agent appears to be all in all.

My first acquaintance with Tirol was made at Feldkirch, where I had to pay somewhat dearly for my love of the picturesque and the primitive. Our plan for the autumn was to join a party of friends from Italy at Innsbruck, spend some months of long-promised enjoyment in exploring Tirol, and return together to winter in Rome. The arrangements of the journey had been left to me, and as I delight in getting beyond railways and travelling in a conveyance whose pace and hours are more under one's own control, I traced our route through France to Bâle, and then on by way of Zurich, Rohrsach, Feldkirch, Bludenz, and Landeck.

Our start was in the most genial of August weather, our party not only harmonious, but humorously inclined; all our stages were full of interest and pleasure, and their memory glances at me reproachfully as I pass them over in rigid obedience to the duty of adhering to my programme. But no, I *must* devote a word of gratitude to the friendly Swiss people, and their kindly hospitable manners on all occasions. The pretty bathing establishments on the lakes, where the little girls go in on their way to school, and swim about as elegantly as if the water was their natural element; the wonderful roofs of Aarau; its late-flowering pomegranates; and the clear delicious water, tumbling along its narrow

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bed down the centre of all the streets, where we stop to taste of the crystal brook, using the hollow of our hands, pilgrim fashion, and the kind people more than once come out of their houses to offer us glasses and chairs!

I *must* bestow, too, another line of record on the charming village of Rohrsach, the little colony of Catholics in the midst of a Protestant canton. Its delicious situation on the Boden-see; our row over the lake by moonlight, where we are nearly run down by one of the swift steamers perpetually crossing it in all directions, while our old boatman pours out and loses himself in the mazes of his legendary lore; the strange effect of interlacing moonbeams, crossed by golden rays from the sanct lamps with Turner-like effect, seen through the open grated door of the church; the grotesque draped skeletons supporting the roof of one of the chapels, Cariatide fashion; the rustic procession on the early morning of the Assumption.

And now I will shut my eyes on all intervening visions, and come to our actual contact with Tirol. We were to emancipate ourselves from railways at Oberriet. At Feldkirch I knew there was a regular Diligence service to Innsbruck, and as the distance between Oberriet and Feldkirch did not seem more than a few miles, apprehended no difficulty in the trajet.

My first misgiving came when I saw the factotum of the Oberriet station eye our luggage, the provision of four English winterers in Rome, and a look of embarrassed astonishment dilate his stolid German countenance. It was evident that when he engaged himself as ticket-clerk, porter, 'and *everyting*,' he never contemplated such a pile of boxes being ever deposited at his station. We left him wrapt in his earnest gaze, and walked on to see what help we could get in the village. It was a collection of a half-dozen cottages, picturesque in their utter uncivilization, clustered round an inn of some pretensions. The host had apparently heard of the depth of English purses, and was delighted to make his *premières armes* in testing their capacity. Of course there was 'no arguing with the master of' the only horses to whose assistance we had to look for carrying us beyond the mountains, which now somehow struck us as much more plainly marked on the map than we had noticed before. His price had to be ours, and his statement of the distance, about double the actuality, had to be accepted also. His stud was soon displayed before us. Three rather tired greys were brought in from the field, and made fast (or rather loose) with ropes to a waggon, on which our formidable *Gepack* was piled, and took their start with funeral solemnity. An hour later a parcel of boys had succeeded in capturing a wild colt destined to assist his venerable parent in transporting ourselves in a 'shay,' which might have served as a model for John Gilpin's, and to which we managed to hang on with some difficulty, the wild-looking driver good-naturedly volunteering to run by the side.

Off we started with the inevitable thunder of German whip-cracking

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and German imprecations on the cattle, sufficient for the first twenty paces to astonish the colt into propriety. No sooner had we reached the village boundary, however, than he seemed to guess for the first time that he had been entrapped into bondage. With refreshing juvenile buoyancy he instantly determined to show us his indomitable spirit. Resisting all efforts of his companion in harness to proceed, he suddenly made such desperate assault and battery with his hind legs, that one or two of the ropes were quickly snapped, the driver sent sprawling in the ditch on one side, and the travelling bags on the other; so that, but for the staid demeanour of the old mare, we should probably in two minutes more have been 'nowhere.' Hans was on his feet again in an instant, like the balanced mannikins of a bull-fight, and to knot the ropes and make a fresh start required only a minute more; but another and another exhibition of the colt's pranks decided us to trust to our own powers of locomotion.

A bare-footed, short-petticoated wench, who astonished us by proving that her rough hands could earn her livelihood at delicate 'Swiss' embroidery, and still more by details of the small remuneration that contented her, volunteered to pilot us through the woods; and finding our luggage van waiting on the banks of the Rhine for the return of the ferry, walked by its side for the rest of the distance.

Our road lay right across a basin of pasture enclosed by a magnificent circuit of mountains; behind us the distant eminences of Appenzell, before us the great Rhætian Alps, and at their base a number of smiling villages each with its green spire scarcely detaching from the verdant slopes behind. The undertaking, pleasant and bright at first, grew weary and anxious as the sun descended, and the mountains of Appenzell began to throw their long shadow over the lowland we were traversing, and yet the end was not reached. At last the strains of an organ burst upon our ears, lights from latticed windows diapered our path, and a train of worshippers poured past us to join in the melodies of the Church, sufficiently large to argue that our stopping-place was attained. We cast about to find the *Gasthof zum Post* to which we were bound, but all in vain, there was no rest for us.

Here, indeed, Feldkirch *fuit*, but here it was no more. In the year 909, the Counts of Montfort built themselves a castle on the neighbouring height of Schattenburg, (so called because the higher eminences around shade it from the sun till late in the morning,) and lured away the people from this pristine Feldkirch to settle themselves round the foot of their fortress. Some of the original inhabitants still clung to the old place, and its old Church of St. Peter, that very church whose earlier foundations some say were laid by monks from Britain, S. Columban and S. Gall, who, when the people were oppressed by their Frankish masters, came and lived among them, and by their preaching and their prayers rekindled the light of religion, and worked out at the same time their political relief; the former, to find his way, shedding blessings as he went, on to

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Italy, where he died at the age of ninety, in 615; the latter, to found, and end his days at the age of ninety-five, in the famous monastery which has given his name to the neighbouring Swiss Canton.

The descendants of this remnant have kept up the original settlement to this day with the name of Altenstadt, while the first built street of the present thriving town of Feldkirch still retains its appellation of the Neustadt.

It seemed a long stretch ere we again came upon an inhabited spot, but this time there was no mistake, all around were the signs of a prosperous centre, the causeways correctly laid out, new buildings rising on every side, and—I am fain to add—the church dark and closed; in place of the train of worshippers of unsophisticated Altenburg, one solitary figure in mourning weeds was kneeling in the moonlight at a desk such as we often see placed under a cross against the outer wall of churches in Germany.

Before five next morning I was awakened by the pealing organ and hearty voices of the Feldkirch peasants at Mass in the church just opposite my window. I dressed hastily, and descended to take my place among them. It was a village festival, and Mass succeeded Mass at each of the gaily decorated altars, and before them assembled groups in quaint costumes from far and near. As each hour struck a bell sounded, and a relic was brought round to the high altar rails, all the women in the church going up first, and then all the men, to venerate it.

Our first care of the day was to engage our carriage for Innsbruck. We were at the Post hotel, and had the best chance there; for besides its own conveyances, there were those of the post-office, which generally in Germany afford great convenience. Not one was there, however, that would undertake our luggage over the mountain roads. The post-master and his men all declared that at every winding of the passes there would be too great risk of overturning the vehicle. It was in vain that we argued the same amount had often accompanied us over higher mountains in Italy; it was clear they were not prepared for it. There was a service for heavy goods by which it could be sent; there was no other way, and they did not advise that. They could not ensure any due care being taken of it, or that it should reach its destination within three or four weeks. Four or five hours spent in weighing, measuring, arranging, and arguing, advanced our cause not a whit: there was no plan to be adopted but to return by Oberriet to Rohrsach, cross lake Constance to Lindau, and make our way round by Augsburg, Munich, and Rosenheim!

It was with great reluctance we relinquished the cherished project of visiting the Wallgau and the Illthal and the Prettigau, with their antique little towns, and romantic traditions. Our now hated luggage deposited in a wagon, as the day before, we mounted our rather more presentable, and certainly better horsed vehicle, in no cheerful mood, for besides the disappointment, there was the mortification which always attaches to a failed project and retraced steps.

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'The *Herrschaften* are not in such bright spirits as the sun to-day!' exclaimed our driver, when, finally tired of cracking his whip and shouting to his horses, he found we still sat silent and crest-fallen. He wore the jauntiest costume to be found in Europe, after that of his Hungarian confrère, a short postilion jacket, bound and trimmed with yellow lace, a horn slung across his breast by a bright yellow cord, and a hat shining like looking-glass cocked on one side of his head, while his face expressed everything that is pleasant and jovial.

'How can one not be out of spirits when one is crossed by such a stupid set as the people of your town? Why, there is no part of Europe in which they will even believe it possible!'

'Well, you see they *don't* understand much, about here,' he replied, with an air of superiority. 'In Italy they manage better; they tie the luggage on behind, or underneath, where it is safe enough. Here they have only one idea—to stick it on the top, and in that way a carriage may be easily upset at a sharp turn. You cannot drive any new idea into these fellows; it is like an echo between their own mountains, whatever is once there, goes on and on and on.'

I showed him the map, and traced before him the difference in the length of the route we should have taken and that we had now to pursue. I don't think he had ever understood a map before, for he seemed vastly pleased at the compliment paid to his intelligence. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'if we could always go as the crow flies, how quickly we should get to our journey's end; or if we had the Stase-Sattel, as they used to have—wasn't *that* fine!'

'The Stase-Sattel,' I replied, 'what is that?'

'What! don't you know about the Stase-Sattel—at that place, Bludenz, there,' and he pointed to it on the map, 'where you were telling me you wanted to have gone, there used to live an old woman named Stase, and folk said she was a witch. She had a wonderful saddle, on to which she used to set herself when she wanted anything, and it used to fly with her ever so high, and quicker than a bird. One day the reapers were in a field cooking their mess, and they had forgotten to bring any salt—and *hupf!* quick! before the pot had begun to boil she had flown off on her saddle to the salt-mines at Hall, beyond Innsbruck, and back with salt enough to pickle an ox. Another time there was a farmer who had been kind to her, whose crops were failing for the drought. She no sooner heard of his distress than up she flew in her saddle and swept all the clouds together with her broom till there was enough to make a good rainfall. Another time, a boy who had been sent with a message by his master to the next village had wasted all the day in playing and drinking with her; towards dusk he bethought himself that the gates would be shut and the dogs let loose, so that it was a chance if he reached the house alive. But she told him not to mind, and taking him up on her saddle, she carried him up through the air and set him down at home before the sun was an inch lower.'

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'And what became of her?' I inquired.

'Became of her! why, she went the way of all such folk. They go on for a time, but God's hand overtakes them at the last. One day she was on one of her wild errands, and it was a *Fest-tag* to boot. Her course took her exactly over a church spire, and just as she passed, the *Wandlung-bell** tolled. The sacred sound tormented her so that she lost her seat and fell headlong to the ground. When they came out of church they found her lying a shapeless mass upon the stone step of the churchyard cross. Her enchanted saddle was long kept in the Castle of Landeck—maybe it is there yet; and even now when we want to tell one to go quickly on an errand, we say, "Fly on the saddle of Dame Stase."'

'You have had many such folk about here,' I observed seriously, with the view of drawing him out.

'Well, yes, they tell many such tales,' he answered; 'and if they're not true, they at least serve to keep alive the faith that God is over us all, and that the evil one has no more power than just what He allows. There's another story they tell, just showing that,' he continued. 'Many years ago there was a peasant (and he lived near Bludenz too) who had a great desire to have a fine large farm-house. He worked hard, and put his savings by prudently; but it wouldn't do, he never could get enough. One day, in an evil hour, he let his great desire get the better of him, and he called the devil in *dreifelsnamen*† to his assistance. It was not, you see, a deliberate wickedness—it was all in a moment, like. But the devil came, and didn't give him time to reflect. "I know what you want," he said; "you shall have your house and your barns and your hen-house, and all complete, this very night, without costing you a penny; but when you have enjoyed it long enough, your old worn-out carcass shall belong to me." The good peasant hesitated; and the devil, finding it necessary to add another bait, ran on, "And what is more, I'll go so far as to say that if every stone is not complete by the first cock-crow, I'll strike out even this condition, and you shall have it *out and out*." The peasant was dazzled with the prospect, and could not bring himself all at once to refuse the accomplishment of his darling hope. The devil shook him by the hand as a way of clenching the bargain, and disappeared.

'The peasant went home more alarmed than rejoiced, and fearing above all that his wife should inquire the meaning of all the hammering and blustering and running hither and thither which was to be heard going on in the homestead, for she was a pious God-fearing woman.

'He remained dumb to all her inquiries, hour after hour through the night; but at last, towards morning, his courage failed him, and he told her all. She, like a good wife, gave back no word of reproach, but cast

* The bell called in other countries the *Elevation bell*, is in Germany called the *Wandlung*, or *change-of-the-elements* bell. The idiom was worth preserving here, as it depicts more perfectly the solemnity of the moment indicated.

† The threefold invocation, supposed to be supremely efficacious.

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about to find a remedy. First she considered that he had done the thing thoughtlessly and rashly, and then she ascertained that at last he had given no actual consent. Finally, deciding matters were not as bad as might be, she got up, and bid him leave the issue to her.

'First she knelt down and commended herself and her undertaking to God and His holy saints; then in the small hours, when the devil's work was nearly finished, she took her lamp and spread out the wick so that it should give its greatest glare, and poured fresh oil upon it, and went out with a basket of grain to feed the hens. The cock, seeing the bright light and the good wife with her basket of food, never doubted but that it was morning, and springing up, he flapped his wings, and crowed with all his might. At that very moment the devil himself was coming by with the last roof-stone.* At the sound of the premature cock-crow he was so much astonished that he didn't know which way to turn, and sank into the ground bearing the stone still in his hand.

'The house belonged to the peasant by every right, but no stone could ever be made to stay on the vacant space. This inconvenience was the penance he had to endure for the desperate game he had played, and he took it cheerfully, and when the rain came in he used to kiss his good wife in gratitude for the more terrible chastisement from which she had saved him.'

The jaunty postilion whipped the horses on as he thus brought his story to a close, or rather cracked his whip in the air till the mountains resounded with it, for he had slackened speed while telling his tale, and the day was wearing on.

'We must take care and not be late for the train,' he observed. 'The *Herrschaften* have had enough of the inn of Oberriet, and don't want to have to spend a night *there*, and we have no *Vorarlberger-geist* to speed us now-a-days.'

'Who was he?' I inquired eagerly.

'I suppose you know that all this country round about here is called the Vorarlberg, and in olden time there was a spirit that used to wander about helping travellers all along its roads; when they were benighted it used to go before them with a light; when they were in difficulties, it used to procure them aid; if one lost his way, it used to direct him aright: till one day a poor priest came by who had been to administer a distant parishioner. His way had lain now over bog, now over torrent-beds. In the roughness of the way the priest's horse had cast a shoe. A long stretch of road lay yet before him, but no forge was near. Suddenly the *Vorarlberger-geist* came out of a cleft in the rock, silently set to work and shod the horse, and passed on its way as usual with a sigh.

* In Tirol the roofs are frequently made of narrow overlapping planks, weighed down by large stones. Hence the origin of the German proverb, 'If a stone fall from the roof, ten to one but it lights on a poor widow;'—equivalent to our 'Trouble never comes alone.'

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'"*Vergeltsgott!*" cried the priest after it.

'"God be praised!" exclaimed the spirit. "Now am I at last set free. These hundred years have I served mankind thus, and till now no man has performed this act of gratitude, the condition of my release." And since this time it has never been seen again.'

We had now once more reached the banks of the Rhine. The driver of the luggage van held the ferry in expectation of us, and with its team it was already stowed on board. Our horses were next embarked, and then ourselves, as we sat, perched on the carriage. A couple of rough donkeys, a patriarchal goat, and half a dozen wild-looking half-clothed peasants, made up a freight which seemed to tax the powers of the crazy barge to the utmost, and as the three brawny ferrymen pulled it dexterously along the guide rope, the waters of the here broad and rapid river rose some inches through the chinks. All went well, however, and in another half-hour we were again astonishing the factotum of the Oberriet station with a vision of the 'Gepack' which had puzzled him so immensely the day before.

R. H. B.

(*To be continued.*)

AN ALARMING INCIDENT.

I HAD been spending the autumn in Sweden, as far as the end of October, and had enjoyed first-rate sport; but by that time my forest friends, the hares, black-game, and capercaillie, had grown very rare: ducks and snipe were no longer to be met with in the grass, and among the rushes by the lake; and I was preparing to pack up my traps and to return to England, when I received an invitation from a gentleman who farmed his own small property in one of the valleys towards the west of Ostersund. The hospitable reception I met with, not only from himself and his family, but also in the whole of the surrounding country, determined me on passing at least the early part of the winter at his house; and having made an arrangement, that proved highly satisfactory to all parties, with his sensible wife, I sent for my tackle and books, and prepared for a thorough Swedish life. I had already made some progress in the language, and I found besides that English was understood in several of the neighbouring families; so that, with the prospect of excellent bear-hunting and plenty of skating and sledging, I looked contentedly on my lot. The house was tolerably well furnished, though I should have preferred fewer stoves and more carpets over the floors, which were kept in a state of the highest polish by the united efforts of the mistress and her two handsome daughters, who seemed to be constantly superintending their maids. By their devotion to household duties also, the

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meals were admirably served—a point of some importance when one considers how many there were of them, in the parlour alone.

The number of farm-buildings struck me very much when I first began to look about me; but that was not to be wondered at when you remembered that the whole stock of the farm had to be housed for six months of the year. They were nearly all enclosed in a strongly-fenced yard, with gates that were securely fastened during winter; and although wolves were scarcely ever known to attack a farm-yard, it was necessary to be on the watch against them. I was sometimes reminded of their possible neighbourhood by the look of some of the dogs about Sarafeld, (for so the place was called,) whose progenitors had been wild in the forest; but there were dogs of all breeds, and for all purposes of watching as well as of sport, from the stately Dahlbo hound, somewhat like an English mastiff, to the ugly little Lap hounds, used for tending the reindeer on the fells. My own favourite was one of the newly reclaimed savages, who became extremely fond of me, but whom I seldom took into the forest, as I wanted a good setter, which he was not.

Before I had been long in my winter quarters, however, all the game birds appeared to have retired to their roosts among the thickest branches, in perfect silence, beyond the reach of gun or dog. The stillness was so great of these immense tracts, that a passing sound was carried through the air to an incredible distance; and I recollect how cheerful I used to think it to see an assembly of magpies, clustering round their old nests, apparently in close consultation as to the lawful denizens of those domiciles, which after all they were in the habit of again leaving, till they built new ones in the spring. Often, too, I heard the chattering of the cross-bills, as they flitted among the fir-cones in search of food; or the sound of the axe where woodmen were busy in cutting down the trees. This operation they perform in so slovenly a fashion as to leave the roots and perhaps four feet of the stem standing, which adds greatly to the desolate look of the northern forests.

I was once surprised by hearing a weak quavering voice, apparently quite near me, singing a hymn; but I had walked a considerable distance before I came upon the singer, who proved to be a 'root grubber,' or poor old pauper, hired out by the parish to some farmer, for little more than his bare subsistence. He was sitting in the sun, which had partially thawed the snow, among some fir stems that had fallen under the axe during the previous winter, but had lain neglected till they were half imbedded in mosses, heath, and bog-myrtle. The scarlet berries of a mountain-ash shone bright over his head, and had attracted a number of small birds, who seemed not to have a moment to lose in securing their feast. He was a gentle-mannered creature, not likely to frighten them away; with a wistful expression in his eyes, as if he were in the habit of looking at days that lay far down the path he had already trodden, and beyond, that he had still to tread. He told me his master wanted the wood I saw carried home, for burning: it ought, by rights, to have been

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split up and dried in the summer, but there had not been time then to do the work properly, so he had come to begin getting the huts ready for the woodmen, who were to spend the next few days in the forest. As he spoke, he pointed to a couple of holes, about two feet deep, one of which was already partly roofed with pine branches and strips of birch bark. There he was to live till his master's logs were duly marked, and taken to the farm. The little old book from which Elg (as my old man was called) had sung his hymn was still in his hand; and when I noticed it, he told me he had been himself a 'torpare,' or small farmer, living on an estate where he worked in lieu of payment for his cottage and bit of land. He had had his horse and cart, with a couple of cows, and such fine pigs and poultry! His daughter, Edda, the last left of his family, had helped him to work, and they had had a root-grubber almost every year themselves. But that had now long been over: he was thankful to have fallen into kind hands, and to be able still to do a good deal of work, if he was only allowed to take his own time about it. Edda's hymn-book, he told me as we talked further, was a great comfort to him: he liked to use her own, tattered as it was, for she had sung from it at the very gates of that mansion in her Father's house, in which he trusted she was waiting for him. She died early in the spring, just after Easter: would I wish to hear the hymn she sang last? Of course I wished it; and in his thin old voice Elg chanted the Swedish version of that noble Latin Easter-song, which I had once heard at Rome in its fullest glory.

The contrast of past and present seldom struck me more than it did while I stood with Elg, in his fox-skin cap and long leathern apron, under the mountain-ash tree in that lonely forest; and I afterwards wrote a translation from the Latin of Edda's favourite hymn, which I venture to give here:—

EDDA'S HYMN.

Christians, offer praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet!
For the sheep the Lamb was slain,
Our redemption to obtain.
Hallelujah!

Wondrous conflict! death and Life
Met in strange and awful strife:
Though the Prince of Life hath died,
Living shall His crown abide!
Hallelujah!

Mary, what didst thou behold?
Angels by the tomb, who told,
'Christ is risen! gone is He
On before to Galilee!'
Hallelujah!

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Christ, our Hope, is risen indeed:
Saviour, be Thou still our speed!
First-born from the dead, have Thou
Mercy on Thy people now!
Hallelujah!

The short silence that followed this untutored singing was filled up by the birds, who were still twittering among the glowing berries over our heads; and then Elg began telling me that his master had lately tracked a bear to his 'ide,' or winter quarters, and that if I wished for his skin, or indeed for his whole carcase, and had a fancy for bear-hunting, it would be easy to make arrangements for my seeing and sharing in the whole sport.

Bruin, about whose private property we were thus talking, was quite unsuspicious of the proposed bargain; but having once been ringed, it would cost little trouble to find him when wanted. I was delighted at the information, and already enjoyed the idea of arriving with my spoils at a dear old home I thought of, among the oaken glades of the New Forest—how different from that, spreading its interminable firs around me! We were interrupted by the noise of voices and of sledges approaching towards us; and soon the woodmen arrived for whose use the holes (of which I found there were many more than I had at first seen) had been dug in the ground before frost and snow were likely to set in. I was now in the midst of a stirring scene, for they were come provided with all necessary implements of wood-craft, and with meal, cheese, herrings, and fodder, like the pioneers of a small colony, which indeed they were to be during the greater part of the long winter.

After giving Elg a roll of tobacco, which he joyfully received, I took advantage of the return of one of the sledges to proceed to the farm occupied by his master. At some distance from where the woodmen were already at work, in a little valley open to the sun, I found a long low wooden house, with the roof covered with house-leek, which was still visible through the patches of snow; and my first interview was with a quaint old dame, in her black knitted garments, sitting comfortably upon one end of a blazing young pine-tree, that filled up the ample fire-place in the hall. She was diligently knitting, as usual, with children and dogs near her, and was the farmer's mother. I had to make my bargain with her; but her son arrived just as she had set me down to an excellent meal, after a preliminary glass of corn-brandy. He approved of all we had settled, and gave me his opinion that snow would set in that night thoroughly for the winter; whereupon I despatched a messenger to Sarafeld for my hunting gear, desiring also that no dogs should be sent to me, as they would only be in the way where there were well-trained ones already for bear-hunting. It was nearly indifferent to me where I lived, and I thought I should like to see something of peasant life. After the first good snow-storm, I began learning to run on 'skidor,' as the snow-

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skates are called; and hard work I had, and many a bump and bruise, before I was able to use them properly.

'These snow-skates are from twelve to fourteen feet long, about as broad as a man's foot, and turned up at the point. The foot is stuck in two loops in the middle of the "skidor," and the wearer shoves himself along, first one foot and then the other, over the snow, keeping himself on the balance with a pointed stick, which cannot sink in, owing to a round shield placed eight inches up it.' Thus far I had read in England, but I could have formed no idea of what the enjoyment was of first finding myself able to glide along the frozen surface of the snow thus provided, till I had succeeded in running on skidor to pay a visit to my friends at Sarafeld, a distance of about fifteen miles. No Swedish gentleman ever thinks of taking violent exercise, if he can possibly avoid it; and my appearance excited great wonder and amusement amongst my friends there. The following day I drove myself back to the farm in a small sledge, drawn by a spirited Norsk horse, promising to carry the skin of my bear to Sarafeld as soon as he was captured. My host at the farm and his men had tracked his steps with the utmost patience, and his winter quarters proved to be in an old deserted ant-hill, in the remotest part of the forest, where the wood-cutters had not for many years been at work.

After what I then thought a most exciting day's sport, and which I could scarcely have accomplished without the aid of my skidor, I had the satisfaction of shooting him with my double-barreled Manton, just as he was running right on end at me on all fours, with the evident intention of toppling me over on the snow.

The 'curée' was performed with great skill by my host, and the skin pronounced a remarkably fine one. I was anxious to fulfil my promise, and as soon as possible started with it, in my sledge, for Sarafeld, while the moon shone brilliantly along the fell side, and threw the strangest shadows through the pines, bringing out here and there some silvery birch tree, like a tall weeping ghost in their recesses.

I was quite alone, and as I sped along through this weird scenery, one after another the stories I had heard from my worthy host's little old mother, as she sat knitting at the end of the burning logs, always looking much as she did when I first saw her, came vividly back into my mind.

I thought of Karin, the peasant-girl of Darkulla, who was tending her father's sheep on the hills, and saw the herd of enchanted deer, but did not know they were the chieftains of some elder world, till their leader, a noble stag with antlered front and dark mournful eyes, stood by her side, in his human form, one autumn evening, and implored her to become his bride. Karin would not listen to a proposal so unworthy of a Christian maiden; and the deer flitted away across the fells, and she returned to her father's house, in the valley of Mora.

She was its sole mistress, and a great deal of work devolved upon her,

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especially before the great Church festivals; and so it happened that on the following Christmas morning, when the farmer mounted his horse early and rode across the forest to church, Karin forgot to sing her Christmas carol before she began to dress the kitchen with sprigs of spruce-fir and of mountain-ash for the great solemnity. While she was thus employed, she heard the sound of light foot-steps all round the house, and presently in came the enchanted deer. They brought her rich wedding-presents, and garments fit for a queenly bride; and they set the bride's seat in the middle of the room, and their leader made Karin sit upon it, and placed a sparkling crown upon her long flaxen hair. Meanwhile, her father had been surprised by the incessant barking of her little dog Ratichin, who had followed him, and said to himself, 'All is not right at home. I must go back and see what Karin is doing.' Back accordingly he rode, and when he reached his own door and looked in at the windows, he saw the house all lighted up with candles and full of people, and on the bride-seat his daughter sitting, wearing the marriage crown. He caught up an axe that lay in the porch, and stood with it for an instant in the doorway, then hurled it across the room, right over Karin's head, so that it struck into the wall; and on that, the wedding-guests, with the bridegroom, all resumed their shapes as deer, and fled helter-skelter from the farm. The farmer hung up Karin's crown, with its resplendent gems, in the parish church, and she ever after sang her Christmas carol in due time, and married an earthly— What was that bark? It made my horse prick up his ears, and start forward. Again it came, short and quick, from the fell; and soon the cause of his terror was apparent. Just behind my sledge, on the long white surface of the fell-side, which was almost as smooth as looking-glass, the shadow of a wolf's head was defined with perfect clearness. He had doubtless scented the bear's skin, and was following, and would follow, steadfastly, till he got hold of it or of me. No need to urge on my brave little Norsk horse; mile after mile he went at his quickest pace, the wolf meanwhile keeping up with him behind, but never stopping, even to bark again. I spoke cheerily to him, but I could see that his mortal fear of our pursuer was beginning to tell upon him; and my ammunition was all gone, so that I had nothing for it but to go on, hoping that the wolf, if it came to the worst, would be satisfied with the raw skin which I might be obliged to throw to him—an ignominious ending of my sport! At last Sarafeld came in sight, and by a desperate effort we still kept ahead of the wolf, though I often felt as if he was on the point of bounding on my shoulders, and more than once I heard his panting breath close to my ear. Hurrah! the farm-yard gate is thrown open, and in we glide, to safety and to welcome! But the shaggy wolf has passed in after us—and lo! it was my favourite dog that had followed the sledge for so many weary miles, that he now sank down exhausted at my feet. The half savage dog whose wolfish peculiarities had often struck me, but who had been left at Sarafeld from the time I first went to the farm! How he

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came to meet me by a perfectly new track that I had never thought of taking before the bear-hunt, I cannot tell; but from that day he became my constant companion, and he serves to remind me now, by my English fire-side, of many a wild legend, and of many a Scandinavian sport in which he bore a part. His name is Ratichin.

March 29th, 1867. E. O.

'GIVING UP.'

SOMETHING was wrong, decidedly. The old church clock that for so many years had looked down complacently upon the village, was peevish and out of sorts this morning. His very face, which had always appeared the quintessence of good-nature, seemed altered; and if such a thing had been possible, one would have said it was puckered and drawn into all kinds of uncomfortable angles. On that bright December morning, if ever clock was discontented and unhappy—here it stood! The bells were ringing merrily for morning service; in a few moments they would cease, for it was almost half-past ten, and yet the unfortunate fingers of the clock pointed to three minutes to five! and nothing would make them move.

'Don't you think you could go on?' gently insinuated the Ivy, which grew luxuriantly upon the tower; 'it's such a shocking thing to tell lies; and besides, you mislead people so:' and she gave a slight tap with one of her sharp-pointed leaves.

'What's that to you?' savagely answered the Clock; 'don't *you* think it would be better if *you* minded your own business; are you going to turn preacher?'

Now the clock was naturally of an amiable temper; his broad fat face wore generally a smile, (or at least it appeared so) and encircled by the beautiful Ivy he had just been so unmercifully snubbing, in the length and breadth of the kingdom you would not have found a prettier or a pleasanter looking village clock. Well! poor thing, he had certainly had a good deal to try his temper that morning. In the first place, the village clock-maker had been turning him inside out. The late severe frosts must have injured some of the works, but *that* surely was no fault of his; the half-blind old clock-maker must have assuredly thought it was, for he had taken this tube out and put other tubes in, till the poor clock was almost beside himself. Then the beadle, late for prayers, had in passing glanced at the tower.

'If that blessed old clock ain't wrong again,' said he; 'it's nearly used up, I reckon.'

The two great men of the village, while walking briskly to catch the train, had that morning been heard to say, 'Something must be done to

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that clock, it's gained an hour and a half in the last week, and now has stopped entirely. Shouldn't wonder if we lose our train through it—crazy old thing! Surely this was enough to dishearten any clock; but when the mild easy-going Vicar, who always took things by the smooth handle, paused by the vestry door and remarked in very distinct tones to the curate, 'Really, Mr. Sampson, we must think seriously of the little matter you were mentioning the other night; I mean getting up a subscription for a new clock; this is almost worn out, I fancy.'

It was the finishing stroke! the church Clock nearly groaned. Was this all the reward he was to expect for serving the parish faithfully for the last two hundred years? Was he to be turned out to make way for some new-fashioned interloper? His very pendulum rattled with indignation! Then he thought of the many scenes he had witnessed since he had first been placed there—of the children who had grown up beneath his eye—of the simple congregation he had watched Sunday after Sunday wending their way through the lime avenue to the church porch—of the sweet spring mornings and the pleasant summer days—of the rich and golden autumn and of sharp bright winter hours, such as this—so he must leave them all, he that had grown old in the path of duty! He was now voted 'crazy' and 'used up,' and must make way for a new comer!

It is not a pleasant feeling to find our day is past, so perhaps the church Clock may be excused for turning so savagely on the mild unoffending Ivy, who had ventured on a meek suggestion after much deliberation. He was not himself that morning, as his irritable temper was proof of.

'It's the way of the world at least,' said he, half aloud; 'but I didn't expect such treatment from the Vicar.'

'You seem troubled this morning, Mr. Clock,' whispered the Ivy. Snubbed though she had been before, she could not resist the temptation of learning why the hitherto jovial clock should this bright morning be snappish and ill-humoured.

'I have sufficient to trouble me,' answered the Clock. 'Look you here, Mrs. Ivy, I've served this village for two hundred years, but my work is done now, (or it's said to be,) you'll have a new neighbour, and I trust he, in his turn, will not be served as I—'

Something very like a tear trickled slowly down his broad face, perhaps it might only have been an icicle that had melted from the heat of the sun.

'Dear me, dear me!' said the Ivy, gaining courage, 'I am very sorry to hear it; but you see, Mr. Clock, we shall all be obliged to give up some day: I am getting in years; and even the yew trees in the church-yard, they are not as young as they were.'

'That's certainly true, little Ivy, but I can't see that it makes ingratitude any easier to bear; it is this that I complain of, my services have not been appreciated.'

The Ivy was silenced; she was not much given to meditation, though

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she had expressed such a trite little saying concerning 'giving up.' There was perhaps more truth in it than she was aware of.

The hours sped on, still the Clock's fingers did not move. He remained outwardly sullen enough. Inwardly miserable and sad. Morning prayers were over; out came the little congregation, old and young passing through 'God's acre,' paused and looked up at the clock.

'Wrong again,' someone said; 'surely it would be better to put it on one side; even clocks can't last for ever!'

'I don't like to say that,' answered old Barton the sexton; 'it seems as if we were turning out an old friend; I've looked at that clock for well-nigh thirty years, and often when the new fangled one at the town hall was out of order, I've said to myself, Job Barton, you stick to the church—that's the only place to be trusted, and it stands to reason that the church clock must be trusted too.' So he passed through the wicket gate, and was soon seen walking down the village street.

'Did you hear him?' whispered the Clock to the Ivy; 'well, it is a comfort if only *one* person appreciates me. Oh! I've many years of work before me; talk of "giving up" to who you like, or to those who will listen to you, little Ivy, but not to me. I'll try and astonish them all yet. I wonder how much time I have lost—don't interrupt me, I say; can't you see I'm calculating?' But calculate as he would, he could not move! Still the fingers remained pointing hopelessly at three minutes to five! Must he really give up after a life of usefulness? oh! it was disheartening indeed! 'Oh! Ivy, Ivy, Ivy,' he groaned, 'is there no comfort to be had? Will no one understand the efforts I have made?'

The Ivy shook her leaves mournfully. It was rather hard to find comfort for herself on such a bitter day.

That afternoon the clock-maker paid another visit to the tower; again the poor clock underwent a thorough investigation, for the next day was Christmas, and of all days in the year it would not do to mislead people; the church had been cleaned, the decorations were finished, the path to the porch had been swept; inside and out, everything was neat and trim in its holiday dress prepared for that joyous festival—everything 'right' except that unhappy clock.

The short winter day drew to a close, the sky had clouded over, and the melancholy wind rustled and tossed the dead leaves. Gradually all sounds of human life died away, only occasionally the footsteps of some traveller were heard echoing down the street. It was too cold for the groups of men and boys, who on most nights might be seen standing at the corners of the church-yard; all who had homes to go to went, and the shadows crept thicker and closer round the tower. The cold night wind played among the Ivy till she trembled in every leaf.

'Oh! what a bitter night!' she said softly.

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'Bitter,' echoed the Clock, 'only, like the rest of the world, it first flatters you with that deceiving sun, then sends biting winds and cutting frosts. Perhaps if I had known its true character at first I should not have sung its praises.'

'Nay, nay, say not so, good Clock,' suddenly broke in a strange voice, and at that moment a flake of snow floated down and rested quietly on the side of the tower. Now the snow fell thick and fast; so soft, so gentle was it, so pure it looked, that the old Clock felt strangely calmed.

'Tell me your troubles,' said the Snow softly; 'I come from far away, high among the clouds; surely to-night I bring 'a good message' to earth.

'Ah! yes, to earth,' murmured the Clock, 'but not to me;' yet nevertheless he poured out the story of his wrongs, and the lovely snow listened quietly, and as he ended she laid her soft white hands upon his face.

'Hearken! oh village Clock!' she said; 'you grieve because your day is passing, you that were once so proud and strong; look around you, everything one day must 'give up;' think of the little children you watched when you were first placed here, some quickly came to sleep beneath the shadow of the church, others have grown grey under your eyes, their appointed task will soon be finished too; and if they, the work of God's hand, fade so surely, shall not you, the work of man's, come to the end of your allotted life? All have their work to do; and your part, my friend, has hitherto been bravely done. Think, only think, how day by day you have told the human creatures of the precious hours that were flying, of those "golden opportunities" not to be neglected. Oh! rest now and be thankful.'

'Yes, she comes from above; she must be right,' the Clock kept murmuring, and somehow it comforted him to repeat this.

Another hour passed, the ground was covered several inches with snow, and the yew trees looked weird but lovely in their pure robe. All was very still, for the carol singers had not yet commenced, and footsteps fell silently on the snow. Suddenly there was a wild commotion in the belfry, and then sharp and clear upon the midnight air rang the Christmas bells. The Ivy trembled, and it was to the Clock as if his heart stood still.

'Listen, listen,' said the Snow, lightly touching him. 'This is a message for you.'

And the Clock *did* listen, and as the silvery tones rose and fell he could distinguish a voice (that alas! the full import he could not understand) telling mortals of the glorious news! Telling them that very soon all sin and sorrow would be done away for ever, that though hundreds of years had flown since the shepherds of Bethlehem had listened to the *first* carol, which had told them of a Saviour full of love and pity coming to dwell among them; that the message they were telling *now*, was

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just as glorious as it had been eighteen hundred years before, if they would only hearken!—and then the bells ceased.

* * * * * * *

A sob broke from the village Clock as the sound died away. 'That glorious message was for mortals, not for me,' he sighed.

'You have done *your appointed work* well,' whispered the Snow, as she passed quickly away.

'Thanks, thanks, gentle comforter,' he cried, 'my work *is* done; oh! that I may be ready for rest;' and the Ivy, though she scarce knew why, murmured—'Thanks.'

'Quel que difference qui paraisse entre les fortunes, il-y-a une certaine compensation de biens et de maux qui les rend égales.'

B. F. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. LUKE'S MISSION, BURDETT ROAD, STEPNEY.

November 10th, 1868.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I have been reading over the accounts of our Mission in the March and December numbers, 1867, of The Monthly Packet, and the notice given in this month's 'Packet' of our August Flower Show. These former notices have attracted so much sympathy, and so sensibly advanced our Mission, that it seems well to you to give at this Christmas time some further details of the progress of our work.

Surely I shall not be misunderstood if I say that no one is less satisfied with using the word 'progress' than myself; and if I mention that in this difficult work, which has its ebbs and flows, it was one homage I gave to its necessity and worth, that I abstained entirely from a holiday this year, because I had set my heart on sealing another year's work by the contract for building the church. This, thanks be to God, was done on October 30th, and is perhaps the main point of progress I have to report.

I shall give briefly the course of this advance, and then recur to the general work of the Mission, and especially of the past month of October, our third anniversary.

Our building plans for St. Luke's Church are of Norman style, and to make it cheap and of capacity, everything, the omission of which would not render it mean, has been left out of the estimate. The entire amount is £5,320, but if we build the body—the nave and aisles—of the church first, £80 must be added for the temporary partition wall closing up the chancel arches. The Bishop's Fund was anxious that the larger part of the church should go on, and first increased their grant to £1,500, and then gave permission that this sum might be used for the nave and aisles. The Bishop consented to consecrate this part, if it be necessary to open the church in its imperfect state; and the Diocesan Church Building and Incorporated Societies, and Marshall's Charity, made grants to the amount of £600.

Our Quarterly Collections, in books and boxes, had gone on. Every friend who subscribed had doubled their subscription; The Monthly Packet contributions continued; donations were paid directly to the Bishop's Fund; our economy had saved £120 of Offertories; St. Michael's, Chester Square, sermons were repeated—yet, after all, the amount paid and promised, independently of grants, could only

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be reported in October at £1,210, and the sum total, this amount with the grants, is £3,310.

The builders' tender was in three parts: for building nave and aisles, £3050; for building chancel, £1,650; for fittings, £700 (in body, £350; in chancel, £350.) A separate estimate, as part of the £1,650, was made for the foundations alone of the chancel; this amounts to £235. Accordingly, the meeting on October 30 considered the work they had immediately before them stood thus: body, £3,050; fittings, £350; extras, £100; chancel foundation, £235; in all, £3,735; leaving thus £425 needed for the completion of the 'first part' of the work. They took a partial contract for laying the whole foundations, and making the body wind and water-tight, at £2,785, and the building is forthwith to go on.

I trust these details will not be tedious. They show our position, and they imply a large part of the task which may come of necessity on the missionary of each new district started by the Bishop of London's Fund.

To turn now to some other points, which I must take up in order of time. One of the first fruits of our Festival Month, as we call October, was the offer of seven ladies, in November, 1867, to aid. As we have no building of any kind, we were indebted to the Rev. A. B. Cotton for the use of his vestry; and here, on the Tuesday afternoon of each week, we have what I trust will be the germ of much useful Christian work. Six mothers joined the meeting at first, and a Provident Club was commenced. Now the members are forty-seven, and yet the club only takes in about six shillings weekly, surely proving that this part of the mission work is among the very poor. The ladies sit with the women, and all together make up clothes for the members and others. A very busy working party it is, and though a book is read, it does not hinder the sewing. Girls also of the age of fourteen to eighteen are admitted, and taught to read, and prepared for Baptism and Confirmation. Ten of these were present last week. To-day it was arranged to ask some young women of the district to aid in work for a Christmas tree. These ladies having now found that there is work, and that they can do it, will undertake to visit the district, and so during the winter the poor will have kind words and help.

During last winter a Public Relief Fund was established for the hamlet of Mile End Old Town, and the advantage of such missions as the Bishop of London's appeared, as no more willing and useful almoners could have been found than the Rev. P. J. Richardson, my assistant, and the Scripture Reader who is attached to our division of Trinity parish. We lose Mr. Richardson's services at Christmas. I cannot but rejoice that other helpers have come to supply in some things this great loss. I would that some other with his spirit might offer himself for St. Luke's.

Among our prayers at the Mother's Meeting is one 'That God would incline others to similar works of mercy;' and we take it as a sign, that frequently I have communications to read from persons offering work like their own, chiefly from readers of The Monthly Packet.

As to the services: I have drawn out the conspectus of services, congregations, and offertories for four periods during the past year, similar to the one given in the number of the 'Packet' for March, 1867; but I must confine myself to the results, and some remarks. The number of persons at the services varies; the liberality of those interested increases. The number of services increases, and some new visitor is seen at nearly all. Our district is of the poor; their habits and our present circumstances confine us to them. The week-day service on Friday is now constant, and every other opportunity in Advent, Lent, and October has been used. In October, 1867, there were twelve services, from Quarterly Collection on the evening of September 30, to All Saints, November 1. 1858 persons attended, and the offertory was £15 4s. 8d., in six hundred and sixty-four coins. This year the services were nineteen, the congregations 1594, and offerings £25 2s. 3½d., in eight hundred

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and fifty-nine coins. This month of October, of which I give the details below, was a most generous time. Even if friends came, they were really partakers of the Mission and its work.

When I look over the conspectus of December, 1867, which is before me, I see that the services increased to twenty-four: every other point diminished; but I notice a homely matter we have also to contend with. 'First Sunday in Advent: *very wet*. Second Sunday: *very wet, and snow*. Third Sunday: *very wet*. Saturday, 21st: *very wet*. Fourth Sunday: *wet*. Christmas Day: *wet*. 26th: *very foggy*. 28th: *wet*. If with this weather 1492 persons came to the worship of God, what shall we say? The words of one of our carols, (S. P. C. K. collection,) which the choir sung with me on Christmas Eve in *every street* of St. Luke's, recur to mind:—

'The shepherds at these tidings rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding in tempest, storm, and wind;
And straight they came to Bethlehem, the Son of God to find;
And that's tidings of comfort and joy.'

The list of Lent of this year is before me also, from Ash-Wednesday to Easter Day—a list of thirty-two services, with 2735 meeting to pray. Perhaps if we cannot make communion a fixed desire among such people as we have, the next cheering thing is to find a willingness to be humble, and exclaim, 'Have mercy on me, O God, after Thy great goodness; according to the multitude of Thy mercies do away mine offences.' We have never forgotten that 'Fast is the spirit's feast, and Lent the soul's high tide.' The Confirmation candidates were prepared during this season, and fourteen men and nineteen women were presented on April 29, at Poplar: two men and three women more on July 27, at West Hackney. Every man and woman who frequents the service is confirmed. The Easter statement of accounts acknowledges £27 9s. 1½d. as the expenses of the Mission for the year, of which £7 3s. 1d. goes for books. If any reader of this frugal economy would help to bind these books, we could go on with our present store.

The Fund in the meanwhile has pressed on the conveyance of the site for St. Luke's schools, and therefore that large part of our scheme must now be looked to.

Now I reach the October which has just passed. To the account, which I copy from the *Guardian* newspaper of October 28, I have little to add. The Baptisms in the whole parish of Trinity, which in 1841 to 1848 were fifty each year, and then to 1855 were seventy-nine, have increased, through two hundred and three hundred, till this year they will reach four hundred and fifty. About half of these are from the district of St. Luke's. So the multitude is very large. 'Fear not this,' said an earnest missionary spirit in the north of England; 'fear not this; it is there Christ has His triumphs!'

The account of the *Guardian* is as follows:—

'The third anniversary of St. Luke's Mission, Burdett Road, Stepney, was celebrated by numerous services and much liberality this year. On Friday, October 16th, fasting and prayer was recommended on behalf of the Mission and its coming festival, and the evening service at half-past seven was penitential. The Litany and a hymn ("When gathering clouds," tune Stella) preceded a Lesson, St. Mark, xiv. 26 to end, and Psalm li.; then the "Prayer for Prosperity of Missions" was used as a Collect before the sermon, preached by the Rev. W. Wallace, in charge of the Mission—"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation; the spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak." "Let my life be hid with Thee," to Mozart's *Kyrie*, was sung during the Offertory, and the Benediction was given at the close. The prayer, which is taken from *The Manual of Intercessory Prayer*, was printed, along with St. Luke's Hymn, "O Jesu, O Redeemer, Physician of the soul," and given to every person as they left this and the other services. The whole service was easily understood and followed. On the Eve, Saturday, part of the choir of the neighbouring church, St. Paul's, Bow Common, assisted, and the Rev. A. B. Cotton preached—"He giveth

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medicine to heal their sickness." All the subjects of the sermons of the festival course were appropriate, and all delivered extempore. The processional tune, for "The Son of God goes forth" was found to go well to St. Luke's Hymn. On Sunday, St. Luke's Day, as no communions are publicly administered in the Mission, early celebration at St. Paul's, and mid-day at Trinity, the mother church, were assisted by the Rev. W. Wallace and the Rev. P. J. Richardson, the second curate of the Mission. The usual services in St. Paul's school at eleven and seven had the Rev. W. Wallace preacher—"Only Luke is with me," and the Rev. P. J. Richardson preacher—"Luke the beloved physician,"—"St. Luke was a loving, unassuming, generous, joyous man." The congregation of the evening was one of the largest attending within a long period. On Monday the anniversary service was held at half-past seven, to which friends came, among the rest Mr. J. A. Shaw Stewart, visitor of the district for the Bishop of London's Fund. The Offertory was £16 15s. 9¾d., in ninety-three coins, from one hundred and eighteen persons. The statement of the Mission was made; three points are worthy of mention:

'Since October 18, 1865, to October 18, 1868, in three years, 1,060 persons had been baptized in Trinity Church. In the same time £1,210 had been collected, independently of all grants, towards St. Luke's permanent church. Of £182 ordinary Offertories in the Mission, £101 had been applied to the building fund; all expenses —hymn-books and psalters, (these are on every seat,) coals, gas, wages, printing, music—being defrayed from the remainder, most of the work done being voluntary. And the announcement was made that the funds were sufficient to justify the building of the nave; the chancel must be left. This statement, repeated by the Rev. F. Simeox Lea in his sermon, "The mission of the Seventy.—Into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house," was received with the liveliest satisfaction. "We march to victory," to Cobb's tune, was sung. The total Offertories in the Mission services amounted to £21 7s. 9½d., in four hundred and sixty-eight coins, from seven hundred and seventy persons, and of this three hundred and fifty-five copper coins, making £1 0s. 9½d. The architect, Mr. A. Blomfield, considers it of much importance to have the foundations of the chancel put in along with those of the nave. About £250 is required for this. Some donations towards the fittings, the font, gas standards, &c., have been promised. It is interesting to state that no less than five Missions under the Bishop's Fund in East London have called themselves by the name of St. Luke—in Bethnal Green, Stepney, Bromley, Millwall, and Deptford.'

In addition to this account I may say that the Octave services were satisfactory, that our choir prepared an anthem for these,—'Thine, O Lord, is the greatness,'—and that the Rev. G. Barnes, who, along with my brother, preached on October 25, is the missionary clergyman of St. Luke's, Bethnal Green. The Bromley St. Luke's has as yet only sites. The foundation-stone of St. Luke's, Millwall, was laid on October 16, at which I was able to be present; and, as if to prove that there *is* One body and One spirit, two of my constant helpers were young men in the choir of the Rev. J. Malcolmson, before he went to the Mission described in this month's 'Packet,' St. Luke's at Deptford. 'I should like you,' said one of them as we returned from the October meeting, for he is on our building committee, 'I should like you to have Mr. Malcolmson over to preach.' In Advent he consents to come.

With this harmony and union in my mind, how can I better close this account of our St. Luke's than with prayer:—'O Lord Jesu Christ, who didst charge Thine Apostles that they should preach the Gospel to every nation: make us to show our gratitude for Thy benefits by earnestness in fulfilling Thy command. Prosper all missions, both at home and abroad, with an increase of sanctity, that they may win many to the acknowledgment of Thy truth, especially the Mission of St. Luke in Stepney, and give them all things needful for their work; making them to be centres of spiritual life, to the quickening of many souls, and the glory of Thy holy name, Who art our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.'

Yours truly,

WILLIAM WALLACE.

28, Cottage Grove, Bow Road. E.

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AN APPEAL FOR THE DESTITUTE AND SUFFERING.

At this time of year many benevolent persons are anxious to find spheres where they can most profitably dispense their charity. May I occupy one of your pages to make known to them a field in which great poverty and wretchedness abound, and where there are no rich or well-to-do people to alleviate it?

In the newly-formed parishes of St. Augustine and St. Columba, Haggerston, there are thousands of poor artizans, who for the most part have migrated from country parishes in search of work. Destitution and sickness have long prevailed among them to an appalling extent, and until recently no hand has been stretched forth to succour them, no ministrations of love and mercy have cheered their wretched homes, lightened their oppressive burdens, or soothed and succoured them in the hours of sickness and death.

But now the zeal and devotion of the clergy of these two parishes, and the self-sacrificing labours of the Sisters of St. Saviour's Priory, (from East Grinstead,) have penetrated into every court and alley, and have brought to light an amount of destitution and misery which is both heart-sickening and overwhelming, because they can do so little to alleviate them. Will any of your readers help them in their arduous labours by gifts of money, clothes, linen, wine, or grocery, or prints and books for the orphanage and library? Any of these will be most acceptable, and gratefully received. I shall be happy to take charge of and to dispense in the best way any gifts which are sent to me at Stoke Newington Green, London; or they may be sent to

The Mother Superior,
St. Saviour's Priory,
334, Kingsland Road.

Yours obliged,
R. Brett.

HINTS ON READING.

It is always a good sign to see the multiplication of such books as Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation*, and no less than four editions have come into our hands, from the hands of Messrs. Rivington and from Frome, ranging through different scales of price and size, so as to be within the reach of all classes.

We rather wonder at the republication of the Rev. C. T. Collins Trelawny's *Perranzabuloe*. (Rivington.) The discovery of the ancient church buried in the sand was certainly curious, but Mr. Trelawny's conclusions therefrom are a large superstructure on a small foundation, and though there is no doubt that the Church existed among the ancient Britons, this is a very weak argument for the independence of our *English* Church; for our own ancestors, it cannot be denied, were converted by the mission of Gregory the Great. Our freedom really rests on the original constitution of the primitive Church.

Mrs. Valentine has given us in *Land Battles* (Warne) a very nice companion to her *Sea Fights*. It is a very spirited history of English battles from Hastings to Inkerman, with portraits of all the generals; and so English are we, that Harold, and not William, reigns at the head of the page.

One Year, or the History of Three Homes, by F. M. P., (Warne,) is as charming a book as we have ever chanced to meet with. The scene lies first in France and then

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in England, and the contrast is most brilliantly drawn. Sometimes we are in a curious old lodging-house at Dieppe, full of kindly noise and chatter; sometimes in a cool green Devonshire sea-side village, in a great silence of reserve. The whole is full of thoughtful teaching, conveyed not directly but by inference, and the characters are all clearly cut, and so individual, that we feel as if each were a near friend or acquaintance. The busy girl 'with her perpetual irons in the fire;' the awkward girl; the shy clever one, who thinks exclusiveness loyalty; and the shuffling younger sister—all are as admirable portraits as are the bright little shrew of a French heroine, her vagabond artist father, or the fat *concièrge* and his wife. Few stories better repay reading.

Miss Thackeray's charming modern parody of old fairy tales in *Five Old Friends and a Young Prince* is a most engaging volume, which we hope will not soon cease to be in request.

For those who do not care to read Madame de Pressensé's very interesting story of *Deux Ans au Lycée* in the original, there is a very prettily got up translation put forth by Mr. Warne, under the title of *Two Years of School Life*. And the *Home Annual*, which likewise proceeds from Mr. Warne, is as full as a shillingsworth *can* be of bright, well told, and graceful stories for the young, and—rare merit—its mirth is free from all vulgarity; it brings also a goodly collection of games and puzzles, sufficient to occupy more than one evening in guesses and speculations.

Our old friend, the Curate's Budget, has just put out an excellent little story called *Polly's First Earnings;* and *Church Ballads* continue with unequal merit, but are likely to win a good many ears.

We must also notice a pretty little thoughtful *brochure*, costing only twopence, a tale called *Two Christmas Days*, by *Volo non Valeo*, (a soubriquet that correspondents of The Monthly Paper will remember,) and published by W. T. Barnes, Budleigh Salterton.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

H. E. H. *wishes to know if the chapters on* Heraldry, *or* Cathedral Sketches, *which appeared in the early numbers of* The Monthly Packet, *are published separately; if so, the price.*——Cathedral Sketches *have not been re-published.* Lectures on Heraldry, *by Ellen Millington, have been.*

Declined with thanks—The Water-Lily.

F. *would be very glad to be informed in* The Monthly Packet *as to whom allusion is made by Theodora, in* Heart's-ease, *when she says,* 'I shall, like my name-sake, wash all day, and ride on the great dog at night.'——*To Theodora Cowper, the object of the poet Cowper's early attachment. When asked by her father how she would live if she married William Cowper, this was her answer.*

Kate *asks 'on which mountain was* CHRIST'S *first sermon preached?' Does she mean* The Mount of the Beatitudes, *which lies to the north-west of the Lake of Tiberias?*

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J. C. asks for a small treatise on Light and Shade, chiefly for shading illuminations.

M. S. wishes to know where these lines occur:—

'Oh, think that while you're weeping here,
His joyous ..... without a tear
His Saviour's praise is singing.'

M. G. would be much obliged if the Editor of The Monthly Packet, *or any of his Correspondents, would give her any information about the* Seal of David. *It is mentioned in* The Olive Leaf, *by the Rev. W. W. Malet, and the design of it is given there; but* M. G. *much wishes for some account of its history, &c.*

Helen *ought to write to Queen's College, Harley Street, for a full prospectus. There is no Training School connected with that Institution; and board and lodging for college pupils are not included in the terms. It would save trouble if some of our Correspondents would make their different applications at the Institutions themselves.*

E. D. R.—*Address to* Sister Monica, St. Michael's Sisterhood of the Poor, Lake Street, Paul Street, Finsbury, E. C., *who acknowledges the further receipt of 5s. in stamps.*

L. B. *is thanked for 5s. in stamps for this Sisterhood;* L., *for 5s. for* The Parochial Mission Women Association.

St. Andrew's Waterside Mission, Gravesend.—*The following sums have been received with grateful thanks, together with several parcels of books:—*

	£	s.	d.
Violet, (Conway post-mark)	5	0	
G., (London, S. W.)	5	0	
Miss A. F., (Sub.)	10	0	
——— Collected by	10	0	
Miss S. G., (Don.)	10	0	
Mrs. P., (Don.)	10	0	
E. F. B., (Bath post-mark)	5	0	
Katie	2	0	
M. W., Herts.	5	0	
From some Little Children and their Friends	6	9	
Miss B., (Don.)	5	0	
Miss E., Halifax, (Collected by) together with a parcel of books	10	6	
	£4	4	3

CHARLES E. R. ROBINSON, M.A., Treasurer.

Contributors should send their name and address, not for publication, but to enable the Treasurer to send them news from time to time of the Mission they have generously helped.

E. A. Freeman desires to thank Mrs. A. L. E., Shropshire, *for the Parcel sent to* The Home for Invalid Children, 70, Montpelier Road, Brighton.

The following donations for the Convalescent Home *at Scarborough for Poor Gentlewomen are acknowledged by Miss Nevile:*—E. C. P., 5*s.*; G. C., 5*s.*; Anon., 1*s.* 8*d.*

St. Luke's Mission, Burdett Road, Stepney.—*The Rev. William Wallace gratefully acknowledges the following donations:*—L. H., 10*s.*; R. M., (annually) £5; C. F., £2 for the Church, £2 for the Poor; L. E. S., £3 12*s.* for the Mission; A. C., 2*s.* 6*d.*; F. M. L., a Parcel. *Donations promised: towards a Font—towards a Window. Post-office Orders may be made payable at the Office, Bow Road, E.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 38. FEBRUARY, 1869. PRICE 1s.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

IN the second Canto, Dante begins to feel his courage unequal to the task, and asks his guide whether he has really strength to undertake the proposed journey, whereupon Virgil, to reassure him, relates the circumstances which led to his own intervention. For Beatrice had herself descended from Paradise to entreat him to go to Dante's succour in his present dangers: and on Virgil's asking how it was she could bear for one moment to leave the joys of heaven, she replied that when sitting with Rachel (the type of the contemplative life) she had received a message from the divine mercy by the hands of Lucia, (the type of illuminating grace,) announcing that he who had loved her so much on earth was then in deadly peril, and bidding her go to his assistance. On this Beatrice had descended to ask Virgil's help, who as we have seen arrived in time to save Dante from the attacks of the wolf. The latter on hearing this, feels his courage revive, and the two poets together begin their journey through the dark wood.

The third Canto, one of the most celebrated of the whole poem, needs little explanation. The 59th line must be understood to refer to Celestine V., who was induced to abdicate the Papacy, and afterwards imprisoned by order of Boniface, his successor. His subsequent canonization proves that Dante's opinion of him was not confirmed by later generations. Our readers should notice the art with which, in this and future cantos, the whole apparatus, so to speak, of the pagan Tartarus is employed, without the slightest injury to the religious feeling which throughout underlies the narrative. Charon, Minos, Cerberus, and the like, are (what they could not be in Virgil) devils, clothed for convenience' sake in the garb and office familiar to those conversant with classical mythology; so that we have no mere colourless reproduction of other poets' imaginations, but a terrible reality imparted to each character, and enforced on the reader's mind by some or other diabolic trait appropriate to each. Our readers should compare the Charon of the sixth book of the Æneid with Dante's conception, and they will see that there is nothing in the

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heathen poet to match the ideas contained in such passages as lines 84–87, and 109–111 of this third Canto. And the same is the case in other instances also.

THE INFERNO.—CANTO III.

Through me the road lies unto sorrow's city,
Through me the road lies unto gloom infernal,
Through me among the nation reft of pity.
'Twas justice moved my Maker's mind supernal:
Me God did fashion, power and virtue's centre,
Highest intelligence, and love eternal.
Before me nought created my Inventor,
Save things that die not, and I live immortal;
All hope abandon, ye who here do enter.
Engraven on the summit of a portal
These words of dull dark colour I discerned:
Then I, 'O Master, sad to eyes of mortal
Their meaning is.' But he, in answer learned,
'Here needs must be abandoned all suspicion,
Here must all cowardice away be spurned.
Lo, here the place and object of my mission,
Where thou shalt see the wretched souls abiding,
Who of the mind's true bliss have lost fruition.'
And then his hand, with countenance unchiding,
On mine he laid, whence comfort I received,
Into hell's secret place my footsteps guiding.
There sighs, complaints, and moanings unrelieved
Throughout the starless atmosphere resounding,
Drew tears thus early from mine eyes aggrieved.
In diverse language, words of woe astounding,
Speeches of grief, accents of anger, voices
Piercing and harsh, with beat of hands abounding,
Made a discordancy of blended noises,
All in that air of gloom without a morrow,
As sand the whirlwind in mid heaven poises.
Then, horror's utterance for my thoughts to borrow,
'Master,' I said, 'what hear I now? what nation
Is this that seems so overcome with sorrow?'
Then he in answer, 'This sad habitation
The souls inherit who on earth remained
Alike removed from blame and commendation.
They partnership with that vile crew have gained
Of angels who to God, though not rebelling,
Yet faithless were, and from the cause abstained.

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Heaven drave them forth, its beauty's clouds dispelling,
Nor yet doth Hell receive them, for no glory
Of theirs could grace the lowest sinner's dwelling.'
Then I, 'What woe holds here its territory?
O Master, why such grievous lamentation?'
Whereat he answered, 'Brief shall be my story.
These wretches have of death no expectation,
And to such shame doth their blind life ally them,
They needs must envy every other station.
The world forbids its honours to come nigh them;
Mercy and Justice turn away despising;
Speak not of them; one look, and then pass by them.'
Then I beheld, and lo a banner rising,
Which onward sped, and filled my mind with wonder,
Incessant circles in its course devising:
And next a troop of spirits followed under;
I hardly could believe that death had ever
So many souls from bodies rent asunder.
Then some to recognize did I endeavour,
And saw his ghost, who made, in sloth immersed,
The great refusal. More I doubted never,
But understood this was the tribe unversed
In righteous deeds, alike displeasure giving
To God and to his enemies accursed.
These wretched ones, whose life was never living,
Were naked, and beneath the torture cowered
Of stings of wasps and hornets. There arriving,
I saw the blood all down their faces showered,
Which, mingled with their tears' distressful torrent,
Was at their feet by loathsome worms devoured.
Then when I turned from visions so abhorrent,
Lo, a great concourse by a river's border;
Whereat I said, 'O Master, give me warrant
To know who these men be, and by what order
They seek a passage with such haste unfeigned,
As I can judge through the dim light's disorder.'
Then he in answer, 'All will be explained
When we with steadfast feet thereunto tending
The mournful brink of Acheron have attained.'
So I with eyes abashed and downwards bending
Until we reached the stream of melancholy,
Withheld my questions, fearful of offending.
But lo, an old man, hoar and aged, slowly
Came steering towards us o'er the tide infernal,
Exclaiming, 'Woe, woe to you, souls unholy:

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Ne'er hope to see the land of bliss supernal,
I come to lead you to a bourne far distant,
Midst fire and ice, in darkness sempiternal.
And thou, who standest there, soul yet existent,
Go from among the dead: why shouldst thou tarry?'—
But when he saw that I remained persistent,—
'By other ports and ways 'tis necessary
Thou shouldst pass over, who no pass hast earned;
A nimbler boat than mine such weight must carry.'
To him my guide, 'Charon, be not concerned;
So it is there willed where the power remaineth
The will to accomplish; more may not be learned.'
Then that hoar face its quietude regaineth
Of him the steersman of the leaden river,
Whose either eye a wheel of fire containeth.
But those faint naked ghosts began to quiver,
With gnash of teeth and colour changed appearing,
When him they heard the cruel taunt deliver.
God and their parents they with frenzied daring
Did curse, the human race, the time ill-fated
And place of their conception and their bearing.
Then drew they all together, congregated
At the evil strand which their deep woe enhances,
By every man who fears not God awaited.
The hellish Charon, with coal-burning glances,
Gathers them all with signs within his tether,
Strikes with his oar whoe'er too slow advances.
Then as the leaves descend in autumn weather,
One next another, till the tree bereaved
To earth surrenders all her spoils together;
So Adam's evil offspring, sorely grieved,
Drop one by one from off the shore when beckoned,
As drops the bird by charmer's voice deceived.
So o'er the wave they go with tale full reckoned,
But ere the first freight yonder bank has gained,
Already on this side gathers fast a second.
'My son,' the courteous Master then explained,
'Those who, to whatsoever land belonging,
Die 'neath God's anger, hither are arraigned;
See how they all to cross the stream are thronging:
The spur of wrath divine allows no leisure,
So that their very fear is turned to longing.
Here comes no righteous soul; if then displeasure
Did Charon move, when he thy presence viewed,
Thou well the import of his words canst measure.'

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He spake, and through the darkening plain ensued 130
So fierce a trembling, that my spirit frightened,
E'en at the memory is with sweat bedewed.
The sighing earth sent forth a blast, which lightened
Flashes of hue vermilion without number,
Which beat on every sense with pressure heightened,
And down I fell, as one o'ercome by slumber.

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

QUINQUAGESIMA.

QUINQUAGESIMA always seems divided between two favourite thoughts. It is the Rainbow Sunday, and the Sunday of Charity; and perhaps one special charm in the peculiarly bright soft hymn of the day is that it contrives to unite both thoughts, and make the one shed its light upon the other.

The rainbow-necked strong-winged dove, the grey peaceful olive leaf, the lovely rainbow, are all three saluted lovingly as the still existing emblems of the Covenant of Mercy granted to man after the Flood. In all the unspeakable delight with which Noah and his family must have come forth from the Ark, what was their first and greatest joy? Love. The gracious promise of mercy and pardon for ever to the earth, rejoicing their hearts as our Lord's look of welcome rejoices the souls that sin and earth forsook in time to die His friends.

And on the patriarch's eye shone the visible token of that Promise of Love, the gentle rainbow, which is most truly light—light, not dazzling like the sunbeam, but soft and refreshing to the eye.

The rainbow colours are the sun's rays divided and parted into their several hues. Even so the Divine Perfection of Love, which is too much and too bright for our contemplation in the Godhead, is in our Lord on earth rendered capable of being gazed upon and studied. Like the sunbeam, it is parted into rainbow hues shown in detail, so as to win our affections and become our example. Then, with a rapid glance at the Epistle in which St. Paul traces every virtue to charity, just as every colour is traced by opticians to light, the whole is summed up in the stanza—

'God by His Bow vouchsafes to write
This truth in Heaven above;
As every lovely hue is light,
So every grace is love.'

The Lyra poem—one of those on children's troubles, and entitled 'Fear of Wild Beasts,'—seems at first sight vague and dreamy, being apparently

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founded on, and responsive to, those sensations of undefined awe and terror that haunt little children, and which are treated—as what no doubt they are—*ahnungen*, as the Germans would call them of great realities.

The verses follow the thoughts or rather the impressions of a child, and seem as though they might be recollections of the poet's own musings in infancy. Here is the dread of lightning and storm quelled by the recollection of the rainbow sign; and again that strange horror that most persons can remember to have experienced in early childhood, 'of forms of giant mould,' or of wild beasts, supposed by imagination to haunt the darkness, or it may be of the actual aspect of fierce animals—is relieved by the thought of the text selected as the motto, 'No lion shall be found there, nor any ravening beast go up thereon.'

Then, from childish terrors, the meditation proceeds. As the rainbow is the pledge of safety from the deluge, as fierce bulls can be daunted by the steadfast gaze of even a child, asserting man's dominion over the animals; so in the invisible tumults and dangers that beset us, Faith can feel secure the promise of the Saviour, the Rainbow of Mercy that crowns His head (Rev. x. 1.) and encircles the Throne; so His Cross keeps at a distance the powers of hell, the roaring lion who walketh about seeking whom he may devour.

Our actual safety from the flood, and our conquest over evil beasts, thus are shewn to typify our state of safety from God's vengeance on the world, and our victory over evil spirits; but we are bidden to take heed, and observe. The promise is only to the 'inmates of His Ark.' It is those who abide in Him, and 'keep the seal His Holy Spirit made,' who have a right to the promise that they shall be preserved from the flood of God's wrath, or rescued from the roaring lion.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE lessons of renouncing the world and sacrificing the dearest, which so fitly open Lent, furnish the subjects of this day's poetical meditations.

We are made to stand, as it were, overlooking the lovely valley, where five wealthy cities stood on the fertile banks of the Jordan and the fair lake that received it. We hear the shouts of impure revelry and scornful blasphemy and defiance of God, that rise louder and louder; we see God's Angel, hovering over it, with the vial of wrath ready to be poured out on it. We marvel wherefore he delays, when justice so clearly calls for vengeance, and then we perceive how he is waiting until God's merciful purpose be accomplished, and the one righteous man and his family guided out of reach of the danger. Mercy is patient with them, frail and reluctant though they be, unwilling to trust themselves to their heavenly guides, mourning what they leave behind, and hanging back for last looks, so that they would be lost, were they not constantly urged on by their angel guardians.

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But we find that it is ourselves that we are contemplating under the guise of Lot. We are, like him, called to come out of and escape from the ruin of the sinful world; but even as he found a near refuge for the time in the little city of Zoar, which was spared at his entreaty, so there are homes and resting places, little tainted by the sins of the world, and not coming under its peculiar curses. Such a resting place is the Church on earth—in the midst of the world, yet not of it; and here is our home of shelter, even though we know by the example of Ephesus or Laodicea that when the spirit of the world has thoroughly corrupted a branch of the Church, it is cut off. There remains no place for mercy. If then we think we have come out of Sodom merely by our outward allegiance to the Church, we are unsafe. Neither the visible Church, nor the sweetest, most innocent home, is beyond the reach of temptation, corruption, and punishment; there is no safety but in continually reaching beyond these and what they give us, and having our treasure laid up in Heaven. Till we have ourselves gained those everlasting Hills, and are there delivered from all evil,

> 'Who rest, presume;
> Who turn to look, are lost.'

Solemn, grand, and beautiful, is the poem in the Lyra. It might be called 'On the hidden depths of Suffering.' The poet places himself with the young men left to wait beneath the mount of sacrifice, where the patriarch and his son disappeared from their sight. As little as they could can we follow the real feelings of either, though grave and solemn hints are given in the narrative—just as lookers on, in the hours of agonizing affliction, cannot fathom the feelings or the conduct of those on whom the bereavement falls; there are hidden depths both of suffering and consolation we cannot penetrate. So we know of, but cannot fully understand, the awful moment when Abraham took the knife to slay his son; nor can we tell all that meek Isaac meant by his question, 'Where is the Lamb?' nor how much of conscious hope and prophecy was in Abraham's reply, 'The LORD will provide Himself a Lamb.' Whatever he meant thereby, even if he knew who should be the Lamb presented on that very spot, it was not perfect knowledge. Like Abraham, the saint may hope and trust in that Lamb in faith; but the 'Cross he holds by towers beyond his sight.' We can believe in and be thankful for the suffering endured on that Cross, but no accumulation of the agonies of mind and body, of which we have some perception, can enable us to estimate that which purchased our Redemption. Most dimly do we 'behold the Lamb;' but, at least, we know His Blood flowed for us.

Dull cold hearts and eyes they are that see so little way up the mount of sacrifice; but let us not turn away, but pray on, feeble and insufficient as are our prayers. For Christ allowed one who suffered the just punishment of his own crime to hang beside Him on a cross like His,

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and accepted the penitence with which he submitted to what he deserved, as if it had been a free sacrifice. He blends all suffering willingly offered with His own height of woe, and listens to the faintest supplication.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

AGAIN the two poems relate in some degree to the same subject, but the earlier one is on Remorse, the later on Repentance. 'Esau's forfeit' is the sternest and most awful of all the Christian Year, speaking as it does of the despair of ruined spirits. Be it remembered that although the latter poem strikes a tenderer key than the former one, yet it is only because of the difference of the subject. There was no one who held to the last a more deep and awful sense of the eternity of the doom of sin, or of the cruelty of trying to soften away the denunciations of God Himself, than did this true shepherd, stern in his sweetness.

So, as the echo of Esau's loud and bitter cry comes down these forty centuries to us, he asks, 'Is there in God's world a place so dreary that the cry for mercy, and the voice of self-reproach, are vain as showers upon violets plucked?'

Alas! yes, threats unheeded accumulate against the day of reckoning; and consequences roll on regardless of regrets. The tempest, into which the mariner has recklessly ventured, does not cease its fury because he laments his foolhardiness; the diseases incident on intemperance are not removed by the tardy repentance of the drunkard; the weapon once launched by the murderer is not averted by even his instant remorse. Did not consequence wait upon crime, the 'unbodied soul' would have nothing to fear, however deeply stained, nor would the unready virgin be left lamenting without the door.

Yet if it were so, what would be the comfort of the contrite? His hope is in God's own word; but there, eternity of woe is as distinctly threatened as eternity of joy is promised, and if the one is doubted the other must likewise be doubted, the weakening the force of the one must weaken the force of the other; the fear and the hope are inseparable, while both rest on the same authority.

And that such is ever the course of God's dispensations, we may see by turning to the days of the patriarchs, where the profane act of faithlessly bartering the prime right to God's great promise, was requited by deprivation of it, when its value began to dawn on the reckless eyes. No tears would win back the blessing thrown away and disowned in a moment's impatient craving for food; the right to the unseen, sacrificed in longing for the tangible things present, could never be regained.

Such is our temptation 'to barter life for pottage.' 'Wealth or power, pleasure or renown,' are the present feast that invites us to throw aside our heavenly birth-right; and there may be a time when, like those of the rich man in torment, our eyes will be opened to the madness of such

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a bargain, but opened in vain. Too late! the crown which might have been ours will have been given to him who knew how to prize it, and justice will be satisfied. God would not suffer Isaac's partial love to guide him to bestow the prophetic blessing on the unworthy, nor will He permit the faithless and profane to share the joys that they refused when they were on trial for them. 'Meek true-hearted Love' alone wins that blessing, as surely as

> 'Israel's fond blessing may not fall on scorn;
> Nor Balaam's curse on love, which God hath blest.'

This is a stern Lenten poem, grave, grey, and bracing as the keen still east wind that keeps the earth as it were iron-bound in its severity; but turn to the other book, and we are in the midst of the soft sweet whisperings of a spring night, rustling and tinkling through the very measure of the verse:—

> 'How welcome in the sweet still hour
> Falls on the weary heart,
> Listening apart,
> The mimic rain on poplar leaves,
> The mist drops from the o'erloaded eaves,
> Sighs that the herd half dreaming heaves,
> Or owlet chanting his dim part,
> Or trickling of imprisoned rill,
> Heard faintly down some pastoral hill;
> His pledge who rules the froward will
> With more than kingly power, with more than wizard art.'

Even as the ear is refreshed by these faint sounds at night, so the angels love to gather the repentant sighs of sinners, who, after their hot encounter, have time to perceive their errors. And as it is sweet to watch the shadows of light clouds on the gentle waves of the summer sea, so the saints around the glory Throne, hopefully mark the faint sighs and yearnings of the contrite. A child's repentance above all is beautiful, so deep and true for a sin of so much less deep a dye. When a child voluntarily deprives itself of pleasure, in penitence for its error, surely it is highly blessed in that the great lesson is so early learnt, and repentance won without previous deep stain. And well it is also with elder penitents, hiding deep contrition beneath outward activity, or even splendour, like the sackcloth under robes of state, the sharp-edged cross beneath the jewels, who day by day, and year by year, look back on their past with deepening fear, as their hatred of sin and sense of its foulness increases, and yet ever look forward more hopefully, with greater faith in the eternal Pardon.

Good Joshua Watson was wont to say, that in his youth the fervent expressions of contrition and self-abasement he found in books of devotion appeared to him unreal in his own mouth, since he had never been guilty of heinous sins; but as life advanced, his abhorrence of evil in

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himself and his loathing for it so increased, that in his latter days these confessions became the sincere voice of his heart.

'The world cannot understand the penitence of the saints;' and therefore, many will never know how the holier a man became, the deeper became his spirit of repentance: no bitter cry, like Esau's; but a sweet fragrance of intense love, longing for perfection, and tenderness at all that transgressed the law of One so beloved.

Such penitence is indeed, in the sight of Heaven,

'Fresher than steam of dewy grove,
When April showers are twinkling nigh.'

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

This is one of the grandest and most finished compositions in the whole Christian Year; but it is one, the scope of which can hardly be understood except by a somewhat scholarly mind.

The text is the parable of the strong man armed, and the Stronger than he, who taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils. The application is to the victory over Satan, and the consecration of those treasures of the yearning classic world which once belonged to the kingdom of the prince of this world; but now are the enjoyment of the Christian. Before the Gospel was proclaimed, poets and philosophers were struggling towards the truth, and the words and forms of beauty that expressed these yearnings, are, now that Satan's dominion is overthrown, replete with bright and holy thoughts to the believer. So even his own region of heathen fable has been won from Satan, and become our spoil. *

Perhaps the first draft of this poem expressed the idea with greater distinctness, and it went more into details, though as a whole it was less finished. It was in four-line stanzas, without the two longer lines that now conclude them. It opened in the same manner with the fall of Lucifer; but it was without that simile, carried through three exquisite descriptive verses, of the Israelites obtaining the spoil of Canaan. In lieu of this, the now consecrated but once heathen symbols are enumerated in lines we would not willingly lose.

'The Laurel from the conqueror's brow,
Thy righteous arm entwined,
For him whose deeds sure triumph shew
O'er his own heart and mind.

The Myrtle wreath from Beauty's grove,
Thou gav'st to chastity,
For surely they are most in love
Who love but only Thee.

* Such books as Anstice's Greek Choric Poems, Isaac Williams's Christian Scholar, and Gladstone's Homer, bear ample witness to this.

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Or if upon earth's darksome breast
They find some spirit rare,
Which, bright and true beyond the rest,
Gives back Thine Image fair;

With thankful, not adoring gaze,
'Tis theirs to look and muse
How glorious the meridian blaze,
If such the twilight hues.

With Ivy, meed of learned brows,
That scan the heaven's height,
Fix where the unseen comet glows,
And count the speed of light,

Thy thoughtful temples now are drest,
Meek souled humility;
To thy dove's eyes appear confest
The secrets of the sky.

* * * * *

To Love is given to win and wear
The poet's crown of bays;
To trace in bards and sages rare
Their unintended praise.

What first was earthly and profane,
Since Thou hast claimed Thy right,
Is turned into a sacred strain
By touch of gospel light.'

These allusions are now merely touched on in the stanza,

'The olive wreath, the ivied wand,
The sword in myrtles drest,
Each legend of the shadowy land
Now wakes a vision blest:
As little children lisp, and tell of Heaven,
So thoughts beyond their thoughts to those high bards were given.'

Perhaps they were altered because authority for the application of the ivy to astronomers of old, and to humility now, is not easy to trace, and the verse on it is evidently imperfect; perhaps, also, the whole construction of the poem was recast in consequence of Hurrell Froude's criticism (see a letter in his Remains) on some of the poetry being 'Sternholdy and Hopkinsy,' an imputation to which its present form certainly is not liable. The final verse—

'There's not a strain to memory dear,
There's not a flower in classic grove,
There's not a sweet note warbled here,
But minds us of Thy love.

—is of the original; but the two added lines give a still deeper and more universal significance:—

'O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
There is no light but Thine; in Thee all beauty glows.'

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A very different note is struck in the poem in the Lyra, on 'Ill Temper.' It is a meditation for the benefit of those concerned with children, on the two 'evil spirits' that form the special torment and temptation of their otherwise happy age. Sullenness and Passion, compared in the two first verses to the hard, sunless, pitiless, grey frost, and to the wild and furious storm. In each case the sun is there, and one change of wind would render all bright and cheery; and

'So waits the Lord behind the veil.'

To Him then should the dumb deaf sullen spirit of the child be borne by urgent intercessions, remembering how He cast out such from the possessed on earth. And in like manner, the passionate temper is likened to the frenzied boy, whose father waited at the foot of the Mount of Transfiguration.

Raffaelle's conception of that scene was dear to the author; and there is a striking sentence in his Prelections, in which he vindicates the poetical propriety of the juxtaposition of the Transfiguration above, and the ravings below, as showing the true calm of the Kingdom of Heaven close to the wild distresses of earth. Here the same idea is present, and is brought forward for the encouragement and comfort of such as feel anger an absolute overmastering force, so driving out all power of resistance for the moment, as to bring them to despair. He bids them 'wait untired' in prayer and patience and resolution. 'Believe and all may be.' The same Hand that tamed the lunatic youth will drive back the fierce spirit of wrath, and give the victory at last. Has not Baptism been the pledge of grace to conquer? and

'Within thee, if thou wilt, be sure
That happy hours strong spells endure,
The seal of Heaven, not all outworn.'

(*To be continued.*)

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS

No. XIV.—ON THE CROWN OF THORNS.

(Si vis vere gloriari)

If thou aright wouldst glory,
If thou wouldst win the prize
Bestowed by God Almighty
On those who heavenward rise;
Learn thou His Crown to honour,
Learn in His steps to tread,
Who faint and bleeding bore it
On His most sacred Head.

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The Monarch of Creation
This Crown did condescend
To sanctify and wear it
At His life's bitter end.
In this His helmet fought He,
With this in battle stood
Against the ancient foeman,
Triumphant on the wood.

This then the Warrior's helmet,
The Victor's laurel this,
The Diadem Imperial,
The Pontiff's mitre is.
Of thorns it first was platted
To shame and pain untold,
But lo! that Head most holy
Hath touched and made it gold.

The virtue of Christ's Passion
Hath mightily gone forth,
And shed on that rude circlet
Its gift of countless worth;
That Passion which enduring
The hard and thorny wood,
Those doomed to death eternal,
Hath satisfied with good.

Of evil it is platted
To us who slight His Word;
The thorny points deep wound us,
Which wounded once our Lord;
But when our sins are purged,
And we in grace abide,
Behold, the crown is golden,
The points are turned aside.

O kind, O righteous Jesu,
Grant to us all Thy power,
That we may be victorious
In death's approaching hour;
So fashion Thou our conduct
In this our mortal strife,
That we the crown may merit
Of everlasting life.
Amen.

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PSALM CXXX.

(De Profundis.)

Deep are the depths, O Lord,
From which I cry to Thee;
Bend down to my beseeching word,
To hearken, not to see.

A sinner, can I dare
That searching gaze to stand?
I tremble, knowing Thou dost bear
My pardon in Thy hand.

Look not, O Holy Eyes,
Too closely on my pain;
Such virtue in forgiveness lies,
I fear to sin again.

Dark is the lingering night,
And dark my weary breast;
They watch not for the morning light
As I for love and rest.

I will not cease to wait,
I will not cease to hope,
I watch until at morning's gate
The sun comes up the slope.

O Israel, trust in Him
Who died that you might live,
Who when His eyes in death were dim,
Still whispered, 'I forgive.'

Redeemer that Thou art,
Forgive Thy servants too;
We sinners that have pierced thy heart,
We know not what we do.

M. C.

HALF-MAST HIGH.

With silver gleam the moon's soft beams
Fell on the sleeping wave,
Yet o'er the main there seem'd to reign
The stillness of the grave;

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Each fishing-boat seem'd scarce afloat,
Dark ships were anchored nigh,
On one alone the moonbeams shone,
Whose flag was half-mast high.

And then I knew while stars were few,
The Angel had come down,
And o'er some brow all peaceful now,
Had held the immortal crown.
His race is run, his voyage done:
I could not choose but sigh,
Sad tears would flow if some could know
That flag was half-mast high.

Shine on, fair moon, and set not soon,
Look down, ye golden stars,
And shed your light on souls to-night
That feel their prison bars;
For that glad soul who sees the goal,
The heavenly Heaven nigh,
We will not weep, though on the deep
A flag rides half-mast high.

CLARIBEL.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

IX.

THE GOLDEN BULL.

A.D. 1196 TO A.D. 1235.

QUARRELS between the brothers ensued on the death of Béla, and the money which he had left András to fit out a Crusade, was employed by the latter in raising an army wherewith to attack Imre.

Even the gift of the dukedom of Dalmatia and Croatia,* when the novelty had worn off, did but encourage him to believe he might have a better chance of winning the crown itself. An engagement between his own and the royal troops, however, convinced him of his mistake, and he fled to Leopold of Austria. A war between Hungary and Austria must have ensued, had not the Pope and the Princes of Germany interposed, with a proposition that both brothers should join the crusading army then assembling, that the government of Hungary should be left during their absence to the Duke of Austria, and that whichever of the

* This Imre bestowed on him by the recommendation of the Pope, Innocent III.

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brothers survived to return home should be king. They seemed to take it for granted that one only could survive; but Imre thought otherwise. He was by no means disposed to leave his kingdom to the tender mercies of his enemy Leopold, with the prospect, if he and his brother both lived to return, of having to take up the quarrel exactly where he had left it. He soon, therefore, found an excuse for postponing the Crusade. The Princes of Servia, who were allied to the royal house of Hungary by the marriage of blind Béla with Ilona, were now fighting for the crown; and Imre improved the opportunity, by espousing the cause of Prince Wulko, whom he established on the throne, making him a vassal of Hungary, and thereby adding 'King of Servia' to the titles of the Kings of Hungary.

Again the Pope urged him no longer to postpone the promised Crusade, but this time the Crusaders themselves furnished him with the best pretext for delay. A large body of them, principally Frenchmen, had made an agreement with the Venetians, who had the best fleet in the Mediterranean, that the latter should transport them to Palestine. For this service they were to receive half of the spoils taken from the Infidel, and a large sum of money in silver. As they were on the point of embarking, however, the Crusaders found they could not make up the whole sum; and in an evil moment, agreed to the proposal of the Doge that they should make up the deficiency by fighting against any enemies of Venice, whom they might encounter on their way. Unwarily they consented, and then found themselves obliged to attack Jadra and other towns on the coast of Dalmatia, before the Venetians would proceed; and when, in the spring of 1203, Dandolo did convey them further, it was to attack not Egypt but Constantinople, and thus pave the road for the subsequent victories of the Infidel, against whom they were sworn to fight. András and Imre both represented to the Pope how impossible it was for them to set out for the Holy Land, till they had turned the Venetians out of Dalmatia; and when the Pope appeared to consider this reason insufficient, Imre added that he could not leave home, until his infant son László was crowned and acknowledged as his successor. In answer to this representation, Innocent sent a letter to the Bishops, commanding them to take an oath of fidelity to the little Prince; and now it seemed that Imre would be able to find no further excuse, but this time the Pope himself furnished him with one, by asking him to assist Otto of Brunswick in establishing his claims to the Imperial throne, against Philip of Suabia. His compliance with this request very nearly cost Imre his own throne; for András, encouraged by his ambitious wife Gertrude, seized the opportunity to excite an insurrection. This was not difficult, as the pride of the Magyars was much hurt by their King's submission to the Pope, which many patriots feared would imperil the liberty of their country. The King could raise but a small army, with which to oppose his brother's large force; and small as it was, it was yet further weakened by want of confidence and resolution.

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They met on the banks of the Drave, but neither liked to begin the attack. Suddenly, Imre resolved on a bold course. He first drew up his men in order of battle; then—saying, 'Let no one follow me! remain in your places,'—laid aside his weapons and his armour, took a staff in his hand, and marched slowly and solemnly to his brother's camp. Here he looked round him with dignity, saying, 'I see Magyars before me; you see your King; who dares to stain his hand with royal blood?'

No one answered, no one raised his hand; astonishment and awe kept them all dumb and motionless. Without opposition the King continued his solemn march, the lines dividing as he approached, and leaving an open passage for him. On he went, straight to his brother's tent, entered it, and led out András a prisoner, in the sight of the whole awe-struck army. The rebels fell on their knees, praying for mercy; the insurrection was at an end, and András was safely lodged in prison. (1203.)

The see of Grán was vacant by the death of the Archbishop, and the suffragan-bishops and the Chapter were quarreling about the choice of his successor, so that at last, (1204.) weary of waiting, Imre, with the consent of the Pope, caused the coronation of his son to be performed by the Archbishop of Kalócsa. But he felt that this ceremony would not suffice to protect the child from the intrigues of his uncle András, and therefore did his best to conciliate the latter by releasing him from prison, and appointing him guardian of the young prince and regent of the kingdom. Shortly after making these arrangements, Imre died, in his nine-and-twentieth year; and András soon forgot his promises, notwithstanding frequent admonitions from the Pope to be faithful in discharging the trust confided to him. He was dazzled by the crown, and was incessantly urged on by his wife to make it his own. Power had been the dream of his life; he could not renounce it now that it was within his grasp, and only withheld from him by a feeble child. First, little disputes as to precedence arose between his haughty wife Gertrude, and Constantia the widow of Imre and mother of László III.; these were followed by insults; and at length, feeling herself no longer safe in Hungary, Constantia fled with László, her own treasures, and the crown-jewels, to Leopold of Austria, who received her hospitably, and prepared to assist her with an army. Happily the war was averted by the death of the little King; the crown was peaceably given up to András, now lawful King; and Constantia, three years later, was given by the Pope in marriage to his ward Friedrich, King of Sicily, afterwards the Emperor Friedrich II.

András had at last attained his great wish, and was crowned in May, 1205. He is the first Hungarian King of whom it is recorded, that he was obliged to take a coronation oath; though there is little doubt but that the practice had existed, from the time when Arpád had first sworn to uphold the constitution of the Magyars, on their entrance into Hungary.

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The new King was weak as well as ambitious, and therefore naturally led by his strong-minded unscrupulous wife, Gertrude, who took to herself as much power as she could, and favoured foreigners to an extent which made her extremely unpopular. Her own brother Berthold, a young and very worthless man, was by her entreaties made Archbishop of Kalócsa, to the great scandal of all faithful members of the Church. The Pope did indeed, for some time, demur to granting him the Pallium; as, besides possessing many other disqualifications, Berthold was considerably under thirty; but he at last allowed himself to be persuaded by the King and Queen to confirm their appointment. Not satisfied with this, András subsequently made Berthold Ban of Sclavonia, Vajda of Transylvania, and Count of Bodrog, while he also gave large estates to his other brother-in-law Eckbert, Bishop of Bamberg, who had been driven from his see on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder of Philip King of the Romans.

His lavish expenditure, and foolish liberality to unworthy favourites and relations of the Queen, had reduced the King's revenues to an alarming extent; but Gertrude still managed to amass great treasures for her children. Her little daughter Erzsébet, afterwards known as S. Elizabeth of Hungary, was betrothed (1212) to Ludwig, son of the Landgraf of Thuringia, when only four years old. Many remarkable things are related of her early years; amongst others, that her birth was foretold to the Landgraf by Klinsor, the great magician and minnesinger of Hungary, who had been summoned from the court of András to decide the great contest of the minnesingers at the Wartburg.

Klinsor was sitting in a garden conversing with the Thuringian nobles one evening, when suddenly looking up at the stars, he exclaimed, 'Listen! I will tell you some wonderful and glad tidings. This night there will be born to my Lord the King of Hungary, a daughter. She will be a saint, and will be betrothed to the son of Hermann, Landgraf of Thuringia, and will be the joy and comfort of all Christendom.'

This news soon spread through all Thuringia, and caused the greatest rejoicings. Hermann often thought of Klinsor's words; and when the little Princess was four years old, he sent an embassy to Presburg, where András was holding his court, to ask her in marriage for his young son Ludwig. András consulted Klinsor, and, as he spoke well of the Landgraf and the country, consented to his little daughter's betrothal. She was to go at once and be brought up at the court of Thuringia; and in spite of the poverty of the land, her mother Gertrude contrived to supply her with rich presents for her father-in-law. She took with her gold and silver cups, crosses, and crowns for the Landgraf, besides a silver bath for herself, and a golden cradle with silken hangings. András sent word that he would himself bring the marriage portion, when he came to the wedding: and thus the embassy returned to Thuringia. But whereas it had arrived with four wagons, it returned with thirteen. Each knight, besides the horse he rode, led another with costly trappings,

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and there was not one who had not received a costly present. The messengers were never weary of talking of their splendid reception in Hungary, and of all that the King and Queen had promised to do when the marriage of the two children was celebrated.

Naturally, there was no more liberal or splendour-loving nation in Europe than the Hungarian, but this display excited their indignation. The land was impoverished, but the Queen seemed to think nothing of it so long as she could dispose of her extorted gains to her friends and relations as she pleased. It did not occur to her that poverty, especially poverty caused by the extravagance of the great, breeds discontent, and that discontent is dangerous. She and András seem both to have been equally blind to the fact that the nation was discontented, for the latter went on another expedition to Galicia, taking with him his young son Kálmán, not more than five years old, whom one party of the Galicians wished to have for their Prince. He succeeded in establishing Kálmán on a somewhat uneasy throne, and returned to Hungary to find there had been terrible doings during his absence. His brother-in-law Berthold had been growing daily more insolent and overbearing, as he increased in power, and had made himself extremely disliked by the nobles. Some of those whom he had insulted, broke one day into his house; and after soundly thrashing him and the monks who had rushed in to his assistance, fled away to Poland. But the Queen still encouraged him in his pride and folly, and seemed to take pleasure in offending the nobles herself, and helping him to do the same. One of her ladies-in-waiting, the beautiful wife of Bánk, the Palatine, complained bitterly to her husband of the shameful insult offered her by Berthold; and Bánk, a fiery noble, indignantly swore that he would be avenged, not only on Berthold, but on Gertrude, who had helped and encouraged him in his evil ways. The Archbishop seems to have been aware that a storm was brewing against him, and that this time he would not be allowed to escape so easily, for he possessed himself of all the treasure which the Queen had been hoarding up for her children, concealed himself for a time in a castle, and then contrived to leave the country. The Queen was not to get off so easily; for Bánk's friends had determined upon her death, and even the Archbishop of Grán, to whom they communicated their purpose, encouraged them to persevere in it, by this ambiguous answer: 'Reginam occidere nolite; timere bonum est; si omnes consentiunt, ego non; contradico.'—'Do not kill the Queen; to fear is good; if all give their consent, I do not; I forbid it.' Altering the punctuation of the Latin, however, this would also mean, 'Do not fear to kill the Queen; it is good; if all consent, I do not forbid it.'

Whatever the Archbishop may have meant, the Palatine and his friends, acting on the meaning which best suited them, fell upon the Queen in her apartments, or, as some say, while she was living in the open air under a tent, and cut her to pieces. Leopold of Austria, who was staying at the court, saved himself by flight, and the Queen's three

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children were taken by their tutor to a place of safety. Bánk himself seems to have taken no personal part in this terrible deed, as he afterwards held some of the highest offices of state.

When András returned home, he found his Queen murdered, her treasure, upon which he had probably been reckoning, plundered, the royal seal lost or stolen, and the whole land in a ferment of discontent. Already there was a party which desired to depose the feeble incapable King, and place his son Béla, still a mere child, on the throne. Under these circumstances, András did not dare to punish his wife's murderers; and in fact, the only thing he seemed capable of was an appeal to the Pope, whom he entreated to excommunicate those who wished to crown his son Béla.

The loss of the treasure also seemed to weigh very heavily on his mind, for he complained bitterly of it to Innocent, urging him to cause Berthold to restore what he had stolen, adding a mild threat that otherwise his Holiness must not take it ill if he indemnified himself out of the revenues of the Church. A blind, shallow-minded man must András have been, thus to trouble himself about his lost treasure, when it was becoming daily more doubtful whether he would not lose his kingdom. But he did not see the danger at home, and was only bent upon the coronation of his son Kálmán as King of Galicia. Having, with the consent of the Pope, happily accomplished this, and betrothed the child to the daughter of the Duke of Poland, he bethought himself of taking a second wife; and married Jolanda, a daughter of Peter of Courtenai, Count of Auxerre. Her uncle, the Byzantine Emperor, dying in the same year, her father and husband became rival candidates for the throne, which was finally offered to András. But the Pope refused to confirm the election; and instead, urged the King to undertake the long promised and often postponed Crusade.

Although lying so near the seat of the war, and in the high-road of the crusading armies, Hungary, as a nation, had hitherto taken no part in the Crusades. It is true, she had wars and disturbances at home more than sufficient to occupy all her energies; it is also true that the conduct of many of the Crusaders had been such as to bring discredit upon their cause; but the chief reason for Hungary's indifference lies somewhat deeper. Oriental as the Magyar character, in many respects, is, it is nevertheless singularly free from fanaticism and intolerance in matters of religion. It is so still, it was so centuries ago. No burning of heretics has ever found favour in Hungary, where Roman and Greek Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists, and Jews, manage to live side by side without hating and denouncing one another. When András called upon his subjects to join him in a Crusade against the Turks, they felt little enthusiasm in obeying the call. There were Mahometans * settled in Hungary, even employed in the King's service; no one thought of persecuting them at home, why then go abroad to wage war with their brethren in faith?

* Bulgarians.

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The defence of his country, the preservation of his liberty, lay nearer the heart of every Magyar. However, András obeyed the Pope and began his preparations, which consisted chiefly in levying taxes and loans to raise the necessary funds. In his zeal, the King even robbed the churches of their treasure, taking from the Cathedral of Veszprém, besides other valuables, a golden crown which had belonged to the first Queen Gisela; and from Tihany, a cup set with pearls and precious stones, for which, on his return, he paid the Abbey yearly one thousand pounds of salt. Having appointed his three sons, Béla, Kálmán, and András, as his successive heirs, and having caused Béla, the eldest, to be crowned, he started for Cyprus, with ten thousand men. Some historians, with praiseworthy loyalty, endeavour to make out that András did much to advance the cause of the Christians in the Holy Land; but little else is recorded of his doings there save processions to the Holy Places, devotions, and the collection of relics. He remained in Palestine four years, then withdrew with Hugo, the young King of Cyprus, to Tripoli, where both were taken ill. Hugo died; but András, though he never thoroughly recovered the effects of his illness, which was attributed to poison, regained his health sufficiently to allow of his return home. On his way he selected brides and bridegrooms for nearly all his sons and daughters. At Antioch he promised his youngest son, András, in marriage to the daughter of Leo, King of Armenia, on condition that the succession should be assured to her; at Nicæa he betrothed Béla to Maria, the daughter of Theodore Lascaris, and took her with him at once to Hungary, stopping on the way in Bulgaria, to promise King Asan the hand of his eldest daughter Maria. At length he reached home, with a sadly diminished army, and a great quantity of relics, without money, and without honour—without, indeed, having gained anything save the empty title of 'Jerusalemite,' which was conferred on him in memory of his bootless expedition, though Jerusalem itself he had never seen.

He found Hungary in a pitiable condition, and his second son Kálmán driven from Galicia. Since the murder of his strong-minded wife Gertrude, András seemed to have lost what little sense he had before possessed, and to have no other resources at his command but an appeal to the Pope, to whom, accordingly, we find him complaining that the 'revenues of the State had been so plundered and dissipated during his absence, that there were not even funds sufficient to pay the debts he had been obliged to contract on his journey; that it would take fifteen years to bring the kingdom to its former state of prosperity, and that, finally, his Holiness must be pleased to take all this into account, and not take it amiss if his ambassadors returned home empty-handed.'

András was no wiser than before, and at once turned his attention to Kálmán; but from the miserable state of the country he was able to raise but a very small army. This he sent into Galicia under the command of Kálmán and the Palatine, who were defeated and taken

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prisoners. Kálmán, still a child, with his young bride, Salome, were released upon certain conditions; and a marriage was talked of, by which András still hoped to secure the throne to his youngest son András; but all these plans came to nothing. The King of Armenia was dead; and his daughter, the promised bride of András, had married the son of Bohemund of Antioch: so that all the King's schemes for the advancement of his house completely failed of success.*

András had appropriated the gold and jewels of his sister-in-law Constantia; he had broken his coronation oath by parting with the crown lands; he had farmed the taxes to Jews and Mahometans, who had so oppressed the people during his absence, that many, to escape persecution, had renounced Christianity; and now, in this wretched state of affairs, the only thing he could think of was to impose a heavy tax and debase the silver coinage. This, as might have been expected, only caused fresh disturbances; and the Pope thought himself called upon to interfere, and remind the King, that as he had had no right to give away crown property, so now it was his duty to resume it, even though by so doing he should offend the nobles and break his own promises to them.

András seemed to be entirely without the strength of mind to act upon this advice; and was, moreover, much disturbed by the energy of his eldest son Béla, who, though but sixteen years old, began to make strenuous efforts to curtail the power of the Magnates, and recover some of the lost property. András took alarm, thought that Béla was aiming at the throne, and was encouraged in this belief by his courtiers, many of whom were vehemently opposed to the reforming zeal of the young Prince, inasmuch as it nearly concerned themselves. The separate courts maintained by the King and his son, were productive of much evil, tending, as they naturally did, to split the nation into two factions. Round András were gathered those who had grown rich by his prodigality, and were quite content to go on in the old way, without heeding the groans of the oppressed people. They hated Prince Béla, and did their utmost to excite his father against him. András was easily persuaded, and in truth his fears were not altogether without foundation; for Béla, seeing his incapacity, did indeed try to extend his own power; and his adherents, not satisfied with this, were bent on making him King in his father's stead.

Civil war seemed about to be added to the other miseries of the country, when, as they had often done before, the clergy interfered to effect a reconciliation. By their instrumentality a great Diet was

* The subsequent fate of young András is uncertain; and by some he is supposed to have died about this time; others declare him to have been an ancestor of the French family of Croy. These latter say that he settled in Venice and married the daughter of a rich merchant; that his son Marcus came to France and married the heiress of the house of Arain and Croy. Whence the Counts of Croy claim to be descendants, in the male line, of the Hungarian House of Arpád.

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summoned, to consider the state of the country and hear the complaints of all classes. This Diet, which was the most important in the history of Hungary, was summoned to meet in the year 1222, when a Charter was drawn up, called, from its hanging gold seal, the Bulla aurea, or Golden Bull. Magna Charta, which had been framed seven years previously, during the reign of a monarch more wicked than András, and equally weak, was not more important to England than the Bulla aurea to Hungary. In both countries, matters had come to a crisis under the government of a weak and vacillating prince, whose own conduct had indeed hurried it forward. Had they been men of firm purpose and commanding character, the storm might have been less severe; but as it was not solely the result of their own acts, so neither could they have entirely obviated it. The steps which had led up to it in Hungary, were not by any means mysterious.

The power of the monarchy had been weakened by the constant attacks upon it of different princes. András himself had repeatedly revolted against his brother Imre, and to gain over the nobles to his side, had squandered his property with a lavish hand; to keep pace with him, Imre found himself obliged to be equally prodigal. The power of the great nobles had gradually increased by the gifts of different monarchs, till they were like so many little princes, and Hungary was in danger of being split up into petty principalities, after the pattern of Germany. They were, too, most arbitrary in their dominions, and their oppression of their subjects had much diminished the numbers of the freemen. This oppression had, in its turn, affected the state revenues and the army; for the freemen alone paid taxes, and the freemen alone were bound to follow the King to battle beyond the frontiers of the country. They were, therefore, a most important class. The King found his treasury becoming daily more empty; and as his love of spending did not decrease in proportion, he had recourse to unlawful means of raising money, debased the coinage and farmed the taxes. His frequent appeals to the Pope were looked on as marks of weakness, and want of confidence in himself; and what help he gained was bought dearly, and was usually productive of more harm than good. Nor had the Hungarian Church fared better than the State. The power of the Pope had gradually increased; and most of the monastic orders now owed obedience, not to the Bishops in whose dioceses they dwelt, but to Rome alone. The Church was being gradually de-nationalized; and far worse than this, there was no power at hand competent to reform the abuses, or cut off the corruptions which paralyzed her.

The Golden Bull was framed to protect the lower classes, and to restrain the power of King and Magnates. To this end it was enacted that the King, or if he were unable, the Palatine, should hold a Diet annually at Alba Regia; that any Count convicted of having oppressed his people, should be made to restore what he had taken; that no Jew or Mahometan should henceforward be allowed to collect the taxes; and

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that no foreigner should be allowed to hold a public office, without the consent of the Diet. The Charter consisted of thirty-one clauses; the last and most important of which provided, that any infringement of the preceding by the King, or his successors, might be lawfully resisted by the people, and that such resistance should not be accounted treasonable. Some other lesser articles sound rather strange in our ears, as, for example, that 'the King's pigs were not to feed in the forests or meadows of the nobles, without permission.'

Seven copies were made of the Bulla aurea, one of which was sent to Rome; but not one of the seven is now extant. At the same time András was obliged to grant a charter to the clergy, securing to them their immunity from the payment of taxes, and the privilege of being tried by none but an ecclesiastical court.

Unwillingly he granted both, especially the Golden Bull, which nothing but his difficulties could ever have extorted from him. Especially did he and the Magnates hate the yearly Diet, which he had promised to hold; and before long, there was scarcely a clause of the Charter which he had not contrived to break. Béla was of a very different stamp; but his father, not being able to understand him, thought that all his energetic exertions were made only with the hope of pleasing the people, and getting himself made king. Anything more disinterested he apparently could not understand. Béla once again fled for protection to the Duke of Austria; and once again, with some difficulty, peace was made between the father and son. On his return he was sent to govern Dalmatia and Croatia, and by degrees András seemed to come to some appreciation of his son's good qualities. Following his example, he began to resume the crown lands, which he had so foolishly given away; and this, as might have been expected, gave great dissatisfaction. He began with the Teutonic knights, whom he had greatly enriched, and now discovered to be showing their gratitude by placing themselves under the immediate protection of the Pope, and even proposing to hold their lands as fiefs of Rome. The Pope was constantly urging upon the King the duty of recovering the crown lands from the nobles to whom they had been given; but he did not approve of their being taken from the Knights, or indeed any other ecclesiastical body.

Finding himself unable to get on alone, András summoned his wise son to his side, sent Kálmán to Croatia, and made Béla Vajda of Transylvania, and the rest of the country east of the Tisza. Béla set to work in good earnest, with youthful ardour, and perhaps some indiscretion. He began by examining the title-deeds of the nobles, confiscating all estates which they could not satisfactorily prove to be their lawful property; and here, no doubt, much injustice was done, or at least much that was felt to be injustice; for any general measure, especially a reformatory measure, however good in itself, and calculated, ultimately, to promote the general welfare of a people, can scarcely be carried out, without falling hardly upon some one, or injuring some private interest.

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András meanwhile went from bad to worse, in spite of all that Béla could do. His treasury was exhausted, and he coined bad money to help to fill it, raised the price of salt, (a great Hungarian article of commerce,) sold offices, and farmed the taxes, as if he had never put his name to any Golden Bull. So great was the oppression of the Jewish and Mahometan tax-gatherers, that in some places the people rose against and slew them. Complaints grew louder and louder, till the patriotic party obliged András to make an addition to the Golden Bull, promising, among other things, that all who had been unjustly deprived of their property, by himself or his son, should be reinstated therein. But what mattered promises to a King who broke them as soon as made, and was himself becoming daily more and more a tool in the hand of his unworthy favourites?

At Easter, in 1232, the land was threatened by the Archbishop with an interdict, in consequence, partly, of the taxes imposed by the King on the clergy, and other attacks on their liberty. At the entreaty of András, a reprieve was granted till the following August, in the course of which time he appealed to Rome, and by dint of promises, effected a reconciliation between himself and the heads of the Church. Unhappily, the Church at this time seems to have thought chiefly of securing the privileges of the clergy, and the extermination of Jews, Mahometans, and heretics, without sparing a thought for the condition of the people.

In 1233, there was a short war with Friedrich II. of Austria, occasioned by his having divorced his wife, a sister-in-law of András;* and in the following year András himself celebrated his third marriage, with Beatrice d'Este. Friedrich was present, and took the opportunity to sow all sorts of discord among the Hungarian nobles, which shortly after bore fruit in another war, which humbled Friedrich so effectually that he was obliged to buy peace.

The marriage festivities and the war had entailed heavy expenses, to meet which András had recourse to his old plans, and the country was soon in as miserable a state as before. All admonitions being in vain, the Bishop of Bosnia excommunicated the King, but was forbidden by the Archbishop to publish the sentence; the fact being, that the Archbishop was annoyed that the power of excommunication should have been taken from himself and given to his inferior. The Archbishop was harshly reproved by the Pope, who himself took the matter in hand, and extracted from András a promise that his debt to the clergy, for taxes unlawfully taken, &c., should be paid within ten years. Death did not allow the King time to add this to the list of his broken promises. He died in 1235, one of the feeblest kings that ever sat upon the Hungarian throne. But the Golden Bull, though only extorted from him, and never observed by him, was yet of such benefit to succeeding generations, that it has even given lustre to his otherwise inglorious and unfortunate reign.

(To be continued.)

* Not Constantia, who died 1220; but Sophia, a sister of Jolanda of Courtenay.

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THE CAGED LION.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAPTURE.

THE seven months siege ended at last, but it was not until the brightness of May was on the fields outside, and the deadly blight of famine on all within, that a haggard wasted looking deputation came down from the upper city to treat with the King.

Henry was never severe with the inhabitants of French cities, and exacted no harsh terms, save that he insisted that Vaurus, the robber captain, and his two chief lieutenants, should be given up to him to suffer condign punishment. The warriors who had shut themselves up to hold out the place by honourable warfare for the Dauphin, must be put to ransom as prisoners of war; but the burghers were to be unmolested, on condition of their swearing allegiance to Henry as regent for, and heir of, Charles VI.

To this the deputies consented, and the next day was fixed for the surrender. The difficulty was, as Henry had found at Harfleur, Rouen, and many other places, to enforce forbearance on his soldiery, who regarded plunder as their lawful prey, the enemy as their natural game, and the trouble a city had given them as a cause for unmercifulness. The more time changed his army from the feudal gathering of English country gentlemen and yeomen to mercenary bands of men-at-arms, the more greedy, rapacious, and insubordinate, became their temper. Well knowing the greatness of the peril, and that the very best of his captains had scarcely the will, if they had the power, to restrain the licence that soon became barbarity unimaginable, he spoke sadly over night of his dread of the day of surrender, when it might prove impossible to prevent deeds that would be not merely a blot on his scutcheon, but a shame to human nature; looking back to the exultation with which he had entered Harfleur as a mere effect of boyish ignorance and thoughtlessness.

Having taken all possible precautions, he stood in his full armour with the fox's brush in his helmet, under the great elm in the market-place, received the keys, accepted the sword of the captain commissioned by Charles with royal courtesy, gave his hand to be kissed by the mayor; and then, with grave inexorable air, like a statue of steel, watched as the freebooter Vaurus and his two chief companions were led down with their hands tied, halters round their necks, and priests at their sides, preparing them to be hung on that very tree. They were proud hard men, and uttered no entreaty for grace. They had hung too many travellers upon those same branches not to expect their own turn, and they were no cravens to abase themselves.

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That act of justice ended, Henry mounted his war-horse and rode in at the gates. His wont was to go straight to the principal church, and there attend a solemn mass of thanksgiving; but experience had taught him that his devotions were the very opportunity of his men's rapine, so that he had arranged that so soon as he should have arrived in the choir of the cathedral, James should take his place, and he slip out by a side door so as to return to the scene of action.

In full procession he and his suite reached the chief door, and there dismounted in an immense crowd, which thronged in at the doors.

'Come, Glenuskie,' said Ralf Percy, as the two youths were pushed close together in the press; 'if you have a fancy for being smothered in the minster, I have none. We shall never be missed. 'Twill be sport to walk round and see how these hardy rogues contrived to hold out.'

Malcolm willingly turned aside with him, and looked down the sloping street which was swarming with comers and goers. The whole place was in an inflammable state. Soldiers were demanding quarters, which the citizens unwillingly gave—a refusal or expostulation against a rough entry led to violence: and ever as the two youths walked farther from the cathedral, there was more of excitement, more rude oaths of soldiers, more shrieking of women, often crying out even before any harm was done to them or their houses.

At last, before a tall overhanging house, there was an immense press, and a frightful din of shouts and imprecations, filling both the new-comers with infectious eagerness.

'How now! how now!' called Percy. 'Keep the peace, good fellows.'

'Sir,' cried a number of voices passionately, 'the French villains have barred their door. There's a lot of cowardly Armagnacs hid there with their gold, trying to balk honest men of their ransom.' Such was the cry resounding on all sides. 'Have at them! There's the rogue at the windows. Out on the fellows! Burn down the door! 'Tis Vaurus himself and all his gold. Treason! treason!'

The clamour was convincing to the spirit, if not to the senses. The two lads believed in the concealed Armagnacs, or perhaps more truly were carried away by the vehemence around them; and with something of the spirit of the chase, threw themselves headlong into the affair.

'Open! open!' shouted Ralf. 'Open, in the name of King Henry.'

An old man's face peeped through a little wicket in the door, and at sight of the two youths, evidently of high rank, said in a trembling voice, 'Alas! alas! Sir, bid these cruel men go away. I have nothing here—no one—only my sick daughter.'

'You hear,' said Malcolm, turning round; 'only his sick daughter.'

'Sick daughter! old liar! Here's an honest tinker makes oath he has hoards of gold laid up for Vaurus, and ten Armagnacs hidden in his house. Have at him! Bring fire!'

Blows hailed thick on the door; a flaming torch was handed over the

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heads of the throng; horrible growls and roars pervaded them. Malcolm and Ralf, furious at the cheat, stood among the foremost, making so much noise themselves between thundering and reviling, and calling out, 'Where are the Armagnacs! down with the traitors!' that they were not aware of a sudden hush behind them, till a buffet from a heavy hand fell on Malcolm's shoulder, and a mighty voice cried, 'Shame! shame! What, you too?'

'There are traitors hid here, Sir,' said Percy, in angry self-justification.

'And what an if there are? Back, every one of you! rogues that you be!—Here, Fitzhugh, see those villains back to the camp. Let their arms be given up to the Provost-marshal.—Kites and crows as you are! Away, out with you!'

Henry pointed to the broken door, and the cowed and abashed soldiers slunk away from the terrible light of his eyes. No man could stand before the face of the King.

There was a stillness. He stood leaning on his sword, his chest heaving with his panting breath. He was naturally as fleet as the swift-footed Achilles, but the winter had told upon him, and the haste with which he had rushed to the rescue left him breathless and speechless; while he seemed as it were to nail the two lads to the spot by his steady gaze of mingled distress and displeasure.

Neither could brook his eye: Percy hung his head like a boy in a scrape; Malcolm quailed with terror, but at the same time felt a keen sense of injury in being thus treated as a plunderer, and the blow under which his shoulder ached seemed an indignity to his royal blood.

'Boys,' said Henry, still low and breathlessly, but all the more impressively, 'what is to become of honour and mercy if such as you must needs become ravening wolves at scent of booty?'

'It was not booty, Sir; they said traitors were hid here,' said Percy sulkily.

'Tush! the old story! Ever the plea for rapine and blood-thirstiness. After the warnings of last night you should have known better; but you are all alike in frenzy for a sack. You have both put off your knighthood till you have learnt not to become a shame thereto.'

'I take not knighthood at your hands, Sir,' burst out Malcolm, goaded with hot resentment, but startled the next moment at the sound of his own words.

'I cry you mercy,' said King Henry in a cold short tone.

Malcolm turned on his heel and walked away, without waiting to see how the poor old man in the house threw himself at the King's feet with a piteous history of his sick daughter and her starving children, nor how Ralf hurried off headlong to the lower town to send them immediate relief in bread, wine, and doctors. The gay good-natured thoughtless lad no more harboured malice for the chastisement than if his tutor had caught him idling; but things went deeper with Malcolm. True, he had undergone many a brutal jest and cruel practical joke from his cousins;

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but that was all in the family, not like a blow from an alien king, and one not apologized for, but followed up by a rebuke that seemed to him unjust, lowering him in his own eyes and those of Esclairmonde, and making him ready to gnaw himself with moody vexation.

'You here, Malcolm,' said King James, entering his quarters; 'did you miss me in the throng? I have not seen you all day.'

'I have been insulted, Sir,' said Malcolm. 'I pray your license to depart and carry my sword to my kinsmen in the French camp.'

'How now! Is it the way to treat an insult to run away from it?'

'Not when the world judges men to be on equal terms, my Lord.'

'What! Who has done you wrong, you silly loon?'

'King Henry, Sir; he struck me with his fist, and rated me like his hound; and I will not eat another morsel of his bread unless he would answer it to me in single combat.'

'Little enough bread you'd eat after that same answer!' ejaculated James.

'Oh! I understand now. You were with young Hotspur and the rest that set on the poor townsmen, and Harry made small distinction of persons! Nay, Malcolm, it was ill in you, that talked of so loathing spulzie!'

'I wanted no spulzie. There were Armagnacs hid in the house, and the King would not hear us.'

'He knew that story too well. Were you asleep or idling last night when he warned all, on no plea whatever, to break into a house, but if the old tale of treachery came up, to set a guard and call one of the captains? Did you hear him—eh?'

'I can take chiding from you, Sir, but neither words nor blows from any other king in Christendom, still less when he threatens me that I have deferred my knighthood! As if I would have it from him!'

'From me you will not have it until he have pardoned Ralf Percy,' said James drily. 'Malcolm, I had not thought you such a fule body! Under a captain's banner, what can be done but submit to his rule? I should do so myself, were Salisbury or March in command.'

'Then, Sir,' said Malcolm, much hurt that the King did not take his part, 'I shall carry my service elsewhere.'

'So,' said James, much vexed, 'this is the meek lad that wanted to hide in a convent from an ill word, flying off from his king and kinsman that he may break down honest men's doors at his will.'

'That I may be free from insult, Sir.'

'You think John of Buchan like to cosset you? You found the Black Douglas so courtly to me the other day as to expect him to be tender to this nicety of yours! Malcolm, as your prince and guardian, I forbid this folly, and command you to lay aside this fit of malice and do your devoir. What! sobbing, silly lad—where's your manhood?'

'Sir, Sir, what will they think of me—the Lady Esclairmonde and all, if they hear I have sat down tamely with a blow?'

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'She will never think about you at all but as a sullen malapert ne'er-do-weel, if you go off to that camp of *routiers*, trying to prop a bad cause because you cannot take correction or observe discipline.'

A sudden suspicion came over Malcolm that the King would not thus make light of the offence if it had really been the inexpiable insult he had supposed it, and the thought was an absolute relief; for in effect the parting from James, and joining the party opposed to Esclairmonde's friends, would have been so tremendous a step, that he could hardly have contemplated it in his sober senses, and he murmured, 'My honour, Sir,' in a tone that James understood.

'Oh, for your honour—you need not fear for that! Any knight in the army could have done as much without prejudice to your honour. Why, you silly loon, d'ye think I would not have been as angered as yourself, if your honour had been injured?'

Malcolm's heart felt easier, but he still growled. 'Then, Sir, if you assure me that I can do so without detriment to my honour, I will not quit you.'

James laughed. 'It might have been more graciously spoken, my good cousin, but I am beholden to you.'

Malcolm, ashamed and vexed at the sarcastic tone, held his tongue for a little while, but presently exclaimed, 'Will the Bishop of Therouenne hear of it?'

James laughed, 'Belike not; or if he should, it would only seem to him the reasonable training of a young squire.'

The King did not say what crossed his own mind, that the Bishop of Therouenne was more likely to think Henry over-strict in discipline, and absurdly rigorous.

The prelate, Charles de Luxemburg, brother to the Count de St. Pol, had made several visits to the English camp. He was one of those princely younger sons, who, like Beaufort at home, took ecclesiastical preferments as their natural provision, and as a footing whence they might become statesmen. He was a great admirer of Henry's genius, and as the chief French prelate who was heartily on the English side, enjoyed a much greater prominence than he could have done either at the French or Burgundian court. He and his brother of St. Pol were Esclairmonde's nearest kinsmen—'oncles à la mode de Bretagne,' as they called the relationship, which is here sometimes termed Welsh uncle, or first cousin once removed—and from him James had obtained much more complete information about Esclairmonde than he could ever get from the flighty duchess.

Her mother, a beautiful Walloon, had been heiress to wide domains in Hainault, her father to great estates in Flanders, all which were at present managed by the politic Bishop. Like most of the statesman-secular-clergy, the Bishop hated nothing so much as the monastic orders, and had made no small haste to remove his fair niece from the convent at Dijon, where she had been educated, lest the Cistercians should

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become possessed of her lands. He had one scheme for her marriage; but his brother, the Count, had wished to give her to his own second son, who was almost an infant; and the Duke of Burgundy had designs on her for his half-brother Boëmond; and among these various disputants, Esclairmonde had never failed to find support against whichever proposal was forced upon her, until the coalition between the Dukes of Burgundy and Brabant becoming too strong, she had availed herself of Countess Jaqueline's discontent to evade them both.

The family had of course been much angered, and had fully expected that her estates would go to some great English abbey, or to some English lord whose haughty reserve and insularity would be insupportable. It was therefore a relief to Monseigneur de Therouenne to hear James's designs; and when the King further added that he would be willing to let the claims on the Hainault part of her estates be purchased by the Count de St. Pol, and those in Flanders by the Duke of Burgundy, the Bishop was delighted, and declared that rather than such a negociation should fail he would himself advance the sum to his brother; but that the Duke of Burgundy's consent was more doubtful, only could they not do without it?

And he honoured Malcolm with a few words of passing notice from time to time, as if he almost regarded him as a relation. No doubt it would have been absurd to fly from such chances as these to Patrick Drummond and the opposite camp; and yet there were times when Malcolm felt as if he should get rid of a load on his heart if he were to break with all his present life, hurry to Patrick, confess the whole to him, and then—hide his head in some hermitage, leaving his pledge unforfeited!

That, however, could not be. He was bound to the King, and might not desert him, and it was not unpleasant to brood over the sacrifice of his own displeasure.

'See,' said Henry in the evening, as he came into the refectory and walked up to James, 'I have found my signet. It was left in the finger of my Spanish glove, which I had not worn since the beginning of winter. Thanks to all who took vain pains to look for it.'

But Malcolm did not respond with his pleased look to the thanks. He was not in charity with Henry, and crept out of hearing of him, while James was saying, 'You had best destroy one or the other, or they will make mischief. Here, I'll crush it with the pommel of my sword.'

'Ay,' said Henry, laughing, 'you'd like to show off one of your sledge-hammer blows—Sir Bras de Fer! But, Master Scot, you shall not smash the English shield so easily. This one hangs too loose to be safe; I shall keep it to serve me when we have fattened up at Paris, after the leanness of our siege.'

'Hal,' said James, seeing his gay temper restored, 'you have grievously hurt that springald of mine. His northern blood cannot away with the taste he got of your fist.'

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'Pretty well for your godly young monk to expect to rob unchecked!' laughed Henry.

'He will do well at last,' said James. 'Manhood has come on him with a rush, and borne him off his feet; nor would I have him over-tame.'

'There spake the Scot!' said Henry. 'By my faith, Jamie, we should have had you the worst robber of all had we not caught you young! Well, what am I to do for this sprig of royalty? Say I struck unawares? Nay, had I known him, I'd have struck with as much of a will as his slight bones would bear.'

'An you love me, Hal, do something to cool his ill blood, and remove the sense of shame that sinks a lad in his own eyes.'

'Methought,' said Henry, 'there was more shame in the deed than in the buffet.'

Nevertheless the good-natured King took an occasion of saying, 'My Lord of Glenuskie, I smote without knowing you. It was no place for a prince—nay, for any honest man; otherwise no hand should have been laid on my guest or my brother's near kinsman. And whereas I hear that both you and my fiery hot Percy verily credited the cry that prisoners were hid in that house, let me warn you that never was place yielded on composition but some villain got up the shout, and hundreds of fools followed it, till they learnt villany in their turn. Therefore I ever chastise transgression of my command to touch neither dwelling nor inhabitant. You have both learnt your lesson, and the lion rampant and he of the straight tail will both be reined up better another time.'

Malcolm had no choice but to bend his head, mutter something, and let the King grasp his hand, though to him the apology seemed none at all, but rather to increase the offence, since the blame was by no means taken back again, while the condescension was such as could not be rejected, and thus speciously took away his excuse for brooding over his wrath. His hand lay so unwillingly in that strong hearty clasp that the King dropped it, frowned, shrugged his shoulders, and muttered to himself, 'Sullen young dog! No Scot can let bygones be bygones!' and then he turned away and cast the trifle from his memory.

James was amazed not to see the moody face clear up, and asked of Malcolm whether he were not gratified with this ample satisfaction.

'I trow I must be, Sir,' said Malcolm.

'I tell thee, boy,' said James, 'not one king—nay, not one man—in a thousand would have offered thee the frank amends King Harry hath done this day—nay, I doubt whether even he could so have done, were it not that the hope of his wife's coming hath made him overflow with joy and charity to all the world.'

Malcolm did not make much reply, and James regarded him with some disappointment. The youth was certainly warmly attached to him, but those tokens of superiority to the faults of his time and country which had caused the King to seek him for a companion seemed to have

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vanished with his feebleness and timidity. The manhood that had been awakened was not the chivalrous, generous, and gentle strength of Henry and his brothers, but the punctilious pride and sullenness, and almost something of the license, of the Scot. The camp had not proved the school of chivalry that James, in his inexperience, had imagined it must be under Henry, and the tedium and wretchedness of the siege had greatly added to its necessary evils by promoting a reckless temper, and willingness to snatch at any enjoyment without heed to consequences. Close attendance on the kings had indeed prevented either Malcolm or Percy from even having the temptation of running into any such length as those gentry who had plundered the shrine of St. Fiacre at Breuil, or were continually galloping off for an interval of dissipation at Paris; but they were both on the outlook for any snatch of stolen diversion, for in ceasing from monastic habits Malcolm seemed to have laid aside the scruples of a religious or conscientious youth, and specially avoided Dr. Bennet, the King's almoner.

James feared he had been mistaken, and looked to the influence of Esclairmonde to repair the evil, if perchance she should follow the Queen to France. And this it was almost certain she must do, since she was entirely dependent upon the Countess of Hainault, and could not obtain admission to a nunnery without recovering a portion of her estates.

(To be continued.)

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER XVI.

The playground of St. Alban's schools, with one corner only separated by a railing from the narrow street, was often a source of attraction to the passers by. Usually the faces were those of small children, and the spectators were possessed with an ardent longing to join the games. But on this day—a few weeks later than the preceding conversation, and while the autumnal season was still fine and warm—the gazer was a gentlemanly-looking person, very tall and very dark, with a profusion of long hair and whiskers—one who will long ere this be farther indulging himself with a great show also of moustaches and beard.

He watched the children at their play for some time, and at last endeavoured to attract the attention of a little pale girl who was laughing with the others, but not joining in the games. At last she perceived that the stranger wanted her, and went slowly forward, showing that she was a little lame, to learn what his requirement might be.

'What is your name, my little maiden?'

'Amy, Sir.'

There was another child also who had not been at play with the rest:

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this was a boy, who had been sitting on the ground on the opposite side, bending over a slate. Observing the stranger's summons to his sister, he ran up and stood by the little girl.

'Well, and who are you?' said the tall gentleman good-naturedly.

'Robin, Sir.'

'Robin! What else?—Robin Hood, or Robin Adair, or Robin Gray? Not *old* Robin Gray yet, either?'

'No, Sir, not any of them,' replied the boy, unconscious of any joke. 'I am Robin, and my sister is Amy.'

'So she tells me,' continued the gentleman. 'Yours is an odd name, Robin; I wonder who gave it to you?'

'My godfathers and my godmother, I suppose,' replied Robin; 'but I don't know who they were.'

'Well, it does not signify much, for I suppose we could not alter it, could we? And Robin does very nicely, only I am more accustomed to Robert. Where do you live?' turning towards Amy.

'She lives here, in the school-house, and so do I,' replied Robin, pointing in the direction of it with his finger.

'Is your school-mistress at home?'

The tall gentleman addressed himself again to Amy, but Robin replied, as before, 'Mrs. White is out now, Sir, but here's our master,' as Mr. White appeared crossing the playground. The boy ran up to him fearlessly, touching his cap, and Mr. White immediately came up to the railings.

'Will you walk in, Sir?—the gate is on this side,' and the schoolmaster went round and opened it for the stranger. 'Robin said you wanted my wife. She is not at home, but perhaps you will walk into the house.'

'No, thank you,' replied the gentleman. 'My business can be transacted here quite well, and I prefer the open air. My name is Easdale; my profession, as some would know tolerably well, is painting. Frequently I prefer to take children—almost always; so I stopped at your play-ground, hearing the voices, to see if I could be supplied with a study for my next picture. And I should like to take that little girl to whom I was speaking: the expression and the blue eyes are very charming. She tells me—at least her brother tells me for her—that she lives here, so I suppose there are no parents to fee or to consult.'

'No, Sir; they are orphans. They are under the especial care of our clergyman, Mr. Sandford. I will speak to him—or would you prefer to do so yourself?'

'Perhaps you will obtain his consent for me,' replied the artist, 'and then I will call upon him. There is no hurry for the next few days, and a little orphan will not run away. Moreover, she is lame, I perceive.'

'Yes, Sir, but not permanently so, we hope. She is not allowed to stand about much, and never at her lessons. She has been dangerously

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ill with fever, and has been nursed at Mr. Sandford's own house, by his sister, Miss Sandford.'

'Very kind of them,' observed the artist.

'They are very kind always, Sir. I rejoice that you do not desire to take away the boy from our school. He is doing so well, although I call him, from his only fault, "my scribbler." Drawing is his mania, and he vexes me very much by it constantly, as he finds out to his cost.'

'Ah, he was poring over a slate when I first observed him. I thought it was some punishment. Perhaps you will call them both up once more for an instant.'

They had retired when the conversation with the school-master commenced.

'Over the slate again, I perceive; not a hopeful way of developing his talent, I fear, poor child.'

Mr. White recalled our young friends, and they at once obeyed. Robin slung the slate behind him as he came up.

'Let me see your drawing, Robin,' said the artist.

Robin coloured up very red, but he did not offer to show it.

Mr. White then put forth his authority, but not harshly. 'Shew Mr. Easdale your slate, Robin, directly, if he is so kind as to ask for it.'

Robin took the slate from his neck, and put it into the artist's hand.

Mr. Easdale smiled. 'Very well indeed, my boy, though you have not exactly flattered me, nor have I *quite* so staring an eye, I *hope*. Don't be frightened; I have drawn a great many people's faces myself, and certainly ought not to mind being sketched. And now I am going to paint your sister, and perhaps when the picture is done I may invite you to come and see it.'

'Paint Amy's picture!' exclaimed Robin, excited beyond his usual decorum, and almost forgetful of his master. 'And will you let me see you do it, Sir? Shall I fetch you some water, and a table?—May I, Sir, if you please?' turning to the school-master, who looked much astonished, but half amused.

'I do not require water, thank you, my boy,' replied the painter, smiling at Robin's eagerness; 'and I am not going to paint your sister's picture now. I mean to take her away, and paint her at my leisure at home.'

'Take Amy away, Sir!' cried the boy, with a changed countenance. 'You will not take her away, when I have promised—'

The recollections were too much for him; the combination might, he thought, prove too strong: he looked from one hearer's face to the other, and burst into a fit of crying.

Mr. Easdale looked on with considerable surprise, the change was so very sudden and unlooked for.

'Run away now, Robin,' said he, 'and let me talk to Mr. White; and I will see you another time, and draw you something on your slate.'

The boy looked up. He had been preparing his speech, and the time

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for it seemed to be come. 'Thank you, Sir,' he said very sadly, 'but pray do not take my sister away. She is very happy here, and I promised Mother a faithful promise that I would take care of her,' continued he, drawing himself up; 'and Mr. Sandford said I was quite right, and we should not be parted.'

'I see,' returned the painter. 'Then of course we must not part you, to break your promise and your heart; but I do not know whether I can give up my subject, so perhaps you can both come together to my house.'

'Thank you, Sir.'

The tears dried up immediately, and the children turned away. 'Then I shall see the painting,' said Robin to himself.

'That is a character,' remarked Mr. Easdale, as soon as the children were out of hearing.

'A very singular boy,' replied the school-master. 'If it were not for detaining you, Sir, I could mention some strange things about him. He has two charges—his sister, and a small parcel, which he guards with the most jealous care—in trust, he says, for another person who cannot be found. He will not allow anyone to open it, and in giving up some money which he had with him to Mr. Sandford, he requested to be allowed a box with a lock to it for this treasure, and the key is always suspended from his neck. Mr. Sandford is very much interested in him, and also in his sister, who is not clever, and too delicate to be urged on.'

'He need not be afraid of my adopting the little girl because I want her for a few hours a day,' observed the painter, in conclusion. 'I have a tolerable number of my own.'

'He would give up the slate, and the parcel too, Sir, before his sister, no doubt,' was the school-master's reply. 'But I will speak to Mr. Sandford upon the subject of your application, and let you know when you favour me with another call.'

'Thank you. Here is my card for your clergyman, and tell him that I will take good care of his little orphan during the hour she may remain at my house. Good morning, Mr. White, and thank you once more for your assistance.'

CHAPTER XVII.

When Mr. Sandford appeared at the school on the following morning, it was not found quite so easy to arrange with him for Amy as the school-master had supposed. For this good clergyman was not sure that he approved of the little girl being placed in so forward a position; and besides that, he knew something of the power of Mr. Easdale's pencil.

The child would, he was sure, make an admirable study, but if Amy should gaze upon her own portrait with half the admiration that it was likely to excite in the minds of others, it might be difficult afterwards to

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stem the tide of vanity. Was it safe then to open the door, and admit such a feeling voluntarily? The little girl was quite guileless now, might she not become otherwise from the effect of these sittings?

Yet Mr. Sandford knew the painter to be a good man, and a gentleman; perhaps he might be a friend for life to these almost friendless orphans; and if Robin should ever shew a decided taste for drawing . . . . . But then the clergyman had, to say truly, *other* views in his own mind for Robin. What poor scholars had done, poor scholars (Mr. Sandford thought) might do. We all build a castle occasionally, it may amuse without harming, and Mr. Sandford might safely be trusted never to run very far after a shadow. No, for he was a man of sound practical common sense; but Robin was quick, his memory very surprising, and his diligence quite equal to the superior power of his childish understanding. Mr. Sandford left a very undecided message for the artist, and went home to consult his sister.

Miss Sandford was not so disinclined towards Mr. Easdale's proposal. 'I should ask him to allude to his work only in a very ordinary manner,' said she, in consultation, 'and I should let her go. Amy need only observe that the face is her own, and will know that some little girl must sit to make the picture complete.' And here the affair rested during that week; then the painter, desiring to make his final arrangements, paid the intended visit at the clergyman's house.

Miss Sandford only was at home. She was glad to hear Mr. Easdale's proposal from his own lips.

'I have a wood scene or two in hand for the next season,' said he, in explanation, 'and your little orphan harmonizes with my idea of the intended subject. She shall not be made conceited by me, and if she frets I will send her into my nursery for change of scene. She shall return home in an omnibus with her brother, if you will permit them to come together, for the first time at least. You may quite depend upon my care, and I will not forget to forward your views for the children's future, *if* ever it should lie in my power. If you should not feel quite satisfied, and were coming into St. John's Wood at any time—'

'I do indeed feel quite satisfied,' replied Miss Sandford. 'So many instances of Mr. Easdale's kindness and benevolence have already come under my notice, that I am not inclined to lose so good a friend for our orphans. Name your time, and if my brother will consent, I will send the children to you in a cab by a driver whom we happen to know. Amy cannot walk to St. John's Wood, unfortunately.'

'And you will not, I think, find any objection to the omnibus afterwards,' rejoined Mr. Easdale. 'They can always travel by the same conveyance, and will make their way very well together.'

The painter scarcely acknowledged how completely he had, in his own mind, identified the little Amy with his forthcoming picture. He knew it would be successful; already he could see it completed. Already he could hear, and he could see, as he thought, in the next season's exhibition . . ,

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Mr. Easdale was standing before his canvas when a tiny maiden ran into the room. 'Papa,' she exclaimed, with great enthusiasm, 'The children are come in a cab, I saw them drive up to the door.'

Papa took the intelligence all too calmly for the pleased little messenger.

'*May* I stay to see them?'

'Yes, Meggie, you may see them come in. Go into your corner.'

So Meggie sat in her corner, (the privileged spot in which her presence was permitted during the painter's busiest hours) and Mr. Easdale's visitors were shewn in.

Robin entered with the proud consciousness that this was the happiest, the most auspicious day of his young life. Amy felt more afraid; she was beginning to be a little shy—not a characteristic which usually makes a first appearance so late in child life; but her position had been a peculiar one, and this had come on with the kindness and the notice.

'Now, Robin Gray, you may look about you, but without touching anything.—And you, little maiden, take off your bonnet and sit there.' He placed her gently on a low seat opposite to him. 'Look round too, if you like, once for a minute, and at that good little girl in her corner. Now sit quite still, so, and think of something. Think of being out in a thick wood. Do you know what a thick wood is like?'

Amy assented.

'Think of being all alone there, without Robin, and that you could not find your way out. Darkness coming on, and that you might be left by yourself all night: open your eyes and look towards *this*, not *at* anything in particular, and think, without moving your head.'

So Amy sat and thought, and her expressive countenance grew more and more touching. The terrors of a dark wood were not nearly so great to her as the artist had imagined, but she tried to think about it as she was bid. Then came recollections far sadder and more real. At the thought of the darkness she mentally returned to the one dark night of woe outside the Gipsy tent; and without moving her face from its position, or her eyes from the spot enjoined, a large tear rolled down each cheek. Was it cruel that the art lover was so pleased to see her cry? Here was his opportunity, and he worked away at his sketch too much interested and absorbed to consider with any regret the real feelings of sorrow he had aroused. At last came a time when the poor little head must really be allowed to move again, so Mr. Easdale paused for a moment, and looked round upon Robin. Need we report what he had been doing all this time? That he had brought with him his beloved slate will be a hint sufficient.

'Here, my boy, take these,' said the painter, compassionating Robin's pursuit of the fine arts under such very adverse circumstances. 'Now draw me that large head as well as you can.'

Very eagerly did the boy come forward, and in a moment became as fully absorbed as his master had been a few minutes before.

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'What made you take a fancy to drawing, Robin Gray?' inquired Mr. Easdale, after another pause. 'Did you ever see anyone painting before to-day?'

'Yes, Sir. I've seen many painting, different times,' replied the boy. 'And they were making fine pictures too. Out in the open air, on heaths and commons, and lanes, and roads often. But *I* could have done as well as *some* of them myself, they drew so badly.'

'You thought so, that is to say.'

'Yes, Sir, I did. I am sure of it.'

'Perhaps they put you into the pictures sometimes, these artists.'

'Yes, Sir, one did, I know, for that is just what he told me afterwards. "Sit still, boy," said he, "and I will give you twopence;" so I sat still; and then he said, "There, you're in the picture now.". How I did long to see it! but he looked fierce whenever I came near. He might have kept his twopence to have let me see, if it had not been wanted by—by somebody.'

'But how came you out on so many heaths and commons, Robin Gray? Where do you come from?'

The boy coloured. Civilization, and above all Christian instruction, had not heightened his opinion of his former wild companions and Gipsy life.

'Mr. Sandford knows, Sir,' replied he; 'I've told him where I came from, very particularly, and he told me I need not say it again if I would rather not. And I would much rather not, Sir, if you please.'

'Very well, my boy, I will not ask you; so now you may go on with your drawing.'

And the sitting went favourably to its close, nor was there any adventure attending the journey home.

(To be continued.)

CAMPANELLA.

CHAPTER IV.

One evening, at sunset, an old man came towards Brentholm Church, with some keys in his hand. He was the sexton; and he was coming to toll the knell for a woman who had died that afternoon.

The air had that strange evening glimmer, in which everything looks so wonderfully distinct and near, and yet even the stocks and stones seem to tremble, as if they had life. Therefore, when the sexton saw something dark upon the steps of the church door, he thought at first that it was a shadow; but having rubbed his eyes, which were old and dim, he fancied it was a large black dog; and at last, coming close to the door, he saw that it was a little girl sitting there, with her chin

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propped on her hand, watching him intently, with a pair of large soft eyes.

'Save us! it's the little Papish!' muttered the old man.

It was the child whom Black Bill had found among the tangle.

The villagers knew she was a Roman Catholic, for the school-children had seen her cross herself; and when they told their mothers, the mothers said they must not play with the little foreign lass; so she was generally left alone after school-time, unless she would sit by kind Mrs. Lester. But she liked best to run away, and hide herself in some sheltered cove upon the beach.

The sexton shrugged in his shoulders as he saw her, and put the key into the lock hastily; for he was superstitious, poor man! and had an idea that Papists, or toads, if they cross one's path, bring ill-luck with them. He was wrong on both points: neither Papists nor toads are poisonous.

Now, as the big door groaned on its hinges, the child stood up, evidently meaning to enter with the old man, Tolling Jem, as people called him in the village—they were fond of giving each other nicknames. He turned round to the little girl, with a puzzled sense that she could not understand him, and also a dim troublesome notion that it would not be right to let a Papist into the church. There had been plenty of Papists in that building years agone, had he but known; and it was not much the worse for them. It was not they who had smashed the glass in the beautiful east window, and pulled up the brasses from the tombs.

The child understood him well enough, however, as he testily shook his head, and tried to push her (but gently) from the door. She looked at him pitifully, said her one English word, 'Please,' and waved out her hands with a pretty, graceful, imploring gesture, which somehow brought vividly to his dull memory the time when he was groom at Squire Lacy's in the next parish, and had helped sometimes to put the ladies on their horses. It was a *lady's* action.

'Poor little soul! she can come; *she* can't do any harm,' he muttered to himself, arguing with some invisible mentor who was fierce against the Papists.

So he let the child follow, not quite sure, however, that Mr. Dykes could not punish him by law, for letting her into the place of Protestant worship. Under the sense that he was risking something for her sake, he began at once to feel more kindly towards her: and the old sexton from that time forward always took her part.

So the child followed the old man into the great dark building. All was silent there, and shadowy. The grey pillars of Brentholm church sprang upwards into the gloom; and a gloom seemed to fall from the broad arches. A nameless dread and awe fell upon the child; and she vaguely feared that if she were to leave the side of that weak old man in the belfry, the vast solemn darkness would swoop down upon her like a terrible living thing, and swallow her up, and destroy her. The awe

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made her shiver; and she crouched down upon an old settle hard by the sexton, as he fumbled among his ropes. There was something amiss with one of them; it was half cut through; perhaps gnawed by a rat; but the old man grumbled out that the mischief had been done by some wicked boy: one of those boys who would never leave his spades alone, nor let him pass along the street without raising an ignominious shout of 'Tolling Jem,' to echo at his tranquil and respectable heels. He was a long time a-knotting up the dangerous rope; and meanwhile the little foreigner remained curled on her settle, not understanding his peevish grumbling, feeling only that here was a human being whose presence was a safeguard to her against that great loneliness beyond.

At last, however, the knotting-up was done; and the knell began to toll. It seemed to make all that solemn twilight air to live and throb and beat, as with the beatings of a heart. Then the church, which had seemed but a dead, cold, pallid thing with all the horror of death upon it, appeared also to grow suddenly alive, and to have large calm-eyed angels looking down, and beckoning from its shadowy vaults, which in the darkness looked like vague arches formed of the evening air, and upborne by pillars of cloud.

The child, without knowing how or when, was drawn out from the narrow belfry into the church, and up the dim aisle. The tollings of the knell, full and deep and satisfying, were like an infinite voice from heaven, repeating always, 'Peace! Peace! Peace!' She did not think these things; she only felt them.

The old sexton, meanwhile, felt none of them. He went on grumbling to himself; and his thoughts were these: 'How hard the pulling is! Ugh! The bells are harder to pull than they were twenty year back. I wonder what it is in bell-metal makes it get heavier as time goes on? I wonder who cut the rope? Tom Jenks, I'll be bound. He just merits hanging with it; that's what he merits. One would have no peace of one's life through him, and such as him—the little rascals! if it wasn't a comfort to tell school-master of them, and get them well flogged for their wickedness. How dark and bad the church looks! What do they build churches of grey stone for, I wonder? Why can't they put a nice white-wash on the walls? How cold it is too! Ugh! I shall have my rheumatics again, if I stop here long. A nice bit of fire will look cosy after this. I wonder what my daughter 's got for supper? A trifle of crisp bacon hot, or an onion-porridge, I'll warrant her. I sha'n't toll above a five minutes longer. Where can that foreign child have got to? She ain't by me, or else my eyes is bad. She can't have been sperrited away—not likely. There can't be a law against letting Papishes into church, can there? No; that ain't likely, neither. Anyways, Mr. Dykes isn't like to be hard on old Jem, as has been sexton in his parish over this score of years. What eyes the child has! Furrin eyes, Papish eyes! They glowed out of the dark like coals o' fire, as she sat on the door-step!'

So grumbling, he left off his tolling; and the air grew still and dead

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again. Perhaps the remembrance of those glowing eyes made him afraid of the dark, even in that accustomed place; for, instead of raising his voice to call the child, he took a match from a box which stood on a corner of the settle, struck it against the belfry wall, and lighted a bit of tallow candle, stuck in an old wooden candlestick, which stood beside the match-box, in readiness for an emergency, like the present. Then, with this feeble light in his hand, he fumbled on his way up the church, turning his dim old eyes hither and thither into the tall dark pews, and muttering to himself as he went. At last, when he had passed the high pulpit, the carven chancel screen, the choristers' desks, he came so suddenly upon the little figure of which he was in search, that he almost stumbled over it.

The child was sitting on a footstool before the altar, her chin propped on her hand, her eyes looking far away through the glass of the great east window, into the leaden sky, where one or two golden stars were glimmering. As the sexton came near, and shook her by the arm, (but not roughly, for she looked, where she sat, too small and slight to be roughly handled,) she brought down her eyes from the stars and the sky, and with a sort of long shivering sigh, turned and rose, took the old man's hand, and walked down the aisle, clinging to it.

Who could say what sad thoughts might come to a child, whose mother had gone down into the wild sea from her side, and who could tell her grief to no living soul around her?

CHAPTER V.

It was on the morrow of the child's first visit to the church, that Mr. Dykes, the rector, came to see her. It was evening; Bill had come home, drawn by a dim idea that he ought to entertain his guest. He felt a sort of admiring awe for the little dark girl, with her gentle ways; and he liked to see her sitting in his dingy kitchen, which seemed brighter when she was there. She was not quite like the fairies, who were said still to dance in the fields round Brentholm Meadow-sweet, (so thought Bill to himself,) for the fairies were wicked sometimes, and did mischief; whereas this quiet little woman had a look of goodness in her face, a goodness so great, that it would have been almost as terrible as that which was plainly shown in the Rector's white tie and placid short-sighted eyes, had there not been so much sweetness also in it.

And yet she was not like the angels, which Bill's mother had told him of before she died, years ago, when he was a little boy, for those angels were large and fair, and could bear a man away into the skies after he was dead, if he had been good enough. (*He* had not been good enough, Bill thought; no white angel would carry *him* to the skies, after he had been drowned at sea, as he most likely would be one of these days.)

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No; the little lass was like something which no one could clearly explain; something between a fairy and an angel. She was the prettiest thing he had ever seen; and she was his own too, in a way. Yet he could not speak to her, nor she to him; and though he came home early to amuse her, he could not do it, but sat thinking the things which have been here set down, as he smoked his pipe on the settle by the fire.

The two had been drinking tea together; tea from that forbidden cask, at thought of which Mrs. Lester had shaken her head. They had drunk it from two cracked cups, filled from a little black tea-pot; and now the child had washed these, and set them on the mantel-piece, in a neat row, as she had seen Mrs. Lester do. Mrs. Lester's cups were, indeed, placed in a tiny cupboard with glass doors; but there was nothing so dainty in Bill's house.

The rain fell straight and steady outside; all the trees were soaked; the ivy which grew up the wall rapped its straggling twigs angrily against the window; the birds did not sing; they only gave a plaintive twitter now and then. Within, the fire crackled round the wood of a broken cask; the smoke of Bill's pipe made the air heavy and grey; the little girl, in her purple cotton frock, sat on a high wooden chair, with her small feet dangling six inches from the floor, her hands folded on her lap. There was a table before her, with shells on it: Bill had picked up the shells for her that morning, and brought them home in his pocket. He had spread them all before her on the table, saying, 'Shells, shells, shells!' in his loud strong voice; and she had repeated it after him, 'Sells.' Then he laughed, and said, 'That's right, little 'un!'

No one knew what her name was yet; no name had been given to her; no English name seemed to suit her. Most people called her 'Bill's little 'un,' or, 'The little Papish.' Mrs. Lester, in her kind way, called her, 'That poor little dear.'

She had put her toys in a row, and then in a square, and then in a heart shape; Bill watching her slender little fingers all the while, and thinking everything they did very wonderful. Now she had grown tired of the shells, and let them lie before her in the form of a great heart. Her eyes were looking straight before her, looking at nothing; her face was sad. She was thinking of her mother, and of that fearful night at sea.

Suddenly, a foot came plashing along the lane; and then the little loose garden gate scraped backwards, and the Rector's brown umbrella, all dripping and shiny with wet, came bobbing past the window, with his tall stooping figure underneath it.

Bill knocked the ash out of his pipe, with an exclamation which was not pleasant. He made no reply when the gentle tap was heard at the door; but he did not hinder the child when she jumped off her chair, and ran to let in the parson, making him a pretty little curtsey, as she had been taught to do in school.

Mr. Dykes put down his umbrella, first fluttering it in the manner which some children call 'shooting,' to shake off the wet, for he was a

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bachelor, and methodical. Then he turned round with his kind smile, and came in, though Bill gave him no invitation to do so, but sat still and sulky, smoking on. The Rector laid his hand softly on the child's head; then he came nearer to the fire. 'Well, Bill,' he said, 'I've come to see you, and your little charge. It was very kind of you to take her.'

Bill only growled, and stared into the flame.

The clergyman drew up a chair, and sat down; then he held out his hand to the little girl, and lifted her on to his knee. She was twelve years old, but so small, that she seemed hardly more than nine. 'I have been wondering what we had best do for her. I can hear nothing of her friends. I have heard from a person in the town from which the poor Buonaventura started, that nothing is known about such a child. It is very sad. I think it would be wisest, in some respects, for her to live with Mrs. Lester. I should be very glad to pay for her board. But as it was you who found her, I feel that it would be wrong to do anything of that sort without consulting you now. What do you think?'

Bill disliked the parson, because he feared him and his goodness. He knew Mr. Dykes had a right to scold him for many bad things he had done, and many good things left undone; so now that the Rector was sitting there, talking so pleasantly, and looking so kind, Bill felt a sort of surprise; but he was none the less angry. He felt it to be somehow an injury to himself, that the gentleman should be holding that little fragile figure, which Bill was afraid to touch, lest his great rough hands should hurt it; and also that he should be talking so quietly of *his* plans for the welfare of Bill's 'own little lass.'

'I can do for her myself, thank'ee,' he answered surlily.

'Can you?' returned Mr. Dykes, looking round the wretched room, 'Don't you think such a delicate little girl ought to live with a woman? You could see her every day, if you liked, at Mrs. Lester's.'

'I'll do for her myself,' said Bill again. 'I found her, and she's mine, more than anyone else's.'

The parson was silent for a while; he was thinking. He had spoken on this matter already to Mrs. Lester; and that pleasant-faced little woman had said, 'I'd be glad to have her, Sir, pay or no pay; but Bill seemed to want her badly; and the good God *does* seem to have put her in his hands, Sir. Doesn't He? Don't you think, p'raps, He may have meant to do that poor Bill good, and bring him to a better mind? What do you think, Sir? We could always bring her back, if he was to treat her bad, you know, Sir. Couldn't we?'

Now the Rector thought of these words, and how it did seem, indeed, that God might have let Bill find the child, rather than any decent man with a family of children and a good wife, in order that she might bring him to a better mind. Yet it seemed hard to leave her in that wretched place; but, as Mrs. Lester had said, she could be fetched away if Bill was to treat her badly.

'Well,' said Mr. Dykes at last, 'I will not try to persuade you. It

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is a great charge for you to have the child thrown on your hands; but God has put the duty in your way, and I hope you will look on it as a duty, to take care of her for Him. One of His little lambs.'

He kissed the little girl on the forehead, said a few more pleasant words to Bill, asked after his boat, and his luck at fishing, and then re-opened the wet umbrella, and plashed away through the rain.

It was a week after this, that the Evening Service began to be held at the church on Wednesdays, for the summer months. Mrs. Lester came to Bill's cottage, when her tea was over, meaning to ask his leave to take the child to church with her; but he was out, and the little one was alone, so Mrs. Lester tied the strings of her straw bonnet in a nice big bow, and then the two trotted off together, hand in hand.

The child liked to be with the school-mistress, and so she was glad to go; but she did not like the service at the church; nor did she like going to school, except for the pleasure of sitting beside kind Mrs. Lester. She disliked school and church for the same reasons, because so many eyes were fixed on her, and there was so much singing. She could not endure the singing; it seemed to pierce her brain, and hurt it; the sound was so loud and harsh, and when a false note came, she shivered. So now, when she went to the evening service, the church had lost the charm which she had found there when she was all alone in it in the darkness. She heard Mr. Dykes reading words which she did not understand. The candles, hanging from the roof in iron rings, flickered and flared, and made a shine which was hardly light. There were a few people in the pews, the top of whose heads was just visible above the wood-work. There was always a smell of damp in the church; and now there was a smell of fustian from three old men, who were nodding their heads near Mrs. Lester, on the free seats. The harsh singing came again, with a good many false notes; and then a boy was heard to munch green gooseberries, and the gooseberries were taken from him by his mother, and he cried, and was carried out.

At last, when Mrs. Lester's face was hidden in her hands, the little Italian slipped quietly out of the pew, which was near the belfry, and up a little dark door, which stood open there. She had watched this door, and had seen steps beyond it, and wondered where the steps led to, and longed to go and see. So now she went.

The steps were steep, and some of them were broken; but she mounted up, up, up, feeling sure that she must find something at the top which was worth the trouble of climbing. At last she saw a strip of light before her. She had grown afraid of the darkness by this time, and giddy with mounting the stairs, which wound round and round and round; so she was glad to see that strip of light, and pushed against it. It was a door, standing a little ajar. She went through it, and found herself on a square floor, open to the sky. She was on the top of the tower; above her spread the great free sky, washed in a milky moonshine; and below, the wide heaving earth, and the gulflet on which

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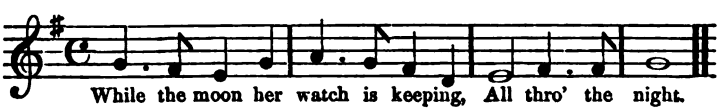
Brentholm stood, and the ocean itself beyond. There were no stars. The moon, newly risen, drew a long bright ladder upon the sea. Beneath the tower, the white grave-stones sprinkled the turf; on the other side stretched the church roof, black and bulky; and beneath that was the village, and voices were sometimes heard, and laughter. But the child turned from these, and went and leaned over that edge of the tower which was nearest to the water, with the feeling filling all her little heart, that she had found a friend who was not dumb to her. She did not love the sea when it was tumultuous, nor in the day-time: then it was to her that same wicked hungry thing which had drowned all the good ship's company, and her own mother; but at night, when the waves were gentle, the sea was the kind friend, whose beauties that dear mother had so often pointed out, and of which she had sung such sweet sweet songs. The little child let the tears fall down her cheeks like rain; she never cried before the strangers. Then the tears dried upon her face, and she listened to the soothing murmur of the sea. There seemed to be a great peace abroad, an eternal rest of silence, which would come and fill all her being if she could but open her heart to it.

The village noises were like a thin coarse veil of sound drawn over the silence; she put out her hand, as if to push this veil aside! Presently, one bright star came out. She thought it was the same star which her mother had pointed to, three days before the ship went down, saying, in her soft southern tongue: 'There may be a happy home in that star for you and me, my darling, when we are both blessed spirits, if only we can love the dear God well enough.'

She watched the star, until it seemed to grow and swell before her; for the tears came again, and in them the light spread, and dissolved, and grew large. Suddenly, there arose a sound in the village behind her, which was not a part of the obnoxious veil, but of the Rest itself; a sound of music, music such as she loved; not harsh discordant singing, or an old droning organ, but the sweet clear tones of a violin, playing a sad and simple air. It was the Welsh tune, 'All through the night.'

How beautiful it was! How full of peace it seemed! The child thought that the sky and music together must make up happiness and heaven.

CHAPTER VI.

At last, the little girl had a name given to her among the Brentholm people; and this was how it happened.

From the time when she first climbed to the roof of the church

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tower, she grew to love the place, and to feel happy there—which, poor little thing! she could feel nowhere else.

Not many days after, when the old sexton came into the churchyard, to dig a grave for a baby which had died, he found the Italian child sitting on the steps of the west door, where he had found her once before. She came up to him, pointed to the tower, said, 'Please, may I go?' (for she was beginning to learn English words now,) and pulled him gently by the coat.

He grumbled; but he could not resist her pretty look, and took the trouble to go back to his cottage to fetch the key of the church. Then he opened the door for her, still grumbling at children who gave so much trouble; and when the door groaned on its heavy hinges, she returned him her 'Grazie,' and turning to the little dark door in the belfry, fled upwards like a bird. The old man, watching her flying steps, muttered a puzzled 'Save us!'

There she sat upon the tower roof, quietly happy, watching the tide go out. Where the sun shone on the water, the water looked like molten silver; and where the light fell on the wet sand, from which the waves had gone back, the sand was like silver frosted.

At last, the grave was made; the sexton was going home. He put his hands to his mouth, and shouted twice, 'Ahay!' as the Brentholm sailors did. The second time the child heard him, and looked over the edge of the tower, and smiled quite gaily, and came running down the steps towards him.

The same thing happened again; and then the old man (having lost his dread of the 'Papish,' since he had once seen Mr. Dykes himself walk with her, hand in hand) took her to his cottage, and showed her the nail on which the church key hung, and made her understand that she might use it when she liked, if she always hung it there again. So there were few fine evenings on which she did not sit upon the top of the church tower.

Bill was glad for her to go; for although he still liked to watch her moving about his house, he found it dull sometimes, when she sat there quietly, and he could not speak to her. Once, Mrs. Lester, puffing and panting, came up the belfry stairs; but when she had seen that there was a high parapet round the tower roof, and had told the child, by signs and words and shakings of the head, that it would be very naughty of her to tumble over, she went down again, feeling her head dizzy at that great height, and troubled her pupil no more there; for, as she said, 'It was a safe place enough, and a good place too, being, as one may say, a bit of the Lord's house.' So the child sat there alone, hour after hour, and had wonderful and beautiful thoughts.

Above all, she loved the bells. They were new to her. In her own native land were no peals of bells such as we hear in almost every English village; yet they were so sweet, that their voices sounded home-like to her, and made the country where she was living seem like home.

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The first sound of a bell would send her into a deep delicious day-dream: if she was at her lesson by Mrs. Lester's knee, slowly spelling out words, whose meaning she partly repeated by rote, like a parrot, and partly was beginning dimly to understand, and the bells began, by any chance, to chime, she forgot her book at once, and even forgot the many pairs of children's eyes which stared at her, and the little wicked children's elbows which nudged one another.

One evening, there was a grand sunset; the child sat on the tower, watching it. The great star of day was dropping behind the hills on the opposite side of the gulf, all in a sky of beautiful crimson. Seven milk-white pear-shaped clouds seemed to be straining to reach the sun, standing in a circle round it. One little white cloud was sailing towards the sunset upon the crimson sea. The child watched it, and fancied a story about it. She fancied that it was shaped like a boat, and that there were figures in the boat, two of them; and that they were sailing away, on 'quiet waves of immortality,' to a wonderful happiness, hidden in the dazzling gold of the sunset; perhaps to that star, which her mother had spoken of as a home for good spirits, and which, though she could not see it, she felt sure must be behind that light. In her childish imagination, she fashioned the milky pear-shaped clouds into the folded wings of angels, standing at the gate of the country of the sun, ready to open to the two airy voyagers when they should draw near. She watched the little boat sail on.

She was sitting on a stool, which the old sexton had given her from the church; her chin was propped on her hand; her eyes were staring widely at the sky; she looked happy. The ripple sang a soft lullaby down below; the little harebells, the earliest of the year, were nodding between the graves; the whole place was thrilling with the songs of the grasshoppers. The cloudy boat rushed into the light, and was dissolved, and lost in it. The child lifted herself up, and clapped her hands with a laugh. Then she saw, for the first time, that someone was watching her—a lady, with something blue round her face, and that face such a sweet one.

For a moment, the child felt that she would like to kneel, and join her hands; the face was so like one which was painted over the altar in her own church in Italy. But then she saw that this was only a young English woman, and she stood silent and confused.

'Who is this?' said the lady; and then she laid one finger softly under the child's chin, and looked at her with a kind smile. 'What is your name, little one?'

The Italian blushed, and answered, in her soft language, but in a low voice, because she had found out now that no one understood her, 'I do not comprehend.'

The lady looked much surprised, but not with the blank surprise which the child had learned to know in other faces; and then she too spoke a few words in the Italian tongue.

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The child looked hard at her, and burst into a passion of tears. She had a shy nature; she could not bear to be seen when she cried; and now she turned as if to run away. But the lady held her by the hand, sat down on the little stool, drew the child to her, and made her sit on her knee. She pressed the child's head on to her shoulder, and let her cry there, murmuring now and then a few soothing Italian words.

The little girl began at once to feel that this was no stranger, but such as a dear friend might be; and the poor little heart, chilled and saddened by intercourse with persons who could not understand her, and whom she could not understand, grew soft and lighter as her tears fell gently, while she heard the dear words in which her own mother had spoken.

Presently, when she grew quiet, the lady began to ask her questions.

'Why do you sit up here all alone?' she said. 'Have you no little play-mates in the village?'

The child shook her head. 'I can't talk to the children,' she answered. And I like to sit here, because the sea and sky are so pretty; and it is near the bells.'

'Are you so fond of the bells?'

'Oh yes!' cried the little one ardently. 'They seem to say such beautiful things.'

The lady smiled.

'What is your name?' she asked.

'The mother used to call me Marietta,' she said, very low, as if she were going to cry again. 'But I think I should not like anyone to call me that now.'

'We will not call you that. I will tell you what we will call you; we will call you Campanella, because you love the bells so much. That will be a pretty name, will it not?'

So said the lady; for Campanella means Little Bell.

The child smiled, and said, 'Yes, that would be a very pretty name.'

'Now we must go down, I think,' the lady added; 'for the sun is gone down already, and it is getting cold. It is almost time for you to be in bed too.'

So she watched the little girl begin to descend the steps, and then she went down after her.

The child turned the big key in the lock of the church door, and hung it on her finger.

'Where are you going now?' asked the lady.

'To the house of the old man who rings the bells,' said the child.

'Good night, then. I shall soon see you again.'

The little Italian made her pretty curtsey, uttered a graceful, 'Buona Sera, Signora,' and ran lightly away. The lady turned towards the Rectory.

She was Miss Charteris, Mr. Dykes's niece, who had come to stay with him for a little while. That evening she was making tea for her

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uncle in the library. It was a pleasant room, with a window at each end; one of the windows was open to the garden, letting the moon peep in. There were books in cases against all the walls, and leather chairs, which were easy to the back; and on the table was a lighted lamp, and the tea-things; and on one side of the table sat the Rector, with his book, and on the other, sweet Miss Charteris, in a white dress, putting sugar in the cups.

'As I was walking through the churchyard this evening,' she began, 'I saw that the great west door was open, and went in; and then the fancy took me to go up the tower; and at the top, looking at the sunset, I found a little Italian girl, with the loveliest eyes I ever saw.'

'That was Bill Waters's child,' said the Rector.

Then he told the whole story of the storm, and the little raft with the child on it, which the waves had wafted in when the sea was calm again; and how Black Bill had found the little one, and taken her home to live with him.

'To live with him!' cried Miss Charteris. 'Is that right for such a delicate child?'

'At first, I thought as you do, dear, that it could not be right; and I wished Mrs. Lester to take charge of her at my expense. But as Mrs. Lester said: "The good God seems to have put her into Bill's hands; and perhaps He may have meant to bring the poor fellow to a better mind.' Then, when I saw how determined Bill was to keep the little one, I began to think with Mrs. Lester, that I should be fighting against a higher power than my own common sense, if I took the child from him.'

'Perhaps so,' answered Miss Charteris, humbly and thoughtfully.

Presently, she told how the little one had cried, when she heard her dear Italian tongue again; and that her true name was Marietta, but that Campanella was that by which she must now be called.

'That is a pretty name for her,' said Mr. Dykes. 'It seems to suit her. I am glad you are here, to act as interpreter between us and the poor little thing: we ignorant folks have been deaf and dumb to her hitherto.'

'Uncle,' said Miss Charteris suddenly, after a pause, 'I should like to teach her English.'

'Should you, my dear? It would take up much of your time.'

She was silent again for a minute. Then she said:

'I think it seems to be a work given to me to do. I should like to leave some traces behind me when I go away. Will you let me teach her?'

'You must ask Bill's leave, not mine,' answered the Rector, smiling.

'Yes, I must ask Bill. I will go and ask him to-morrow.'

'I should not like you to go to his cottage, love; it has rather a bad repute.'

'Not if you go with me, Uncle?'

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'Better not, I think. You can see him any day on the pier.'

So it came to pass on the morrow, that, as Bill was lounging about by the sea with a few companions as idle as himself, he found himself on a sudden face to face with the Rector, whom he did not love, and with a very gentle looking lady, who was smiling on him kindly.

'Good morning, Bill Waters,' she said. 'I have come here on purpose to see you.'

Bill's comrades slunk away; and he himself would have followed them, but that Miss Charteris was looking full in his face, and something in her eyes, and in the tone of her voice, made him stand still, and even scrape an awkward shuffle, which he meant for a bow. He had never shown so much deference to his rector.

'I saw that dear little girl yesterday, whom you found on the beach,' Miss Charteris went on. 'My uncle, Mr. Dykes, tells me you are very kind to her. We grew friends at once, she and I; for I speak Italian, the language of the country where she was born, and she was so glad to hear it again.'

Bill grinned from ear to ear, as Cheshire cats are said to do.

'And now I have come here to find you, that I may ask you to let me teach her to speak English. Then she can talk to you, and you to her; and she will feel less strange among us all than she does now, poor little thing! You will let her come to me at my uncle's, will you not?'

Bill scratched his head, and looked doubtful.

'Ye see, she do go to school, Miss.'

'Yes, I have heard how kind you are in sending her to school; but Mrs. Lester cannot speak to her in her own language, and so it is very hard for her to teach the little girl. Now I could do it so much more easily, because I speak Italian. That makes a difference, doesn't it?'

Bill waited a few moments, before he said, looking down uneasily at his sodden boots, 'I wouldn't like to send her anywheres without the twopence, cos—you see, she's like mine, Miss.'

Bill condescended to explain his pride to the young lady; he would not have done it to the parson.

Miss Charteris was puzzled for a moment, however, to understand him; and Mr. Dykes was quite puzzled; but the lady was the first to see that he was jealous of the child, and would not let her incur a favour from anyone.

'If you like to pay, pay me, then,' she answered sweetly.

Her uncle looked surprised, but said nothing, for he had promised to let her try in her own way to gain Bill's consent.

As for Bill, he stood with mouth wide open.

'I couldn't pay the likes of you, Miss.'

'Yes, you can, if I let you,' said Miss Charteris. 'I shall charge twopence a week, like Mrs. Lester. *Now* you will let the little girl come to me.'

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Bill Waters still stood doubtful; but looking round for some familiar face, which might bring back to him the old rude surliness which the young lady's gentle manner was fast conquering, he saw one of his comrades, one of those who had jeered him about the little blue jug and bason, nudging the man by his side, and whispering in his ear something which Bill clearly understood was meant for a joke against himself. That roused his anger.

'Hang it, my little 'un *shall* go to you, Miss, wherever you like!' he cried, scowling upon the two men behind him, who, seeing that Bill was what they called 'up,' began to look another way, and pretend they had not been remarking upon him.

'That's very kind of you,' said Miss Charteris. I thought you would not refuse. Then she shall come to me next Monday, please, at nine, instead of going to school; and she shall bring me the twopence. Have you found a name to call her by, yet?'

'No, I hain't, Miss,' answered Bill.

'Then perhaps you will call her by the name which I should like to give her. We cannot call her Jane, or Mary, or any of our English names, can we? They don't seem to suit a little dark-skinned girl like that. So I think Campanella would do nicely for her: it is an Italian word, and so it must suit her; and it means, "A little bell." I called her that, because she loves the bells so, and likes to sit on the top of the tower, that she may be near them. Campanella; will you call her that? Or, if that is too long to recollect, Nella will be pretty, won't it?'

Bill was not used to be consulted like this by his betters. He held up his head, and did not even think of his companions nudging one another behind his back, as he answered, 'It'll do nicely, Miss, thank'ee. I did, somehow, want of a name for her. "Little 'un" don't seem to do rightly, somehow.'

'It is not so pretty as Campanella, is it? Then you will send Campanella to me at nine, on Monday? Thank you so much. Good-bye.'

She gave him a smile, and a nod; and the Rector said good-bye very kindly; and Bill shuffled a parting bow in a respectful way, which surprised himself as much as anyone else.

One of his comrades, who stood near, said in a jeering way, 'Bill's agoin' to turn saint.'

But Bill began at once to turn up his sleeves, and declared that he would fight any man who said that again, in so fierce a way, that all were quite sure Bill was not a saint yet.

'That's a pleasant-spoken young lady; and she *shall* have my little 'un, if she likes,' he growled. And then he went to the nearest public-house, and had some rum.

(To be continued.)

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LENA'S SEVEN BIRTH-DAYS.

CHAPTER II.

I AM fifteen to-day. A whole year has passed away since I last wrote in my journal-book. I told Mamma yesterday that I had not written anything in my journal-book for a year, and that I should write to-day again; and she laughed, and said, 'My child, you must not call your book a journal-book if you only write once a year in it, because a journal is the history of each day, not that of one day alone in the year.' But really I have had no time to write this last year, partly because I have more lessons to do now than I had when I was younger; and then three months of last year, all August, all September, and October, I was in Scotland with Mamma and Papa, and did not even take my book with me. Oh, I was so happy those three months! I had hardly any lessons to do, and those that I did do were with Mamma, and not with any governess, for Miss Blunt went away before we left home, and Madame Charles, my present governess, did not come till after we had been at home again a whole month. She makes me work very hard indeed, and what I hate so much is that she will never let me speak to her in English, but always in French; it is French from morning till night, and I do get so tired of it sometimes; but Mamma tells me not to mind that, because if I go abroad ever I shall be so glad then that I learnt French, and can speak it myself, and understand French people when they speak it to me. Other things, and great things too, have happened this year, for I have a little sister just three months old, and she is such a darling! Mamma is so very fond of her, and Papa too—and even Herbert loves Baby. I am no longer Nurse's child, for she only takes care of Baby; and I have a maid of my own—Susan Carter by name—and this makes me feel sometimes as though I was really beginning to grow up and get old. Nurse told me the other day that I have had three little baby sisters, who have all died, one when I was only a year old, and one when I was three, and another afterwards, and that the death of these three little ones one after another made darling Mamma look so grave and sad, and made her very unhappy; so I do hope sweet little baby will live, and Nurse says she never saw a more downright healthy child, or a more beautiful one, and I am sure Mamma looks much happier, and laughs more, and sings so cheerily to Baby.

A month ago I was confirmed by our bishop in our own beautiful church. Edith and I were confirmed together, and the very same day Baby was christened, and her name is 'Agnes Maude.' It was dear Mamma's wish that Baby's christening and my confirmation should be on the same day, and I am so glad it was so. Charley stood godfather to Baby, and Lady Unwin and Aunt Trevor were the godmothers. Charley is in the army now, and always so busy, that he does not often come

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here, but he is coming to-day, and Edith too, because they always come for my birth-day; and Edith is going to stay for a whole year, and be Madame Charles' pupil. Won't it be nice to have her! and she wishes to come as much as I wish for her. Mamma has had the white room just opposite mine made very pretty for her, and given her a sofa and an arm-chair, and a writing table, and hung up such pretty pictures.

Dearest Edith lost her own mother when she was ten years old, and ever since then she has lived with Uncle and Aunt Trevor. Aunt Trevor and Mamma are sisters, and Edith's Mamma, Mrs. Grey, was their first cousin, and a very great friend of Aunt Trevor's; so when Charley's and Edith's Mamma died, Aunt Trevor took them both to be her children, because she has no children; and their Papa, Mr. Grey, was a judge in India, and soon after he heard of his wife's death in England, he died too.

How sad all this must have been for Charley and Edith! and I know Charley has been very unhappy, he often says little things which make me feel that he was; but Edith seems as though she had never been unhappy, but always glad and bright. I suppose people and children are very unlike each other, for I am sure Mamma is not at all like Papa, nor Herbert like Charley, nor Edith like me.

And now, journal, I must tell you something about my presents this morning. Quite—quite early I heard the door of my room open so gently, and I peeped and saw darling Mamma in her white dressing-gown, creeping—creeping in as though she did not want to awake me; and she put some books on my table, and a little leather case, and then she stole up to the bed, and I could not pretend to be asleep any longer, but jumped up and threw my arms round her neck and kissed her over and over again. 'I wanted to surprise you, my pet,' she said; 'I did not think you would be awake;' then she sat down on my bed and talked to me, oh, so nicely! and after a little while she went away, but not till she had shewn me her presents. The books were a beautiful Bible and Prayer-book, with my name in, and the day of my confirmation marked on the first page, and then one of mother's own favourite texts. The little leathern case contained a lovely watch, just what I wanted, because Madame says I am so often late when I go out for a ride or a long walk, and it is because I never know what o'clock it is. But I think my treat at breakfast-time was the greatest of all, for when I was going to sit down to my breakfast, Papa sent for me—he was in the hall—and he told me to come out with him, so we went out, and there before the garden-gate was Herbert with a lady's habit skirt on, riding a white pony up and down. 'That's for my fifteen year old little daughter,' said my dear Papa. 'It is Papa's present to her, and it is trained and fit to carry her safely over hill and dale. I could hardly speak, I was so very much surprised and delighted. Papa, who expected me to say something, then asked me if I had no thanks to give him, and whether I was disappointed; and you may be sure I told

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him that I was not, and that I did give him a thousand thanks and a number of kisses.

Then we went in to breakfast, and we settled how we would spend the day. It was so very warm and lovely that dear Mamma suggested a pic-nic for us and for as many friends as we could ask before twelve o'clock. Herbert liked this suggestion immensely, and said he would be off immediately he had swallowed some breakfast, and ask the Lawrences, and the Milwards, and the Lees, and the Melvilles, to join in our pic-nic; but said Papa, 'Can you get food enough ready for so large a party at so short a notice, Mamma?' 'Yes, I can,' Mamma answered, 'because I had thought over this scheme yesterday, and had mentioned it to Overstone, (for that is our housekeeper's name,) but I said nothing about it to Herbert and Lena till we saw what kind of a day to-day would be, for I knew how thoroughly they both enjoy a pic-nic, and how very much disappointed they would have been if they had set their hearts upon it, and were then obliged to give it up. But this morning Overstone and I had a consultation together, and two couple of fowls are roasted, and a tongue, and two large cakes, and ham sandwiches with hard eggs, and a pigeon-pie, and many other little etceteras, are already prepared, and she is working away now at some pastry.' 'But why give them pastry trash, Mamma?' asked Papa, who is always crying out against things as being so dreadfully unwholesome, and calls pastry downright poison. Now dear Mamma knows that all we young ones like it, so she only said, 'You need not eat any, my love, but Herbert would think himself very badly treated if he were defrauded of his favourite pastries; and my little girlie—in whose honour we are giving this pic-nic—is no foe to pastry, as Mamma and Overstone very well know. So as it is the young ones' party let them have what they like; and you, dear Papa, shall have some of that cold beef you have been praising at breakfast.' So she soothed Papa down as she always does, and manages to make everything pleasant. And at this moment in comes the old butler, who is very fond of us children, and likes us to be happy, and asks what wine he is to put out, and how many bottles of champagne. 'Champagne!' said Papa, quite indignantly, 'I will have no champagne. What shall we want next? they must do with sherry.' 'But, Sir,' said Willis, (for that's the old butler's name,) 'Master Herbert came to me a few minutes ago, and told me to be sure and have some champagne and claret, because many of the gentry he was going to ask to the pic-nic would expect it; and you won't like to disappoint him, will you, Sir?' The cunning old man, I know he said this on purpose, because it is no secret to him that Herbert always has his own way; and true enough Papa said, 'Well, Willis, I suppose it must be so, but days are very much changed since you and I were young. I should as soon have thought of cutting off my head as of asking my father for champagne at a pic-nic.' 'Wines are cheaper now, Sir, than they were then,' was Willis's reply; and I saw a quiet smile on his face as he left

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the room, as though he had managed it; and Mamma smiled too, though I know she is sometimes troubled about Herbert, and thinks he has his own way too much.

Willis was but just gone when the door-bell rang, and Charley and Edith were ushered into the breakfast-room; they were both of them greatly astonished to see us still at breakfast, but I told them we had had so many interruptions, and so much to do, that we could not get on with our breakfast. Charley asked me how I liked my pony, and I could not imagine how he came to know anything about it, for I had not told him; then I learnt that it was he who had chosen it, and who had had it broken so nicely for me, and that he had ridden it himself many times with a lady's skirt on before he had sent it home. Charley is much more thoughtful both for Edith and for me than Herbert is, but then he is older. Papa had some business matters to talk over with Charley, and Edith wanted to get her things unpacked, so we two girls came up-stairs; and whilst Edith has got Susan to help her in arranging and unpacking, I am writing in my book, which I suppose I must not call a journal; and now I see my new little watch tells me that it is high time for me to get ready for the carriage—it is a quarter to twelve, and we start at twelve punctually. Nursie came in and asked me whether I was too old to wear a wreath of her making this morning, and I told the dear old thing that I should be so disappointed if she did not make it for me, and that I was so glad she had not quite given me up for Baby's sake; whereat she kissed me, and said, 'Give you up, my blessed bairn! You who have been my charge these fifteen years, and never given me a moment's unhappiness. I shall never forget you, my darling, even for that beautiful baby.' The tears were in her eyes, and she held my hand so tight. She quite touched me, and on my table is a sweetly pretty new vase for flowers, filled with moss roses, her present. How kind people are to me!

It is night now; the pic-nic was very successful, but I am really too tired and sleepy to say anything about it. I must wait till to-morrow.

I suppose one pic-nic is very like another, and though I thought last night I had a great deal to say about ours of yesterday—to-day, and now that it is over, I don't think I have so much to say, or rather to write about. Eight different carriages met at the spot we had fixed upon as the place of meeting, and six riders; so we made quite an imposing procession for three miles of road; then the first carriage stopped, and afterwards we all stopped and got out and walked on for a little while till we came to a most inviting shady place, carpeted with blue-bells and wood sorrel, and sweet with lilacs and May flowers, and the silvery Thames flowing grandly by. The scenery was half forest scenery, and the trees chiefly beeches; and Charley made me notice that they had all been pollarded or lost their heads; and when I asked him how this had come to pass, and whether one great storm had rushed by like a whirlwind and rent the entire forest asunder, he said, 'Yes, it was a great storm that had done it, but a storm of man's creation, not of Nature's, for

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the storm of passion which caused the death of Charles the First, wrought such bitter woe in the heart of the then owner of those trees and of that land, that he, to show his sympathy with the royal martyr, and his hatred of the black deed done that day in England, cut the head off every one of his grand and noble beech trees.' 'Is this really true, Charley?' I asked. 'I have been told so, Lena, and I know it is the belief of many that this deed was done, and that thus these trees were pollarded; and more than this I can't say,' was his answer; and then he continued, 'But is it not strange how differently men see things, how some folk deem white what others deem black, how some call a deed grand which others call wicked? for an acquaintance of mine said to me not long ago as we passed by Whitehall Chapel together, "I always take off my hat as I pass this building in honour of the great deed done by the people of England here on this spot," meaning, of course, the execution of Charles the First.' 'O Charley,' I exclaimed, 'what a man! how could he say anything so dreadful? and besides, it was Cromwell that did it, it was not the people of England.' I was very much provoked that this interesting talk to me with Charley was put an end to here by Herbert, who came up and said, 'Lena, what are you disclaiming about with such grandiloquence? there—(pointing to a rock)—there's your pulpit, take your stand and preach to us. You will have quite a large congregation. What shall your text be? May I find it for you?' 'Herbert, be quiet!' I said, feeling so angry; for he really is very unbearable at times, and particularly so when a mocking mood comes over him; but Charley, who saw that I was angry, and so did not wish me to speak, took Herbert away on some pretence or other, and left me to get right and quiet again; and so I did, and felt very thankful to Charley that he had prevented angry words, which sometimes are very ready to come, and then so hard to forget and forgive.

I was quite pleased when Papa set us all to work at unpacking the baskets, and laying the cloth, and making ready for our early dinner; and really Mamma had provided such an abundance of good things for us, that we were all surprised, and none of us quarreled with our champagne, not even Papa, who drank two glasses of it, one, as he said, to my good health, and another in honour of all our guests.

After dinner, which took us a long time, we roved about and chatted, and then someone proposed a row on the river if we could get some boats. Herbert said he knew a gentleman who lived close by, and who had some boats of his own, and he would go and ask him if he might have them for the afternoon; and away he went, and it was half an hour before he returned with leave from this gentleman. We were soon at the boat-house, and ten of us got into the boats, the others said they had rather not go. The row was delicious, and we were very merry. Those in the boat behind the one I was in began to sing glees, and we answered them, and the voices sounded most sweet on the water. On and on we went, till Charley suggested the necessity of returning; and this was not

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so easy a matter, for now the rowers had to pull against a strong stream, which had carried us much further down the river than we had meant to go. It was getting late before we neared the spot where we left our friends, and I fully expected Papa would be fidgety and not pleased that we had been so long away; and so it was, and even Herbert had some difficulty in calming him down, and in making him understand why we were so late.

Three of the carriages had gone home, and the others were all ready to start; but, nevertheless, we who had been in the boats stayed behind, and had a cup of such delicious tea, which we found the kind gentleman who had lent us the boats had ordered to be ready for us at the boat-house when we returned from our row. It was eight o'clock before we were seated in the carriages, and then we had a two hours drive before us. Mamma was so glad to welcome us back, and we were very tired, and so I could not wear Nursie's wreath, but I told her if she would put a few fresh flowers in I would wear it the next day in the evening—that is to-day—because there is going to be a dinner party. As we came home in the carriage, Charley said to me, 'That he had a strange birth-day present to give me, and a strange request to make to me, which was, that I would accept this present, and take care of it, and not be frightened even if it should give me some trouble. I could not imagine what was coming, and so I said, 'What are you going to give me, Charley? is it a lion?' 'No,' said he, 'it is a lamb; for it is a little three year old girlie.' I looked so astonished, and he laughed out loud at my look, and exclaimed, 'Why, Lena, you do seem surprised!' 'And so I am, Charley; and who is this child? and what am I to do with her?' Then Charley told me she was a little orphan girl, the daughter of an old servant of his mother's. That the children (for there are three of them) were absolutely destitute, and must be sent to the workhouse if some kind friends would not step forward and rescue them from such a sad fate. He told me that the father and mother of these children were most respectable people. She had been a housemaid, and he a gardener, but they had not prospered; the father died some two years ago, and the mother only a few weeks back, and there is no one to care about this little girl—little Kitty, as she is called. So Charley had spoken to Mamma and Papa before he said anything to me, and asked them if I might have the charge of this little child, and they had consented. 'So now, Lena,' asked Charley, 'will you accept my present, or are you afraid to undertake this responsibility?' 'No,' I answered, 'I am not afraid whilst I have Mamma and you to help me, and to tell me what I ought to do.' 'To-morrow we will have a great consultation on the subject,' Charley replied, looking so pleased that I had not rejected his present, and showing me that he was pleased by his eye and smile and manner. Then he took my hand, and drew off my glove, and he put such a lovely ring on my finger—a large opal set in massive gold; the stone with the hidden light, he called the opal. 'That, Lena dear, is to

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remind you always of the duty and the charge you have this day undertaken. You will never regret it, though it may sometimes be a tax upon your time, and thoughts, and fingers, and purse.'

This morning Charley and I walked down to the lodge to see if Mrs. Allen (who lives at the lodge, and who has one little girl of her own) would undertake the charge of my orphan, and be a mother to her. Mrs. Allen is quite willing to do this, and as she is a very kind-hearted motherly woman, I hope the little orphan girl will be really happy with her. Mamma will pay Mrs. Allen so much a week for her keep, and I shall get all her clothes made for her. As we were walking to the lodge, I told Charley that I had had three little sisters, and that they had all died; and I said, 'How strange it was that children should be born only to die, or should live to be two and three and four years old and then die, and that I had heard of whole families of children being swept away by one disease or other.' Then he said that he had felt himself that the death of sweet little children was indeed a strange thing, that he once lost a beautiful little sister, whom he loved exceedingly, and who looked after she was dead and as she lay on her bed strewed over with white flowers, just like an exquisite pure white statue, and that he had felt her death so very much, and missed her brightness and her innocence, and her laughing lovely look and voice and manner, for months and months after she had been in her grave. All that Charley said to me made me feel sad, for he talked more gravely to me than I had ever known him to do before, and he spoke of the battle of life. I hardly know what 'the battle of life' means yet, and I am afraid of it; but I am sure Charley knows, he looked so much in earnest whilst he was talking, and he muttered to himself more than to me, 'No cross, no crown.' I suppose this strange knowledge will come to me in time; there are moments now when I understand what it is to be old, moments that come and go, but I feel glad when they go, and this bright sunny day I am quite happy again.

After to-day I may not have time to write much for the present in this book of mine, because to-morrow morning Edith and I are going to set to work most diligently; we are to have lessons in music and drawing from very good masters, and we both expect to have our hands quite full. Nevertheless, we have made a resolution to work one day in the week for our orphans, for Edith has had an orphan to look after and to clothe for some time; and Mamma promises to read to us if she possibly can on that afternoon some very interesting story. Charley joins his regiment in Ireland to-day, so we shall not see him again for a long time; but Harry Leslie is coming to read with Herbert and stay here all the summer, and I am glad of this, because Herbert won't want so much from us two girls as he would have done if he had had no companion and nothing to do.

(To be continued.)

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A CHARADE.

Long had raged the fight amain
Up and down the yellow plain,
Where broad flakes of crimson stain
Thickly lay;
Every warrior in his place
Died without one cry for grace;
None in triumph, or in chase,
Word did say;
Never gun in thunder spoke,
Not a trump the silence broke,
Still and stern those hearts of oak
Did their worst:
Save when at some princely foe
Had been aimed a mortal blow,
Then was heard their war-cry low
Of the *First*.

With a heart that would not quail,
Though his troops began to fail,
Marked by crown and sable mail
Stood the King;
Proudly still the foe defied,
Though his guards around him died,
And many a gap and wide
Broke their ring;
Though slain was every knight,
And the peers, who left and right
Like twin towers had stemmed the fight,
Vanished thence;
And the priest, who for his lord
Turned his crozier to a sword,
Had found mitred helm afford
Scant defence.

But the monarch's eye grew bright,
For his *Second's* peerless might
Now turned the tide of fight
'Gainst the foe;
As the boldest shrank, afraid
To meet that tranchant blade,
Which their best on earth had laid
At a blow.

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Not the warrior-maid of France,
Not the heroines of Romance,
Ever won with sword or lance
Brighter fame.
Britomart or Bradamant
Could not prouder trophies vaunt,
Nor would fierce Clorinda daunt
Such a dame.

There crossed her path that hour
A lord of mickle power,
Fain safe in battled tower
Had been he:
The hapless yeoman died,
Too slow to scape her stride,
And a warrior prelate sighed
For his see.
Vainly would a felon knight
That dame at vantage smite;—
Well for him his courser light
Swift did start;—
But, as too rashly brave
She passed a yeoman knave,
One sidelong stroke he gave
Reached her heart.

Her monarch saw her fall,
And hope abandoned all,
Yet for quarter did not call
Or beseech;
Still before the charging foe
But one step would backward go,
Still each enemy laid low
In his reach;
So, though friends and hopes were gone,
With face not sad nor wan,
All alone he battled on,
Gallant soul!
And pent between two mounds,
The plain's extremest bounds,
Mute as wolf 'mid mangling hounds,
Met the *Whole*.

F. E. A.

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THE STILT WALKERS.

(By F. M. P., Author of 'One Year.')

CHAPTER I.

ON THE LANDES.

In the lower provinces of sunny France there lies a strange region, unlike any other part of the country. The Landes are well known by name and by description, but no description will give an adequate idea of the weird desolation that envelopes them. A vast plain of heath and dwarf furze, like a great motionless sea—almost, indeed, transformed into a sea during the long rainy season—unbroken as far as eye can reach, except by groups of maimed pine trees, by a few rude huts, or a shepherd stalking along upon his high stilts; a wilderness of black sand, of treacherous swamps, of yellow water, rushy, leech-inhabited ponds, where heron, crane, and bittern move solemnly about between the reeds, and out of whose depths fever-laden mists disperse themselves abroad across the Landes.

Geologists will tell you that it has been the work of ages to accumulate the washings down of the great Pyrenean barrier, and by help of sea and storm to fill up an enormous estuary, and smoothe it into this strange level. Certain it is that the soil is terrible. It consists of a layer of sand two feet deep, and below this a crust of solid sandstone, which effectually prevents the water from draining off, and converts the surface into a swamp. Not so very many years ago might be found in these desolate regions, and about the dunes or great sand-hills which protect it from the ocean, herds of wild cattle and wild horses, fleet and untamed as the creatures of the prairie, but these have now been killed or captured; by slow degrees civilization is vanquishing the Landes; and though the battle is stubborn, and prolonged over every inch of ground, it is likely that before very long the whole character of the province will be changed.

The people who dwell in the Landes—and the population is scanty—have little choice of pursuits. They are shepherds, wood-cutters, turpentine gatherers, sometimes all three at once. In the neighbourhood of the larger ponds they add fishing to the list, and feast upon the eels they catch by hundreds. In favoured spots they contrive to grow a meagre supply of maize, millet, or rye: their drink is poisonous stagnant water mixed with nothing better than vinegar. One resource they have in the abundance of game which flock to these desolate regions: the wild fowl love to shelter themselves in their reedy morasses; grand white swans drown the softer call of the plover with shrill screams; the great bustard sails away heavily over-head; pheasants and red

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partridges rustle among the heather. Birds, at all events, thrive upon the Landes, and so do foxes and squirrels; but the poor sheep and cows have a hard time of it, owing to the want of wholesome water, and the scanty herbage—the prickly spinous blades can scarcely be called grass—upon which they exist. Their masters meanwhile are an ignorant, isolated, and fever-stricken race.

In the heart of the Landes, by the side of a shallow brownish grey pool, in the midst of lissome heath, and with a pine plantation at no great distance, stood three rudely-built huts. In one lived an old couple—Jean and Susanne Gaucheran; in that adjoining, their son Pierre with his newly-married wife and her old father. The third abode was occupied by another shepherd, his wife, four or five children, and a youth named Paul Pitté, who was said by the Birans to be a cousin.

Late in the afternoon of a very beautiful October day, in which the softness of the air had quite equalled that of an English June, the spot was steeped in such absolute silence, as to go far towards proving that no human being shared the solitude with the natural inhabitants of the place. These were a family of rabbits, whose frolics during the last hour had been sufficiently undisturbed to corroborate the idea, and who now perched themselves like senators upon a little mound of sand, which would have scarcely earned the name in any place not so emphatically a dead level. Nevertheless, the huts were not altogether uninhabited. With a soft scampering rush the rabbits betook themselves to shelter, almost at the same moment that a woman with a red handkerchief knotted round her head appeared at a door-way, and shading her face with her hands to shut out the long rays of the setting sun, looked steadily towards the west.

The woman—she was but a girl—was Madelon, Pierre Gaucheran's young wife; and though at first sight she might have been called pretty, it would not have taken long to discover that the charm of her face consisted rather in a sweet frankness of expression than in any regular beauty of feature. She stood with the full sunset light upon her, gazing out from under her clasped hands upon the broad expanse. All around the heavens were blazing with ruddy tints of scarlet and tawny gold. The clouds were high and few, their dappled soft grey layers edged with keen lines of living light; while from behind one, which, more opaque than the rest, floated just over the sinking ball, a shaft of spear-like rays shot out dark and distinct against the sky. Madelon, however, strained her eyes not to look at the sun, but at some black objects just visible between herself and the horizon; and having apparently made them out to her satisfaction, to judge by the smile which deepened in her eyes, went again into the house.

A querulous voice greeted her. 'I want some water—give me some water! How wicked it is of you, Mad'lon, to go away and leave nothing within my reach. You will be a bad wife for Pierre!'

'Oh, no, I hope not,' said the girl earnestly; 'do not say that, Mother, whatever you do. Why, you have only just awakened! I have

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been sitting by you for nearly an hour, until I ran out to see whether Pierre was coming with the medicine.'

'Sitting here!' grumbled the old woman; 'and what have you been doing? Idling, I'll lay a wager.'

Madelon must have been accustomed to her mother-in-law's testiness, for she only smiled and held up her work.

'Idling! Look at the great piece of plaiting I have done—enough for a basket. Pierre gathered me those red grasses that look so pretty in the middle.'

'Pierre—Pierre is a fool,' said the sick woman, crossly. 'How you do talk, talk! Give me the water, and go out and see if they are coming; you might see how I want my medicine if you weren't so taken up with your own concerns.'

There was no pleasing la Mère Gaucheran: Madelon did what she was told obediently. When she stationed herself again at the open door, however, it must be acknowledged that she left herself open to the charge of idleness. The plaiting slipped from her fingers, she leant her head against the door-post, and fastened her eyes upon two long-legged figures which came striding towards her over the plain.

A voice at her elbow made her start.

'Eh, Paul,' said she a little angrily, 'you shouldn't come upon one like that.'

'What, our Madelon frightened?' said the new comer in a mocking tone. 'Keep your eyes at home, *ma belle*, and they'll warn you in time.'

An indignant look flashed out of the girl's soft eyes at his manner, but she was too well accustomed to the rough ways of her neighbours to answer him. She turned her shoulder a little away, and they stood side by side, he watching her, she the approaching figures.

Paul Pitté was a young man, with an old look upon his sallow beardless face; his figure was slight and supple, his movements restless. Every nerve quivered with impatience as he stood there reading Madelon's absorbed gaze. She, meanwhile, had forgotten him, and presently without a word darted off to meet the two men; and Pierre Gaucheran, resting his hand on her head, unbuckled his stilts, and springing to the ground, returned his young wife's pretty welcome with a rough tenderness which made Paul's eyes glitter dangerously.

'He's a fool!' he muttered to himself, unconsciously repeating the old woman's words, 'a big, brainless fool!' He said it over and over again under his breath as if it comforted him, when suddenly, seeing Madelon nestle closer to her husband, and lay her head upon his shoulder, a violent trembling seized him. It seemed as though something had stopped his breath, and sent the blood out of his face. She would have been startled then had she looked up and caught the fierce expression of revenge, but she did not glance that way; and presently Paul moved off, following into a hut the old shepherd, Madelon's father, an uncouth strange-looking little old man, with a rough sheep skin flung across

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his shoulders, and a scarred wiry face growing out of a bush of grey hair.

'You come back?' said he, unstrapping a great blue umbrella from his side; 'Antoine stays with the sheep, I suppose?'

'Yes, out there with Père Gaucheran.' Paul pointed over his shoulder.

'And the wife?'

'I saw her and the children near. No chance of keeping her clattering tongue long out of the way.'

Old Baudoin laughed hoarsely. 'There, you are at it again, Paul! How you do run down the women, to be sure! At one time I thought you had taken a fancy for my girl, but you would have been a fool for your pains, so it's best as it is. Why, man, she cares more for his little finger than for all the world put together; your brown face would never have had a chance. Ha, ha, Paul!'

The young man moved restlessly on his seat, while the old shepherd, whose raillery was not softened by any refinement of feeling, went on pitilessly, 'I told Pierre to-day what I used to fancy.'

'And he—?' Paul asked quickly, with a rapid impatient movement.

'He? Bah! he laughed. What should he care? Do you think he would be frightened at you, Master Paul? Pierre can look out for himself.'

'Let him!' broke in the young man passionately. 'I am no baby, to be crying after your Madelon. Let her marry the fool, and welcome!'

The welcome sounded more like a curse, as he dashed out of the hut with fierce vehemence. Such quarrels were not infrequent among the dwellers in that wild spot, and old Baudoin was in no wise discomposed. He laughed again—his loud hoarse chuckle; the old man was a bit of a cynic in his way. 'A girl's face, and a smile round a corner; Holy Virgin! that it should take no more than that to put a man off his senses! And yet they call us reasonable beings. Well, I've heard my mother say, "As your teeth go, your wits grow," and she was a wise woman—for a woman, that is; it takes a deal of seasoning to get a little sense into the brains. Ha, ha, Master Paul, you think yourself a deep one, but something has put you off your guard for once, and you aired your thoughts out of doors a little too clearly! The girl pleased herself, else I should not have minded Paul; he has more wits than good thick-headed Pierre, but fewer sheep—there was the rub—there was the rub. I wish Madelon would come and get me some soup.'

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when Madelon ran in, her face bright with happiness.

'Pierre is coming in a minute,' said she.

'Well, I've had so much of his company, that I sha'n't toss my hat to the moon for joy at the news.'

'For shame, Father, you want your dinner.'

'A great deal more than I want Pierre.'

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'You shall have both together, I promise you. I thought Paul was with you.'

'He has gone off in a rage.'

Madelon was taking the soup off the fire; she turned round hastily as she heard this.

'What have you been saying to him, Father? Anything about Pierre?'

'It was rather something about you.'

'Oh.'

'You don't seem satisfied?' Old Baudoin had taken some coarse knitting out of his pocket, and was working away with knotted stiff fingers.

'I don't like Paul's rages.'

'Why not? They won't harm you.'

'They harm himself if they harm nobody else.'

'All the better. It is a grand thing when people contrive their own punishments.'

'Don't say that, Father,' said Madelon earnestly; 'the priest tells us how sorry we should be for them.'

'It is so long since I heard the priest that I forget all he told me last time.'

'He said,' replied Madelon, setting down the dish, and resting her two hands on the table, 'that we can all help others to be either good or bad.'

'*Bon!* A very little assistance will be all that Paul requires to dispose of himself yonder:' he turned his thumb downwards with a significant gesture.

'Father!'

'Hold your tongue, Madelon; give me a bit of bread, and cease preaching. Do you hear? Quick, I say. What, do you think because you have a husband that you are to set up your opinions—little chit that you are? I have a mind to—'

The old man's wrath died away in a grumbling mutter, for Pierre lounged into the hut, and he never dared to abuse Madelon before her husband. To the girl's astonishment Paul came with Pierre; the three men sat down to their frugal meal, of sour bread, poor soup, and water mixed with vinegar; and while she waited on them, talked volubly of Landes' interests, sheep, turpentine, and such rumours of politics as were blown to them across the wilds. Rude men they were, who spoke roughly and broadly, indifferent to the conventionalities with which society dresses its topics; ignorant, too, and fierce in expression. More than once Madelon, leaning on the back of her husband's chair, laid her hand upon his shoulder in mute entreaty. Yet, at times, in spite of uncouth boorishness, there was a vigorous straightforward handling of a subject about their speech which went to the heart of the matter like the blow of a mighty mallet, and would have astonished many a subtile reasoner. Paul appeared to have recovered his equanimity—at least,

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nothing of the late storm was apparent beyond an occasional covert sneer at Pierre, of which the object was perfectly unconscious, but which was not lost upon the old man, and made Madelon, quick-witted through love, stamp her foot with vexation. Having eaten his fill, Baudoin asked for la Mère Gaucheran.

'The fever hangs on her,' said Pierre.

'Yes, yes, the fever knows its business. The next journey you and I make to B——, my son, will be to provide the last affairs for her.'

Pierre nodded his head, though he looked troubled. To the hearers there did not seem anything repulsive in such plain speaking.

'Did you tell her the Maire was dead?' continued Maître Baudoin.

'Yes.'

'Ah, did she notice it?'

'She notices everything,' said Madelon, slipping her arm into her husband's, as he stood upright, yawning, and stretching himself like a great mastiff.

'To be sure,' Pierre answered. 'She said there was one thing the rich could not buy off, and that was death.'

'One can see where Pierre's wits come from,' sneered Paul. 'By-and-by he will cut us all into bits by merely looking at us.'

Pierre laughed—an honest unsuspecting laugh. 'What are you looking at, Paul?'

'These are not your stilts; here is a morsel of leather like mine.'

'I thought there was a bit of a crack coming, and when we were at B—— I got Jacques Clermont to put a piece to succour it.'

'You have spoilt your nice *échasses*,' said Madelon reproachfully.

'Bah, bah, you women think so much of appearances. 'Tis a deal worse, isn't it, than seeing me all fours on the prickles?'

Madelon looked up in her husband's face with a bright saucy smile. The evil expression came over Paul's face again as he caught sight of it. He felt a wild rage in his heart, as if he could have struck them both down together; and he set his teeth and turned away, lest the longing should overpower him. Old Baudoin watched him all the while, though he seemed to be taken up with his knitting, peering at him from under his shaggy eyebrows, and half chuckling to himself, as though it afforded him as great satisfaction to decipher the workings of the young man's mind, as another would take in making out the secrets of a delicate piece of machinery.

'He's very far gone,' the old shepherd muttered to himself, 'and there'll be a black cloud between his heart and the sun for many a long day. What's the use of it all? I didn't think he had been such a fool. What is to be, is; and what isn't, isn't; that's good doctrine enough for me: if he'd go by it, he'd have more quiet sleep than is like to come to him now. I'm tired,' he said aloud, 'and I'm going to bed.'

'We shall be with Mother to-night, Father,' said Madelon; 'she's left by herself, and the restless fit is coming on. Good-night.'

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'Go along with you,' grumbled the old man; 'if it had not been for you, I should have been asleep an hour ago.'

'Say good-night, Father,' pleaded the girl gently. She set a pitcher, with a little precious water at the bottom of it, which she was taking in to the sick woman, upon an old pine chest, and went up coaxingly to the old man. Pierre sauntered over to the door. Paul stood leaning against the wall in a dark corner, out of the reach of the dim rays of the lamp which fell upon Madelon, caught the outline of her slight figure, and played upon her glossy dark hair, as she bent forward a little towards her father.

'Good-night, and much good may it do you,' said he ungraciously. 'Can't you leave me alone?'

She drew back with a little sigh; and after a moment's pause went softly towards a rudely-carved crucifix which hung against the wall, knelt down before it, crossed herself rapidly, and then burying her head in her hands, remained for a few minutes in silent prayer. No one interrupted her, or moved until she rose from her knees, took up the jug again, and joined her husband at the door.

Then Paul crept after them; old Baudoin extinguished the lamp, and flung himself heavily down upon a bed of heather in the same room. Before ten minutes had passed, he was breathing deeply in a sound dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER II.

POISONS HAVE ANTIDOTES.

DARK night on the Landes, with the moon not yet risen, and myriads of stars sprinkled over an immense expanse of sky. A black unbroken level stretching all round to the horizon. Silence so deep, that it was oppressive. The sea without its movement; the desert without its caravans; nothing could be more still, more awful, less worldly.

But three huts stood there under the star-lit heavens; and where men are, there are found also two dread visitants, death and sin. In an inner room of one, la Mère Gaucheran lay, talking busily and incoherently under her breath; while Madelon sat by watching, and moistening her lips now and then with a drop of water, and Pierre having tried vigorously to share her vigil, lay with his head on the bed, fast asleep. At the door of the second hut a figure crouched, listening with strained ears to the heavy breathing within, and noiselessly drawing by slow degrees into the hut itself. Hush! Is the old man awakening? No; he only flung his arm against the wall in his sleep, but the sound was enough to arrest the dark figure, and to hold it breathless while you might count half a hundred. All is still again, and slowly, slowly the man creeps on, feeling his way with quick noiseless touch; past the old chest, past the table, past the little arched brick stove, past the crucifix

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upon the wall, over the spot where Madelon had knelt—and as he crossed it he stooped lower, and passionately kissed the ground—until he reached the head of the bed. Once more the old man stirred uneasily; Paul's thin fingers twisted themselves together, he held himself back against the wall, then after another and a longer pause he put out his hand, and softly removed something from the corner of the bed. Grasping it tightly he stole back again, quickly but as carefully as he entered, and when he emerged from the door upon the sandy Landes, leapt exultingly into the air.

And yet his prize consisted of no more than Pierre's new stilts.

He did not return to his own dwelling, but went behind it, sat down in its shadow upon a little patch of grass, and worked away for half an hour without stirring from the spot; then got up, again entered old Baudoin's hut, looking, under the dim starlight, as he did so, like some dark shape of evil, remained there the same time as before, and came back empty-handed. Even then he did not directly go back to his hut, but stood listening outside the Gaucherans' door, until the first perceptible glimmer of light recalled him to himself with a start, and gliding stealthily away, he entered the Birans' hut, and threw himself upon his bed.

What had been Paul Pitté's night work?

What could have made him steal in like a robber to the place where he might at any time come and go at will? What induced him to labour in so strange a fashion in the shadow of the hut under the stars? What was to come of it all? Father, deliver us from evil—*us*, not me only;—oh, how often, surely, would that cry go up if we thought of the vast powers of evil around us; of the weary and faint-hearted, of the weak and sinful, of those who are fingering and playing with temptation, of those who are falling into the dread abyss, of those who, like poor tempest-tossed Paul Pitté, rush blindly on to their ruin! When prayer has power to prevail with God, how narrow must be our hearts to pray so grudgingly!

Paul loved Madelon, and she married Pierre. The lad's home had been at Bordeaux, where, after his father and mother died, he remained as clerk in the same house with an uncle, until, hating the restraint and drudgery, he one day ran away, and presented himself before the Birans, anxious to try a life as different from his former as anything well could be. He made himself useful, and they let him stay; but the hardships and privations he was obliged to endure would have sent him back to Bordeaux long ago, if he had not fallen in love with Madelon. It was very natural, for hers was the one kindly influence of the place, where the others were all rough and boorish; but it was unsuccessful love, since Madelon had long ago given her heart to Pierre Gaucheran. Strong passions cannot sweep over the soul and leave no mark: in those desolate wilds, her power seemed the one weight which kept the balance between good and evil, and with her marriage that power was

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lost. Paul loved her still, but it was a love resembling hate; rage and jealousy possessed him, he grew moody, sullen, and fitful, and more than once Madelon shuddered to see the look with which he watched her husband.

It was no good deed which had occupied him that night.

Slowly the light broadened over earth and sky; more slowly still long streaks of colour became visible over a low belt of cloud which rested on the eastern horizon. A light sprinkling of hoar-frost covered the grey Landes; far away cries of birds broke upon the stillness. The light stole on and deepened; delicate rosy tints spread themselves over the sky where the stars shone an hour ago; the rabbits came out from their sandy burrows, a snipe skimmed along the ground; all over that dreary solitude there awoke the scarcely perceptible stir of life; and presently, above the gold-tipped ridge of cloud, rose a great majestic rayless ball of fire.

Madelon drew aside a little window curtain, and gazed out. Her face, sweet and tender that it was, looked wearied with the night's long watching, and with more than bodily fatigue. For it pained her inexpressibly to see the struggling of the hard defiant spirit with the awful Hand, whose touch would not be loosed, and whose Presence came upon the fierce old woman like a cloud of darkness, to be fought against and battled with by every failing power. During her moments of consciousness, every word that Madelon tried to whisper of better things had been angrily repelled, and the girl blamed herself for her want of success as she stood pressing her forehead against the cool glass. What more could she do? Was there no means of softening the heart so soon to be stilled for ever? Her thoughts travelled to the miracle-working Virgin at Buglose; if she could reach her, if she could see her kind face watching over the Holy Child—or if blessed St. Vincent, who himself had tended sheep on those vast plains, and knew what the poor shepherds of the Landes most wanted, would pray for her mother, her husband's mother— Madelon clasped her hands in mute entreaty. Then, as the sun mounted grandly above the clouds, and every instant the sky became more gloriously beautiful with tints of sapphire and gold, she felt a conviction that her prayer would be heard by the All-Merciful Himself, that He would know all the longings of her heart, all her tremblings for her mother-in-law, for her husband, for her father, for herself—yes, know and answer them in His own good way. The wearied look vanished, a smile broke over her face, and the next moment she was kneeling by her husband's side, passing her hand gently through his hair to awaken him.

'Pierre! My friend!'

A sound between a grunt and a growl was her only answer, and after a minute's waiting she tried again.

'My Pierre! No, it is nothing;' for Pierre, at last aroused, with a guilty consciousness that he had been asleep, looked up with a sudden

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start; 'thou art tired, poor man, with all this sitting up; go in and take an hour or two's good sleep, and leave me with the mother.'

'I must have just dozed off,' said he, standing upright, and stretching himself. 'Aren't you sleepy, Mad'lon?'

'I? No; and I can sleep in the day; in two hours time you will be away to the sheep; do go in.'

Pierre, a great broad-shouldered, shaggy-headed young fellow, unlike the usual Landes type, and for that reason the more beautiful in his young wife's eyes, was too sleepy to resist her persuasion. He looked at her with honest admiration of her powers of wakefulness, patted her on the head as he would a sheep-dog, and went away on tip-toe with most ineffectual endeavours to be noiseless. Madelon smiled softly to herself as her eyes followed him. Was she not the luckiest girl in France to have a husband like that? She rested her head on her hand, and went back to the time—not so very long ago—when she was a child, set to watch the turpentine pots, to drive the poor lean sheep through miserable pastures, or to hoe up the weeds in a little unhealthy patch of maize; beaten by her father, and helped, always helped and comforted by Pierre. And now no one could beat her any more—and Pierre, who was so strong, so brave, so true, was her own own husband—

'Ah—h—h—h! Good-for-nothing! Give me the water, give it to me, I say—quick, quick, quick!'

Mère Gaucheran's voice ended in a shriek. Madelon grew a little pale, but she managed to hand her the cup without letting her hand tremble. More she dared not do, for the old woman savagely repulsed every attempt at tenderness; and if she whispered a prayer under her breath, would angrily bid her hold her tongue—would the Virgin listen to such as she? She seldom spoke when conscious, except to scream out with pain, and then her cry was so piercing, that the girl was not surprised to see her neighbour, Mère Biran, creep into the outer room.

'Hush?' said she in a loud whisper, in answer to Madelon's warning finger. 'Oh, I know all about it! I was sure that husband of yours would be asleep, though she makes noise enough to wake the seven sleepers.—What do they care, these men? They eat and sleep, and leave their poor wives to do all their work.'

Madelon shook her head violently, as the only means of refutal in her power.

'I shall sit with you for a while,' continued her haranguer volubly, 'I can tell you what to do; never a one has died where I've been near, without my doing all I could to help them through it. She'll have a hard time of it, though.'

'Oh, hush!' said Madelon in an agony, though the grey face looked sternly indifferent. 'Are your children dressed, Mère Biran? Does not Paul want some breakfast before he goes?'

'The children—bah! they can take care of themselves. As for Paul,

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he is like the rest of the men snoring away like a pig in the room when I came through. If I were to wake him, there would be no peace for the rest of the day; I shall let him alone, and your husband can go without him. It would take twenty saints rolled into one to please him when he is in a black fit.'

Mère Biran intended modestly to suggest her own multiplication by this figure, and proceeded to illustrate the value of her services by peering about the room, tasting one or two simple kinds of tisane which Madelon had set apart for the sick woman, and rapidly spreading round her an atmosphere of disorder. Occasionally a childish yell would be heard, or a passionate kick at the door; then she would rush out, administer condign punishment, and return, more vigorously the genius of discomfort than ever.

'Holy Virgin! how they do hate Paul, those little ones!' said she on one of these occasions, sitting down breathless, and resting her broad hands upon the bed. 'He will half kill them one day if he catches them at their tricks. Imagine, Mad'lon, my finding that little dare-devil Henri prancing about on Paul's stilts, with his coat pulled over his head, hanging half way to the ground!'

'What did you do?' asked Madelon absently.

'Do! I screamed at him, and boxed Annette's ears. He was too quick for me, the little eel!'

The ending of which affair was this. The children, wild with the spirit of mischief, and finding themselves at that early hour masters of the situation, carried back the sheep skin to the place whence they had abstracted it, and proceeded to hide Paul's stilts in his neighbour's hut, contriving with immense smothered delight to put them side by side with Pierre Gaucheran's own, and withdrawing to watch the result of their exploit. It must have been their last less-guarded footstep which awoke old Baudoin. He got up, shook himself, and then shook Pierre. The two men dressed themselves almost in silence, ate a very scanty meal, and prepared to start. They put on their woolly sheep-skin coats and gaiters, took their enormous blue umbrellas, their long pole to stick behind their backs, and form with the *échasses* a sort of tripod throne on which to rest as they watched their sheep and knitted stockings, and their stilts.

'What's this?' said Pierre. 'Paul must have left his stilts here.'

'Let them stay,' replied old Baudoin, 'he can fetch them if he wants them. We can't wait for him. Come.'

'Mine and his are so alike,' said Pierre, examining them, 'I can't make out which is which. But I laid mine here, I know. Here, you children—Annette, Margot—put these into the corner of Paul's room. No playing with them, do you hear?'

The children did not dare to disobey; besides, the charm of the adventure, Pierre's puzzle, was over. The girls took back the stilts to the side of the bed where Paul, exhausted with his long wakefulness,

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was sleeping soundly, and then trooped away after Pierre and his father-in-law, running with all their might to keep up with their great strides. As Pierre passed the little window from which his wife had looked out on the sunrise, he stopped and peeped in. Madelon and Mère Biran were sitting by the bed-side with their backs turned towards him, and did not see him, though he paused there quite a minute, in spite of the old shepherd's mockery, to watch the girl's gentle movements. Over his rugged face there stole a look of happy love. He felt as if he had never before known such love for Madelon as now, when he watched her tending his mother's dying bed. And blessing her in his heart, he stalked away over the grey Landes, with the children shrieking and running races behind, until they were far outstripped, and came leisurely back towards home.

CHAPTER III.

HARM SEEK, HARM FIND.

It was late when Paul awoke. The sun was high, and shining brilliantly down upon the Landes. Where the frost had been the long dewy spikes of heath and broom sparkled with drops of light, and the grey little pool looked almost silvery in the sunshine, as a soft fresh breeze rippled over its surface. Paul dressed himself, and stood moodily leaning against the door, hot and unrested, angry at finding himself left in solitude, and without sufficient energy to get breakfast. He wondered what had become of everybody, whether Mère Biran and the children had gone off to her husband, whether old Baudoin and Pierre were on their way. He bent forward his head and listened—one would have said fearfully—for sounds. At last he made some weak coffee, drinking it with feverish haste; but when he broke off a mouthful of sour maize bread, it almost choked him, he could not swallow it. With an impatient gesture he flung it aside, and went to the door again, for he heard the children's voices coming back from their scamper across the Landes.

The first thing they saw on arriving at the huts was Paul beckoning to them. A hasty council of war was held as to whether, under present circumstances, it was safe to venture upon a parley with the enemy, who might or might not be aware of the liberties taken with his property; and it was finally resolved that he should be faced by Henri, while the others held themselves in readiness to advance or decamp, as prudence pointed out. But seeing that they appeared to be upon amicable speaking terms, the whole body, four strong, drew near, and joined enthusiastically in the conversation.

'Maître Baudoin said you might overtake them if you would.'

'Oh, run, Paul, do!' cried little Margot, enchanted at the idea of seeing a pursuit.

'Ouf!' said Henri contemptuously, 'Paul could never overtake Pierre.'

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'Hold your tongue!' Paul said fiercely. 'You jabber worse than your mother.'

'I don't,' retorted Henri, much offended. 'You can creep about like a fox, but you can't run like Pierre, especially with his beautiful new *échasses*.'

'Ah!'

'He can go faster than father,' remarked little Georges decisively. Evidently the party favoured Pierre.

'Ah! He went on his new stilts?'

'Yes,' said Henri. 'And you would not overtake him if you were to walk all day.'

'No, no, no,' chorused the other four, breaking into open hostilities, and retreating towards the hut where they knew their mother to be.

'No,' mocked Henri, the champion, grimacing; 'not you, Monsieur Paul, with all your cleverness.'

It was no little disappointment to the tormentors that Paul did not pursue them; they looked forward to seeing their mother dart out to defend them, and to the excitement of a war of words. Instead of this he stood motionless, scarcely seeming to have heard them; and instead of their mother, Madelon came out of the hut.

'Keep quiet, Henri,' she said beseechingly, 'for she is just sleeping nicely, and your mother is watching by her while I get a morsel of breakfast. Can you manage to take the little ones away for an hour, like a brave boy?'

'Yes, I will,' answered Henri, readily, 'and if they make a noise I'll give it to them. Here are some more grasses for your plaiting; do you like them?'

'Ah, how pretty!' said Madelon, with sparkling eyes: she was but a child herself, and loved pretty things; 'what a charming boy you are! I shall be able to get on with my basket to-day, and next time Pierre goes to Buglose he can take it with him.'

She talked playfully to the children for a few minutes longer, during which time Paul still stood motionless at the door of his hut, watching her. When the little ones tramped off, and she caught sight of his pale miserable face, her heart smote her.

'Are you ill, Paul?' she said, going up to him timidly.

'Ill? No—yes.'

'You have had no breakfast? I will get you some.'

'Eh, how polite we are! What would your husband say if he heard?'

'What should he say?' asked Madelon in wonderment. 'Paul, I think you must be going mad.'

'No, no, Madame Gaucheran, do not derange yourself about me. Let me go to the dogs,' he continued, changing his tone, and speaking passionately, 'be hung—drowned—what does it matter? The sun will go on shining, and you smiling at Pierre all the same. Do you ever think what you do? Do you know where you are driving me?'

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'If anything is driving you, Paul,' said Madelon, with flashing eyes, 'it is your own bad passions. Take care of them, or they will ruin you body and soul. Nothing else can harm you; but you are giving them the power over you, and they will hold you in terrible bondage one day.'

The man cowered before her; for a moment fancying she must know his secret, as she passed by him into the hut, holding her head erect, and looking undauntedly into his face. His limbs trembled, and he went back slowly into his own dwelling, where he sat down and buried his face in his hands.

'I cannot bear it,' he groaned; 'I would die if I only dared, sooner than live on in this misery. I could kiss the ground she treads upon; and yet I hate her, and she hates me. She ought not to hate me, she has no right, she shall not—oh, what a miserable weak fool I am! well might she tell me I was mad; I am mad, I think; how my head burns! As if I could hurt her—her, my Madelon! But I might have, for all that, in a rage; will she think of that? will she be frightened? or will she dream that Pierre of hers can protect her? Ha, ha, ha, Monsieur Pierre, protect yourself first. Where are you now, I wonder? I can picture it all, but I shall keep it to myself—or stay, shall I go a little way, and see if there is anything to discover? That will be the best thing to do; Pierre will not come back so quickly as he went, not he—ha, ha!'

So completely was he unnerved, and so much did his knees shake, that he could scarcely mount his stilts to start on his journey. The air, however, the delicious soft invigorating air, revived him; as he strode along, he lifted his flat brown berret, and let the breeze cool his hot forehead. For some distance he went swiftly on, eagerly on the look-out for any sign of life. But he saw nothing, nothing but a flock of sheep on the western side, with their guardian shepherd mounted above them, and Paul was too well acquainted with the Landes to mistake them for his own group.

'Far enough away, at any rate,' he muttered; 'even better fortune than I looked for! Now she cannot be hanging over him, and driving away all the pain with her soft touch—no, no, none of that, none of that; he may groan by himself. It is a clever trick, too, and a clever fellow that taught it to me; for many a one could pierce the wood, but this does not go crack at once, it takes step by step to do the business. And I arranged it better still; for I know the clumsy twist of Pierre's run, and I am much mistaken if it does not take that to bring him down. After all, who knows? it may not hurt him, it may but twist his ancle, it may—bah, he will fall heavily, he must—oh, I can see him at this moment; he will run like this, he will give a little turn with the right foot—so; that will send the pressure on just the— What is this? Help!'

'Qu'ils soient pris dans les filets qu'ils m'avoient tendus.' The words flashed into his mind with the first agonizing throb of pain, as he lay and writhed upon the ground. What had happened? What could it

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be? Had he pierced his own stilts? Had some enemy changed them? Should he lie there and die—there, with the great sun shining gloriously upon him, and the birds sailing overhead between him and the blue sky—not a soul to come near him, not a drop of water at hand, not the power to stir a limb, and the awful burning pain darting through his leg until he shrieked in agony. Oh, how the moments passed by, how the sun scorched his brain!—'dans les filets qu'ils soient pris,'—where did the words come from? what made them stand out so sharply? Pierre, his enemy, had sent them to torment him, that was it; he was holding them up before him, 'les filets qu'ils m'avoient tendus,'—oh, they burned into his head! take them away in mercy—mercy—and with one heart-rending groan the miserable man fell back insensible.

Henri was faithful to his promise. Not without resistance and quarreling he conveyed his troop to some distance from the huts; and when they had overcome the constitutional spirit of opposition which inclined them to protest against coercion, they found themselves supremely happy. What did it matter to them that their last meal had been of the scantiest, and their next would come, nobody quite knew when or how? that their clothes were in rags, and their mother's welcome would as likely as not prove a box in the ear? The world was their own at that moment—a world consisting of sand-heaps and heather forests, on which the sun laughed out rapturously, and hundreds of little creatures acknowledged their sovereignty, by scuttling away as fast as legs or wings could carry them. Brown lizards basked in the sunshine, rabbits played before their burrows, tiny flowers jewelled the wiry grass; the children shouted and danced in their little hard uncomfortable sabots, and let the hours go by without a care. There were no roads to keep in, they rambled here, there, and everywhere. Sometimes a brown bush became a castle, in the storming of which Margot covered herself with glory, and a scratch conferred all the distinction of a scar. Sometimes the little ones climbed on the others' backs, for the sake of a race, which consisted of innumerable jumps over low tufts of heath. That pleased little Georges so mightily, that it was repeated time after time. Suddenly he tugged at the hair of his capering steed, after a more than usually prodigious leap.

'Voilà, voilà!' he cried in his shrill little piping French voice, 'there is Paul asleep!'

The other children looked where he pointed, and an expression of dismay passed over the party, against which even the valorous Henri was not proof; for after the morning proceedings, to come upon their enemy in this unexpected fashion, was like an unsought encounter with a bear. At first a retreat upon tip-toe was organized; but, after all, curiosity took the upper hand, since it was certainly odd of Paul to lie in that strange position on the sand, with his face upturned to the sky, and not even his berret pulled over it to shelter him from the blinding sunshine. The nearer they crept, the more odd it seemed. Something

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had evidently happened to him, or he would never have stretched himself out in that funny twisted way, with a great bunch of heath clutched in his hand, and his face so unlike any they had ever seen before, that Henri was as slow to advance as the little ones; and after all it was Annette who ventured a trembling touch upon his arm, and a whispered, 'Paul!'

Neither touch nor whisper roused him. The children huddled together with frightened glances, peeping fearfully over each other's shoulders, until little Georges, having arrived at the limit of his endurance, broke into a terrified howl. The natural sound relieved them: Henri unfastened the stilts, and showed how one had snapped in half; Annette held up her apron between Paul's head and the sun. There was no more to be done, as the elders of the party concluded after an awe-struck consultation. Paul was living, for once he opened his eyes and looked wildly round; but his consciousness, if such it could be called, lasted only for an instant before he closed them again with a groan. All about the vast solitary Landes they could see no human being, the sweet fresh air which tossed the broom bushes brought no human sound to their ears; they knew of no one nearer to them than at the huts, three kilos off, and those were only women, as Henri remarked disdainfully. Notwithstanding—with rare exceptions—the first instinct of a social creature is to share its joys and sorrows with its kind; and the burden of this terrible discovery was too heavy for the children to bear alone, they could not have waited for the chance of a passer by. But no more could they leave him there alone. After arrangements and re-arrangements, the problem was solved by Henri and Margot remaining to watch over Paul; and Annette, Pépin, and little Georges making the best of their way home to seek assistance.

Margot, who was a spirited little thing, and soon forgot her fright, knelt down upon the ground, resting back upon her heels, and looked gravely and intently at Paul with great sloe-black eyes, trying to fathom the wonder that anyone should be so hurt as not to be able to cry over it. Henri jumped up and down a hundred times, declaring that girls were so slow he ought not to have let Annette go—he would lay a wager she was loitering and letting little Georges pull heath sticks on the way—one could not do everything, but nevertheless—it would certainly have been better to have gone himself. All the while Margot kept her steady watch and ward, looking at Paul with those big wondering eyes; and the heat grew more intense, and his white upturned face more wan, and still no sound of help came near to break the silence.

Annette's tidings shocked the women. But in using these commonplace words, how astonishing is the readiness with which we apply the same measure of sensation to everybody, irrespective of nature and character. Nine-tenths of the world decide not only what shall be black or white for the remaining tenth, but how black or white it shall be. What is black for one must be black for all, and *vice versa*. So much

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grief is expected, so much joy is tolerated: afterwards pack away your crape, hide the roses under a glass—you have wept enough, smiled enough, to satisfy your friends' requirements, and there is or ought to be an end of the matter. So we say that the children's story shocked Mère Biran and Madelon—it could not fail to do so, but in how different a degree! To be sure, you might have knocked the former down with a feather—at least, so she said; still, after all, the surprise contained a spice of pleasurable excitement, a taste of the consolation which it affords to think that our neighbours' misfortunes are not our own. Certainly it was bad for Paul; but how much worse it would have been for Antoine Biran, or even for old Jean Gaucheran, who happened to be going shares with Antoine just at present! On the whole, there were many things to be thankful for in this accident of Paul's.

But Madelon's pitiful heart went out at once to the man lying in agony on the great shelterless plain under the scorching sun. She had no room for any other thought, except that it smote her, poor child! to think that she left him in anger, and that she felt a grip of dull pain at her helplessness; for how could she and Mère Biran bring him home that long distance? Still he could not be left, they must go to him at once; and curiosity and a certain good-nature rendered Mère Biran equally decided on that point. But while they hastily made preparations for leaving the sick woman with the little girl, and for conveying a little water to Paul, Annette's quick eyes espied two distant figures coming across the Landes, and with unutterable relief Madelon pronounced them to be her father-in-law and Antoine Biran. They came on at the rapid pace which the stilt-walkers, with very slight muscular exertion, can maintain; Mère Biran posted off to meet them, while Madelon, mounting her stilts, started, with Pépin for a guide, on her charitable expedition; and before she reached the end of it, was overtaken by the two men, Mère Biran having been, sorely against her will, persuaded to remain behind.

That was a terrible journey for Paul in his half-awakened consciousness, as the men carried him homeward on a kind of rude litter of heath branches! How they shook and racked him! He shut his eyes to blot out the sight of what seemed to him to be an avenging angel, always at his side, and now and then in mockery dropping water upon his parched lips. The face, gentle and sweet with pity, that bent over him, took in his fancy stern lines of withering rebuke, before which he shrank away. When at last—oh, what a long at last!—they laid him on his bed, with a jar that agonized him, he turned his face to the wall in sullen despair.

'Is he dead yet?' asked Mère Biran, peering over her husband's shoulder.

Now this husband was an anomaly. Come upon him on ordinary days, and you would find a small silent submissive man, with long thin hair, a face that looked as if it had been released from a nut-shell, dull eyes, and stolid taciturnity. He never disputed his wife's orders, though

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he often avoided them, and he incurred the open raillery of his companions for his many fits of absence. The most incapable of the three families—unhandy—unthrifty—until by chance anything of sickness came upon the dwellers in the huts. Then the man seemed altogether a different creature; his eye brightened, his back stiffened, his voice took an authoritative tone, lethargy and indecision were at an end, he asserted his own will with his wife, and what is more, he carried it. Out of strange nooks and corners he would bring forth stores of simples, out of his brains came more wonderful stores of knowledge. The man was a doctor spoilt, and when he could exercise his powers he became great—take away the moving spring, and he seemed at once to sink and shrink into a nonentity.

'Is he dead?' asked Mère Biran again in a louder key.

'Take her away,' said the little man, with the air of a prince, glancing up at Madelon; 'and, child, listen to me.'

He whispered in her ear certain directions where to find his remedies, which she hastened to obey, leaving the first part of his speech to produce its own results; and though his wife tossed her head in high dudgeon, she did not venture upon any more questions. Madelon came swiftly back, but left the hut again immediately, for the old woman was conscious, and calling for her. With two sick people among them, the little community seemed likely to have their hands full.

Antoine gave his opinion to old Gaucheran laconically and by degrees, to the effect that the lad had broken his leg, and that the inflammation had run to too great a height for him to venture yet upon setting it; but after he had applied cooling remedies, he broke forth volubly upon the subject.

'Yes,' said he, blinking his eyes violently, as was his fashion when excited, 'I bless the stars for this chance, I am grateful; and yet things might have arranged themselves to much greater satisfaction. A simple fracture—that would have been admirable, all that could have been desired! If you only knew, my friend, how I have dreamt of a simple fracture, how I have longed to exercise ideas upon it! I would have broken my own leg twenty times over,' continued he with enthusiasm, 'if only I could have set it myself.'

Gaucheran drew back a step or two in dismayed astonishment. 'Holy Virgin!' said he; 'one would think you liked to listen to those groans!'

'Groans? Bah!' said the little man contemptuously; 'someone must suffer for science.'

It was well for Paul that his doctor's practice was gentler than his theories, but the cleverest surgeon can only gain skill by experience; and the setting, when it was achieved, was rough and agonizing. All night the lad writhed in fevered torture, watched by Antoine and Madelon; old Gaucheran remaining with his wife. All night—while the stars gleamed out again from the deep of the sky, and the wind

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swept more freshly across the Landes, and Madelon, letting her thoughts slip away to her husband, pictured, as she sometimes did, that happy Night, when on the thymy slopes of Bethlehem other shepherds kept watch over their flocks; and thought how beautiful it would be for Pierre if he too could see some holy angel, or hear the echo of the heavenly songs.

'Peace and good-will.' It seemed strange to her that the words should creep about her heart so persistently, while little peace was present in the hut that weary night. Ravings loud and fierce, cries for more water than they had to give, groans that pierced her heart—Madelon was fairly worn out at last; and Antoine taking pity upon her, sent her away to lie down, and finished the watch himself, despising her heartily all the while for her want of scientific enthusiasm. For himself, he studied Paul—who hated him—with unflagging interest. Legs were not broken every day upon the Landes, and so rare an opportunity was not to be thrown away.

'Compound fracture,' said he, going over the heads of his subject again and again to himself, and marking them off in his mind by crooking each finger over its neighbour—'compound fracture, treated by counter extension—right, my friend, admirably right; nevertheless, in my next case I shall endeavour to turn the limb more naturally at first going off—' Maître Biran was not without something of the true humility of science.—'Splints, too; wet rags, by-and-by a decoction of groundsel to the wound. Voilà tout! And we will triumph, we will, in spite of the fever! Keep quiet, malheureux, can't you? do you not feel how you displace the bandages? Water? there then; but you have lived long enough on the Landes to have found out that water is not to be had for the asking. Be sensible, and keep quiet.'

Notwithstanding his exhortation, however, Paul continued restless and delirious throughout the next day, to the indignation of his doctor, who considered the symptoms did not present themselves in proper train. 'But then, after all,' said he consolingly, 'Paul was always an ill-conditioned fellow. With another, things would arrange themselves better.'

Towards evening Père Baudoin and Pierre returned with the sheep, and folded them for the night. La Mère Gaucheran showed scarcely any change; Pierre was thunderstruck at the new calamity. Old Baudoin said little; he asked to look at the broken stilts, went to bed, and snored loudly. The sheep baaed and bleated through the night, and fretted Paul into a rage: only Madelon could soothe him, and that apparently from some feeling of dread with which she inspired him—why, she could not think. He had offended her often, it was true; but surely he could not fear such remembrances rankling in her mind at such a time? It must be the fever, she decided, as she looked pityingly down upon the troubled face, and she said so to her father in the morning.

'You are a fool, girl,' answered the old man laconically.

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That afternoon Maître Baudoin called Pierre out of the sick man's hut. He had a pair of stilts in each hand, the one broken, the other sound. 'Look here,' said he.

'Well?' asked Pierre, looking as he was bid.

'Well! Have you eyes in your head, or not? Can you see this mark?'

Pierre took the broken stilt in his hand, and examined it closely. Then he gave a long whistle.

'Eh? Well, what do you see?'

'I see what you show me. This is my stilt; I must have taken Paul's. Oh!' said the young man, much troubled, 'what have I done?'

Baudoin looked at him contemptuously, his wizened face contracted into a smile. 'Is that all you know about it?' said he. 'You remember the mark, then?'

'How can I help it? Did not Jacques Clermont show me the strange knot in the wood? And in the dark I never thought of it. That poor Paul!'

'Poor—something else,' said the old man between his teeth.

Pierre went away with a perplexed expression on his open face, and as usual, when he was in any difficulty, he sought Madelon. She was cooking something in his mother's room, and greeted him with a glad smile.

'Listen,' said she in a whisper, 'I am very happy. Your mother says no soup is as good as mine. And really, Pierre, I had nothing to make it of.'

'Well, if one has nothing one must do without,' said her husband absently. He was thinking of the stilts. At first Madelon laughed, then she stopped suddenly, for she saw he was in trouble about something.

'What is it, my friend?' she asked.

'I wish you'd go and sit by Paul,' replied her husband uneasily. 'See here, Mad'lon, the wrong man got his leg broken; and I sha'n't sleep quiet for thinking of it.'

'Pierre!'

'It's true, then. If all had their rights, I should be lying where he is. I went off on his *échasses* that morning, never thinking they weren't mine: then, do you see, that fool Jacques Clermont must have made more mischief than he mended, for they snapped straight off below the leather.'

Under her breath Madelon whispered, 'Thank the good Lord!'

'Don't, Mad'lon,' said her husband angrily; 'I won't have you giving thanks for what makes me feel like a murderer.'

'How can I help it?' said she softly, with tears in her eyes, 'how can I help it? It doesn't make me less sorry for that poor Paul. And it wasn't your doing, Pierre; you made a mistake, but God doesn't make mistakes.'

'Well, there's truth in your saying,' answered he, 'yet I can't feel it.

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I don't believe I can ever look him in the face without cold water going down my back. Don't let him want anything; go in and see to him now, he'd sooner have you than Mère Biran.'

He was restless and impatient until she complied, and left him alone with his mother. She had never seen Pierre so stirred, and hardly knew how to comfort him. With all his stolidity the young man had a generous spirit, which would have made him gladly consent to bear Paul's sufferings in a double degree sooner than have caused them. He paced about the room in a manner strangely unlike himself, and all the while the keen grey eyes of the sick woman followed him: once when he looked round their yearning expression startled him, for he had fancied her unconscious of anything.

'Do you want anything, Mother?' said he, going to her bed-side.

The thin lips moved, but no sound came forth. She shook her head impatiently; as he bent over her he saw a change creep over the grey face, which made him draw quickly back with a half cry. He meant to run and fetch Madelon, but the old woman laid her hand on his. It seemed as if the old fierce spirit was fighting death even yet; she drew her son down, and he caught the words—

'What's wrong? Can't she help you?'

'Oh, Mother, I want you!' he cried out passionately, throwing himself down by her side. His mother had never been very good to him, but at this hour the strength of the natural bond seemed infinite.

Her eyes softened, her face relaxed. It cost her a terrific struggle to say the next words—nevertheless, the strong will achieved it.

'Good—Mad'lon good girl.'

That was all. Consciousness passed away with the effort, which—tardy reparation as it was—it may be the God of mercy accepted.

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER AND WIFE.

Never had the days seemed so dreary as they did now to the dwellers in the huts: so few in number that one could not be spared without the gap being sensibly felt; Paul lay between life and death; Pierre had both grief and a weight of another sort upon his mind; Madelon was strong, but her strength was pretty well exhausted. One morning, a colder gloomier day than they had yet had, three of the men, Mère Biran, and Henri, set forth across the Landes. They carried la Mère Gaucheran to a little burial place where Madelon's mother already lay; it was several kilos distant, and even the boy was needed to give his help. Madelon, her father, and the younger children, remained with Paul and the sheep. Anyone who had watched the departure must have been struck with its strange features. Heavy dull masses of rain-cloud hung over the Landes,

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blotting out the horizon; everything looked of the predominant grey tint; drop, drop went the water into the buckets Madelon had set under the eaves. The little procession, all on their stilts, came forth and started on their toilsome journey: Pierre and Antoine Biran carried the coffin; Mère Biran walked behind, covered from head to foot in a long black mourning cloak; Henri held a little cross which Madelon put into his hands. So they went away, while Madelon knelt and prayed with all her heart, the children clustered round her awe-struck, and old Baudoin watched from the door until the slowly moving figures grew all blurred and indistinct in the mist. Then he came in, and spread his crooked fingers over the little stove.

'It was mostly foul weather with her, and she's gone out into it at the last,' said he thoughtfully. That was la Mère Gaucheran's epitaph. Madelon rose from her knees and went to her father's side; she was almost too weary to speak or even to think, but she wondered a little to hear him send the children away, and listen to Paul's breathing.

'He's asleep, isn't he?' he asked.

Madelon nodded. After that nothing was said for a time; there would have been complete silence but for the drip, drip of the water, the mournful sob of the wind, and the quick disturbed breathing of the sick man. Presently he muttered a few words in his sleep: Maître Baudoin listened to them attentively.

'He often talks like that, eh, Mad'lon?'

'Very often.'

'What about, mostly?'

'Who knows! Scraps of nonsense just like what you've heard, all about the stilts and Pierre, and—and—all of us,' said the young wife, colouring a little, 'not a nut-shell full of meaning to be picked out of it all.'

'Hum. That time he said something about cutting, and the knife not sharp enough.'

'Ah, he says that always—almost always. I think myself that he dreams he is mending his stilts.

'Mending his stilts? Perhaps. Or perhaps he is cutting another in half.'

'Eh?' Madelon looked up with a puzzled expression.

'Why not? Such things are sometimes done—here then, I will show you the sort of work.'

From behind the old chest, black with age and rubbing, which formed the principal feature of the miserable room, Maître Baudoin extracted Paul's broken stilt. 'Tiens!' said he, 'if you are not blind or stupid you can see there. Put your finger, do you feel where the knife has been inserted and something wedged between?'

'Yes—I feel,' said Madelon in wonder, 'but why? what is it? I don't understand.'

'You are so slow, so slow,' said the old man impatiently, 'you women

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can never put so much as two and two together. A man wouldn't break his own neck, would he, of his own will? and your husband has told you that these are his stilts.'

He paused: Madelon had put up her hands to stop him. 'Not Pierre! he would not have hurt Pierre!'

Her father gave a low contemptuous chuckle. 'His dear friend, Pierre! Judge for yourself whether he would for worlds have injured a hair of his head. Judge for yourself, I say.'

He watched her as he spoke, and then turned away, still laughing, and spread his fingers again over the smouldering pine cones.

Madelon sat down upon a stool, and buried her face in her hands.

Presently old Baudoin went out: his daughter sat still in the place where he left her. What she had heard stunned her. It was not that evil passions or their consequences were strange to the dwellers on the Landes; it was not even the proof of Paul's ill will to her husband; it was the treachery, the cowardice of the act, the feeling of insecurity which seized her on whichever side she looked. Often had she feared lest one of Paul's sneers might provoke Pierre to an outbreak, but never had a dread of such as this entered her mind. Her husband—her brave unsuspecting husband! This man had deliberately laid a plot, the most cruel and wicked conceivable, to injure one who had never done him any harm—this man whom she had nursed and tended with pitying care, little thinking that it was the vengeance of God which had brought him low. But she would do so no more. She was Pierre's wife, and she would leave the wicked one as he deserved. With flushed cheeks, reproachful eyes, and her mouth set in hard resolute lines, she glanced, almost with repugnance, at the bed as she stood up, and found the sick man's gaze fastened upon her. An indignant impulse made her cry out,

'How could you, how could you, Paul!'

A contortion—it might have been either pain or remorse—passed over his face. It did not seem to him in the least strange that his avenging angel accused him, but he answered fiercely under his breath, 'I hated him.'

Such a volume of concentrated bitterness lay in these words, that Madelon shuddered, and the shudder softened her. She began to pity the miserable man whose sin had recoiled so fearfully upon himself; in a gentler tone she added,

'Pray to the good God to forgive you; I cannot tell what evil spirit seized you, but you have tried to do a terrible thing, Paul. And Pierre has always been so good to you, he has never hurt you!'

'I hated him, I tell you,' repeated he sullenly; 'go away; leave me here to die like a dog. Stay—who told you of it? No one saw, that night.'

'You told us yourself,' said she, after a moment's pause, 'you talked about it in your sleep.'

'No,' he said, 'it was you; you can go everywhere on your bright

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wings, and you changed the stilts. Oh, I know it, I know more than you think—don't look at me like that, I cannot bear it! I tell you I hated him. Why do you always take his part?'

He was evidently wandering again; and in this suffering state, Madelon could not but feel more compassion than anger. It was impossible to leave him as she at first intended, although her pity had not yet overcome her reluctance to remain, and her thoughts were so bewildered that she longed to be quite alone. By-and-by in came the children, hungry and cross, little Georges crying, and Margot indignant. Dinner with Madelon from the pot-au-feu steadied their tempers; and, tired as she felt, it was not an ill thing for her that the rain kept them in, and that all her efforts were needed to protect the turpentine jar that stood in a corner and filled the room with its strong smell; as natural, however, to the dwellers in the huts as the air they breathed. It was late in the afternoon before the funeral party returned, very wet, in spite of the shelter of their great umbrellas; and they stood talking at the door of the hut, the men with big drops of rain hanging to their sheep-skins, and Mère Biran's long black cloak all damp and draggled about her feet. The journey and the burial had somewhat cowed her, but such a state of things could not last long, and she poured out a string of words which were lost upon Madelon, so wistfully was she watching her husband. He looked so grave and weary that at once she resolved to say nothing of her last trouble, but it was an immense comfort to get away with him into their own hut, and to give way to a little petting and coaxing which she kept for rare occasions, he submitting to it all without taking much notice.

In fact, the events of the last few days had considerably enlarged the limited circle of Pierre's thoughts, and the broader the surface the more easily it is troubled. Like many other men who are not commonly called tender-hearted by the world, he could not bear the sight of pain, and it disturbed him to hear Paul's groans, and to think of himself as having unintentionally caused them; there was a secret sense of unfairness about it at the bottom of his heart which irritated him.

'There, that'll do,' said he ungraciously, 'you shouldn't come out from there: he's sure to want something.'

'Maître Biran will change the bandages.' Madelon turned her back as she spoke; she had never before had a secret from her husband, and she was afraid of betraying this. Not that the possibility of keeping it from him altogether had yet entered her head, but that she would not tell him now.

'Poor Père Biran,' Pierre said presently with a laugh. 'Such a box in the ear as she gave him for letting the taper drip over her! It startled everybody.'

'At such a time!'

'Oh, she thought of her cloak. One almost expected to see the mother rise up in the coffin. The priest talked to her afterwards, I know, but there! he might as well talk to the wind. Mind you don't grow like her, Mad'lon, now there's only you two left.'

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'As if I should!' said Madelon, a little nettled. 'But you saw Monsieur the Priest, and is he coming?'

'As soon as he can get this way.—Halte-là, Père Baudoin! I was going to look for you.'

'Ah,' said the old man, shaking himself like a water dog, and supporting his small bent figure on a stick, 'young bones wear better than old ones in such weather. And you've come back and left her behind? *Soit*—we've all got the same journey before us; next time—who knows? it may be a young one's turn.'

'You don't think it!' said Pierre uneasily. 'Paul is no worse, is he? Mad'lon, why don't you go in and see to him?'

Madelon neither went nor answered. Her father looked curiously at both. Pierre had flung himself dejectedly upon a bench; his wife with a pale face stood a little turned away from him, gazing out through the open door, and drumming impatiently on the ground with her foot.

'You are an excellent friend, my son,' said Maître Baudoin sarcastically; 'I did not know before that you and Paul were such brothers.'

'We have been like other folk, I suppose, not more of one thing than the other. But, Père Baudoin, you might understand that one can't see a comrade lying in that way through one's own doing, and yet feel just the same as at other times.'

'Ouf, why not! If you had done it on purpose, now—'

Madelon looked hastily round, her father nodded to her.

'On purpose—knowingly? If I had been the devil, you would say?'

'Well. If all Mad'lon tells us be true, he does sometimes take a turn in some of us.'

The girl was trembling from head to foot, it might have been from the cold: she looked again imploringly at her father. He went on without noticing,

'Or suppose it was Paul who made the change?'

'That he might break his own leg?'

'No, yours.'

'You are talking riddles, as usual, Maître Baudoin,' said Pierre wearily, 'and I am not clever enough to understand you.'

'Listen, then, and I will tell you,' said the old shepherd, throwing off his drawling tone, and speaking quickly and sharply. 'Paul Pitté stole like a thief in here when you were sleeping, and took away your stilts; Paul Pitté pierced them so finely and so cleverly that they would not snap at once, but yet would not fail to break—then he put them back. So much I guessed, but what then? It is very simple, and yet it puzzled me till I learnt it from Annette this day. The children did the same thing in fun that he did in wickedness, they carried off his stilts and put them here side by side with yours. You awoke and took the wrong ones. Simple, is it not?'

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Pierre rose up, his face so blazing with anger that Madelon sprang to him and caught his arm. He shook her roughly off. 'Paul did that!' he said in a smothered voice.

'O Pierre, he is miserable!'

'And you knew it?'

'Only to-day, only to-day, dear Pierre. It is horrible, but do not look like that, forgive him!'

'Forgive him! Listen to me, father and wife; here I swear—'

Madelon drowned his voice with a cry that was almost a scream.

'No, no, no!'

'I swear—'

'Not that! You must not—you shall not; father, tell him so! For my sake, Pierre, for your own sake, do not swear.' She clung to him convulsively; his features were working with rage; Baudoin looked calmly on and shrugged his shoulders. 'God has struck him down; leave Paul in His Hand, you will not harm him, Pierre—promise me, promise me.'

'Let go—will you!'

'Oh, he is punished already; Pierre, in the name of our dead mother I entreat you not to swear.'

Madelon spoke these words sadly and solemnly. The young man's face changed, he stood irresolute. 'She said you were a good girl,' he said hoarsely, after a minute's silence; 'well, it is all the same—it's in my heart. The coward!'

'What are you at high words about?' cried Mère Biran's shrill voice at the doorway. Mad'lon, don't you let those men put upon you so. I dare say now they are finding fault with the bouillie, as if we poor women hadn't got to slave and toil, and then are never allowed to drop so much as a word without having it thrown in our faces again.'

'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed Maître Baudoin, holding up his hands; 'at that rate you would have been pounded into a jelly long ago!'

Before Mère Biran had recovered herself sufficiently to retort, the two men slipped out of the hut, leaving Madelon to endure, as best she could, her neighbour's voluble advice.

CHAPTER V.

THE GENTLE RAIN.

Pierre's fierce anger against Paul was the consequence—in part—of a violent reaction. Ever since hearing of the mistake he had made, he had been haunted by an uncomfortable remorseful feeling which had made him thoroughly miserable. He could neither bear to hear Paul's moans, nor to go away from them to find pasture for the sheep. He could not understand his own state, and resented it, growing more and

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more irritable every day. Madelon's sweet temper had been tried as it had never been since her marriage. Now had come a great revulsion of feeling, and instead of relief he felt enraged at having been blinded. All the uncontrolled passion which lurked in his nature rose up at the thought that he had actually been suffering on account of this man, who had been guilty all the while of the blackest treachery. He pulled his hat over his brows, and stood moodily listening to Père Baudoin's amplifications of the story, which, whether intentionally or not, were certainly calculated to fan the flame. In the evening, though he was not actually unkind to Madelon, he watched her closely, and once or twice called her back when she attempted to leave the hut. Evidently he feared her going to Paul.

'Help me to do what is right,' prayed Madelon that night. She felt like a reed in the midst of the angry tossing passions about her.

Twice before the morning dawned, Mère Biran, who was by no means accustomed to have the nursing thrown upon her, came to the door, and screamed to Madelon to come in, for Paul was very ill; each time Pierre roughly told her to go away, for it was no business of theirs. His wife dared not remonstrate, so afraid was she of provoking some worse outbreak. For the first time in her life she was glad to see Pierre drive away the sheep in the early morning, his gun slung over his shoulder, and to feel herself free, since he had not absolutely forbidden it, to go to the Birans' hut. Paul was very ill and restless, Mère Biran excessively cross after her wakeful night, but the girl's gentle patience quieted both, and Antoine extorted a promise from her before he left that she would remain with his patient throughout the day. Pierre's fierce anger had, as it were, burnt up her own, and she felt a yearning desire for the peace and forgiveness which appeared very far away. Little Georges crawled on her lap, and put his brown dirty little paws round her neck.

'I like you,' said he; 'I like the soup.'

Even that friendly greeting was welcome.

It was so late before Pierre returned, and the night was so dark and foggy, that Madelon had time to go over in thought all the wild stories of hungry wolves and of travellers lost on the Landes, which had been impressed upon her memory as a child. She went into their own dwelling, and herself held the little lamp at the door that its feeble glimmer might serve as a beacon light. Pierre did come at last, and laughed at her fears. He brought a brace of red partridges and a teal, and was so much more cheery and like himself than in the morning, that Madelon grew radiant. Her eyes sparkled, the colour in her cheek returned, she danced along the floor for joy. When Pierre asked how she had spent the day, she answered him without hesitation. She was the more shocked at the storm which descended upon her. With pale face and quivering lips Pierre commanded her never to go near the hut again; so violent indeed was his passion that at one moment he almost

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struck her. She did not move, only drew a long shuddering breath like a sob. Pierre dropped his hand ashamed.

'You will not go there?' he said presently, more quietly.

His wife did not answer—she could not.

'Never! mind that—it is a promise. Tiens, Mad'lon, I don't mean to be hard with you, you are a good child, but you must do what I tell you. And, see here, I have a piece of news for you. What would you say to going to live at Buglose?'

'I should say "Thank God,"' said she, in a low voice.

'Then it is true. I have seen Maître Gaujon to-day, and settled with him. He wants a good shepherd, and we shall have a house and a bit of land for the maize.'

Go away! go to Buglose! Madelon would have gone the next day with thankfulness, for it seemed to her as if it was scarcely possible to stay where they were. Yet there was a wall building up between herself and her husband which took away all the spring of happy anticipation. And they could not leave for a week. Every morning Pierre reiterated his command, and she nodded her head and obeyed. Once she flung her arms round him.

'O Pierre, don't go away with a stone about your neck; nothing will prosper with us! Forgive him.'

He put her angrily away, and told her to hold her tongue. With a sad heart she watched him start, not looking back to nod to her as he used to do, but striding sullenly and determinately on. Then she listened for awhile to hear if any moans of pain issued from the other hut, afraid all the while of being attacked by Mère Biran's bitter reproaches. No one but Madelon herself knew how much she had suffered from them, or with what heroic self-control she had abstained from saying a word which could criminate Paul. She let the blame rest on herself, even to the extent of letting it be supposed that it was her influence which was leading Pierre. But it was very hard to hear the sick man crying out her name in accents of piteous entreaty, and not dare to give way to the almost over-mastering impulse of compassion; very hard to be coldly greeted or taunted—even by Pierre's father and the boy Henri—and to have no answer but silence. Nevertheless, Madelon would have been strong enough to bear all this and a great deal more, could she only have felt her husband to be right. She tried with all her might to think him so, but even her love could not blind her to a higher consciousness, and the one little comfort that remained was to admire his generosity in telling no one. Madelon would have been torn to pieces sooner than let it out herself.

One day—it was the last before they left their home—Pierre was gone to Buglose to finish what yet remained to be done in the way of preliminaries; old Baudoin had driven away his sheep to the man who had bought them, Maître Gaucheran and Antoine were off with the other flock. Madelon had stood sadly by to see them go. The poor diminutive ill-fed

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creatures tumbled over each other in their eagerness to get out of the enclosure, their cries sounded clearly in the keen morning air long after she gave up watching them. She went back and busied herself in the hut to keep away sad thoughts, until by-and-by Mère Biran flounced in.

'Morning,' said she. 'I tell you what, Mad'lon, I am not going to be made a galley-slave of any longer. Nature can't stand it, and I won't. I am going over to the plantation to see after the turpentine, and if you haven't got it in you to do the neighbour for that poor fellow, he must lie there and groan, I suppose. I've done my duty by him, that's all.'

'Where's Henri?' faltered Madelon.

'He goes with me, Annette takes the little ones. My children are not to have everything put upon them, I promise you; and you with your hands as idle as a fine lady's. Oh! we all know who can talk over her husband! Good-day, Madame Gaucheran, and perhaps you will think a little about all the good things you preach and don't do while I am away!'

She was gone, and Madelon sat down in despair. What could she do! What would Pierre do to her! There are little three-cornered angles in each life, when, turn as we will, it seems as though we must flatten our faces against the wrong wall, and Madelon was in some such angle now. She jumped up and went to the door of the Birans' hut, listened, and came back. She determined that Pierre must be obeyed, that her first duty was to him, yet found herself putting some of the dried herbs, which Antoine had taught her to gather and use, into water in readiness for cooling lotions. For an hour all was quiet; then came a cry and quick following moans; and Madelon, forgetting all but the answering echo of her heart, ran lightly into the hut. Paul's wan face was turned towards the door, and his great black eyes lit up with satisfaction.

'I thought no one was here,' said he.

'What shall I do? Is the pain no better, Paul?'

'Oh, the mosquitoes! Give me that cup, and raise my foot—there, so: you don't hurt me as she does. You will stay?'

'Yes,' said Madelon, in a low voice. 'Since one is here, one may as well stay,' thought she, turning herself into an imaginary Pierre, and excusing her own act.

Paul seemed content to know that she was present, and seldom spoke, so that at times she fancied him sleeping until she looked up and found those great weird eyes fixed upon her. Occasionally she went backwards and forwards to their own hut, with a little creeping dread, it must be confessed, of Pierre's return, as the afternoon wore on. But whether he found her with Paul or not, Madelon was too honest-hearted not to prepare to tell him all. Paul must have divined something of her uneasiness, for he said at length,

'Come in to me again, Mad'lon, for pity's sake! I know what keeps

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you away, though Antoine and his wife abuse you for it: but I suffer so much, and Pierre need know nothing.'

'Pierre shall know all I do,' said she, rather proudly; 'besides, as to that, to-morrow we go.'

'To-morrow!'

He turned his face away. Presently he said, in a complaining voice,

'I shall never walk as I did before, all owing to Biran's clumsy setting. And I have got to lie here in this miserable hut like a log.'

'That is not the worst,' Madelon said gravely.

'Ah, ah! you want me to say I am sorry for what I did—so I am; sorry that it was not him who fell—does that please you? Bah! I want no prating,' but as he spoke he avoided looking at her, perhaps dreading to meet the sweet womanly eyes full of pity—'talk to your own husband about that—he is not much the better for what you say, is he? He would have me die here without a helping hand; oh, I know!'

'You wronged him first, you unhappy man! has all this pain brought you no better thoughts!'

'I tell you, your husband's are as bad, as to that. Why doesn't he come and kill me here? he would like to do it—he would—he would! He hates me as I hate him.'

He poured out the words with angry vehemence, raising his voice at each sentence, and keeping his eyes fixed on the door. Madelon turned round and saw Pierre standing there motionless. She was out of the hut in a moment, but he had already turned away; and though she clung to his arm he kept his head so that she could not see his face.

'Pierre, Pierre!' she entreated; 'You are not angry?'

No answer.

'I could not help it, indeed I could not; there was no one else to go near him, I was obliged.'

Still no response.

'O Pierre! speak to me.'

Then he turned quickly round, and caught her in his arms. Silent still, but Madelon felt a great sob heave his chest, and happy loving tears sprang into her own eyes as she clung to him. The sadness, the disunion, were gone, they were one again, and no moment in her life had ever seemed so rapturous as this. The vast plain stretched around them, flooded with sun-light; the cool crisp breeze swept over the unbroken surface; filmy wind-clouds floated about the sky. Husband and wife clasped one another closely, as if some danger had divided them, while upon Pierre's face a new expression stole, a new light looked out of his eyes.

'Listen, Mad'lon,' he said at length, 'who knows whether all this may change? I'll go in at once and tell Paul that I mean to try to think no more of what he did: I can't answer for it, but I'll try. I came to the door in a right good rage, but when I saw his face looking like the devil

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himself, and yours just the same, it seemed to me, as our Lady at Buglose—I can't think how it was, but all of a sudden it came over me that your face must be the right one. But if you hadn't come out, or had been hard on me—*tiens*, Mad'lon, it might all have gone away.—Paul,' continued the young shepherd, marching into the hut, and going straight up to the bed-side, 'to-morrow we go, and you and I may as well say, Bon santé and Bon voyage to one another.'

'Bon voyage,' growled Paul, after a minute's consideration.

Very shame made him say it, though his tone could scarcely be less gracious. Pierre was too shy of the subject to enlarge upon it, and after a little awkward attempt at conversation, drew Madelon out to look at the old grey horse, which he had brought back for her to ride to Buglose the next day, and round about which the children were prancing with delight, as over a newly discovered treasure. The sun set, the evening crept on. Far away they heard the cry of the curlews, the bleating sheep drawing nearer and nearer; then Mère Biran and the men came home. Alone in their hut Pierre and Madelon put together their few possessions. Suddenly Mère Biran rushed in.

'Bear me witness, Mad'lon, I have said it, I have said always, "She is a good girl, it is only you men who misjudge her!" I kept the sentiment in my heart. And to think of that wretched intolerable Paul!'

'Who told you?' asked the girl anxiously.

Paul had told himself. Some answering spark of generosity had touched the selfish heart, and inspired the effort. He was not a bit more humble or penitent with Pierre when he bade him farewell the next morning; but when Madelon put her hand in his, two great tear-drops forced themselves under the lids and rolled down the sallow cheeks. Something he said which she could not catch, until she stooped closely down. It was, 'Pray for me!'

Their places were to be filled by another shepherd and his family. Old Baudoin and Gaucheran talked of a home in Buglose, but not until they were older men, for they complained that they should never be able to breathe there.

In the beautiful fresh morning, with delicate light grey mists rolling away over the great Landes' morasses, Madelon set off with Pierre towards her new home. As long as they could, the children scampered by the side of the horse, calling with all their might, 'Bon voyage, bon voyage, bon voyage!' Little Georges rode like a king before her. No thought of herself entered her head, but surely the words were resting upon her like a crown, 'Blessed are the peacemakers—they shall be called the children of God.'

F. M. P.

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TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

II.

NORTH TIROL—UNTERINNTHAL.

RIGHT INN-BANK.

KUFSTEIN—PIENZENAU'S UNLUCKY JOKE—AINLIFEN—NATIONAL ANTHEM—THIERBERG—A MODERN PILGRIM—DER BÜSSER—PUBLIC MEMORIALS OF RELIGION—ZELL—OTTOKAPELLE—KUNDL—S. LEONHARD AUF DER WIESE—THE AUFLÄNGER-BRÜNDL—RATTENBERG—ROTTENBURG—S. NOTHBURGA, HER INTEGRITY, CHARITY, PERSECUTION, PATIENCE, PIETY, OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY: JUDGMENT OVERTAKES OTTILIA: NOTHBURGA'S RESTORATION, BURIAL.

'. . . . Peasant of the Alps,
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, pious, proud, and free;
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;
Thy days of health, thy nights of sleep, thy toil
By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes
Of cheerful old age, and then a quiet grave
With cross and garland over its green turf,
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph,
This do I see! . . . . . .'

Byron, Manfred.

WHEN, after our forced *détour*, we next penetrated into Tirol, it was by way of Kufstein. Ruffled as we had been in the meantime by Bavarian *Rohheit*, we were glad to find ourselves again in the hands of the gentle Tirolese.

Kufstein, however, is not gentle in appearance: its vast fortress seems to shed a stifling gloom over the whole place; it looks so hard and selfish and tyrannical, that you long to get away from its influence. Noble hearts from honest Hungary have pined away within its cold strong grasp; and many a time, as my sketch-book has been turned over by Magyar friends, the page which depicted its outline—for it wears a grand and gallant form, such as the pencil cannot resist—has raised a deep sigh over the '*trauriges Andenken*' it served to call up.

When Margaretha Maultasch ceded the country she found herself unable to govern to Austria at the earnest request of her people, in 1363, it was stipulated that Kufstein, Kitzbühl, and Rattenberg, which had been added to it by her marriage with Louis of Brandenburg, should revert to Bavaria. These three dependencies were recovered by the Emperor Maximilian in 1504, the two latter accepting his allegiance gladly, the former holding out stoutly against him. The story of the

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reduction of this stronghold is almost a stain on his otherwise prudent and prosperous reign.

Pienzenau, its commander, who was in the Bavarian interest, had particularly excited his ire by setting his men to sweep away with brooms the traces of the small damage which had been effected by his cannon, placed at too great a distance to do more than graze the massive walls. Philip von Rechenau, Regent of Innsbruck, meantime cast two enormous field-pieces, which received the names of *Weckauf* and *Purlepaus*. These entirely turned the tide of affairs. Chronicles of the time do not mention their calibre, but declare that their missiles not only pierced the 'fourteen-feet-thick wall' through and through, but entered a foot and a half into the living rock.

Pienzenau's heart misgave him when he saw the work of these destructive engines, and hastened to send in his submission to the Emperor; but it was too late. 'So he is in a hurry to throw away his brooms at last, is he!' cried Maximilian. 'But he should have done it before. He has allowed the walls of this noble castle to be so disgracefully shattered, that he can make no amends but by giving up his own carcass to the same fate.'

No entreaty could move the Emperor from carrying out this chastisement, and some five-and-twenty of the principal men who had held out against him were condemned to be beheaded on the spot. When eleven had fallen before the headsman's sword, Erich, Duke of Brunswick, sickening at the scene of blood, pleaded so earnestly with the Emperor, that he obtained the pardon of the rest. The eleven were buried by the pious country-people in a common grave; and who will may yet tread the ground where their remains rest in a little chapel built over their grave at Ainliff, (dialectic for eleven,) on the other side of the river Inn.

Its situation near the frontier has made it the scene of other sieges, of which none is more endeared to Tiroleans than that of 1809, when the patriot Speckbacher distinguished himself by many a dauntless deed.

Kufstein has almost forgotten these stirring memories now. S. Louis's day fell while we were there—the name-day of the King of Bavaria; and being the border town, the polite Tiroleans make a complimentary fête of it. There was a grand musical Mass, which the officers from the Bavarian frontier attended, and a modest banquet was offered them after it. The peasants put on their holiday attire—passable enough as far as the men are concerned, but consisting mainly on the women's behalf in an ugly black cloth square-waisted dress, and a black felt broad-brimmed hat, with large gold tassels lying on the brim. After Mass the Bavarian national hymn was sung to the familiar strains of our own.

All seemed gay and glad without. I returned to the primitive rambling inn; everyone was gone to take his or her part in the Kufstein idea of a holiday. There were three entrances, and three staircases; I took a wrong one, and in trying to retrace my steps, passed a room

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through the half-open door of which I heard a sound of moaning, which arrested me. I could not find it in my heart to pass on. I pushed the door gently aside, and discovered a grey-haired old man lying comfortlessly on the bed in a state of torpor. I laid him back in a posture in which he could breathe more freely, opened his collar and gave him air, and with the aid of one or two simple means soon brought him back to consciousness. The room was barely furnished; his luggage was a small bundle tied in a handkerchief, his clothes betokened that he belonged to the respectable of the lower class. I was too desirous to converse with a genuine Tirolean peasant to refuse his invitation to sit down by his side. I had soon learnt his tale, which he seemed not a little pleased to find had an interest for a foreigner.

His lot had been that of God's loved and deeply tried ones. In youth he had been called to lose his parents; in later life, the dear wife who had for a season clothed his home again with brightness and hope. In old age he had had a heavier trial still. His only child, the son whom he had reared in the hope that he would have been the staff of his declining years, whom he had brought up in innocence in childhood, and shielded from knowledge of evil in early youth, had gone from him, and he knew not where to find him. The boy had always had a fancy for a roving adventurous life, and it had been his hope to have kept him always near him, free from the contamination of great cities.

I asked if it was not the custom in these parts for young men to go abroad and seek employment where it was more highly paid, and come back and settle on their earnings. But he shook his head proudly. It was so in Switzerland, it was so in some few valleys of Tirol, and the poor Engadeiners supplied all the cities of Europe with confectioners, but his son had no need to tramp the world in search of fortune. But what had made him most anxious was that the night before his son left some wild young men had passed through the village. They were bold and uproarious, and his fear was his boy might have been tempted to join them. He did not know exactly what their game was, but he had an idea they were gathering recruits to join the lawless Garibaldian hordes in their attempts upon the Roman frontier. With their designs he was confident his son had no sympathy. If he had stopped to consider them he would have shrunk from them with horror; and it was his dread that his spirited love of danger and excitement had carried him into a vortex from which he might by-and-by be longing to extricate himself in vain. It was to pray that the lad might be guided aright that he had made this pilgrimage up the Thierberg—no easy journey for one of his years. He had come across hill and valley from a village of which I forget the name, but situated near Sterzing.

'But Sterzing itself is a place of pilgrimage,' I said, glad to turn to account my scanty knowledge of the sacred places of the country. 'Why did you come all this way?'

'Indeed is Sterzing,' he replied, 'a place of benedictions. It is the

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spot where Sterzling, our first hermit, lived, and left his name to our town. But *this* is the spot for those who need penance. There, in that place,' and as I followed the direction of his hand I saw through the low latticed window the lofty elevation of the Thierberg, like a phantom tower enveloped in mist, standing out against the clear sky beyond, and wondered how his palsied limbs had carried him up the steep. 'In that place, in olden time, lived a true penitent. Once it was a lordly castle, and he to whom it belonged was a rich and honoured knight; but on one occasion he forgot his knightly honour, and with false vows led astray an unthinking maiden of the village. Soon, however, the conviction of his sin came back to him clear as the sun's light, and without an hour's hesitation he put it from him. To the girl he made the best amends he could by first leading her to repentance, then procuring her admission to a neighbouring convent. But for him, from that day the lordly castle became as a hermit's cell, the sound of mirth and revelry and of friendly voices was hushed for ever. The memory of his own name even he would have wiped out, and would have men call him only as they do to the present day, '*der Büsser*'—the Penitent. And so many has his example brought to this shrine in a spirit of compunction, that the Church has endowed it with the indulgence of the Portiuncula.'

He was feeling better, and he rose to go. He pressed my hand in acknowledgment of my sympathy, and I assured him of it. It was not a case for more substantial charity; I had gathered from his recital that he had no lack of worldly means. I only strove at parting to kindle a ray of hope. I said after all it might not be so bad as he imagined; his boy had been well brought up, and might perhaps be trusted to keep out of the way of evil. It was thoughtless of him not to seek his father's blessing and consent, to his choice of an adventurous career, but it might be he had feared his opposition, and that he had no unworthy reason for concealing his plans. There was at least as much reason to hope as to despond, and he must look forward to his coming back, true to the instincts of his mountain home, wiser as well as richer than he had set out.....

His pale blue eye glistened, and he gasped like one who had seen a vision. 'Ay! just so! Just so it appeared to me when I was in the Thierberg this morning! And now, in case my weak old heart did not see it clearly enough, God, in His mercy, has sent you to expound the thing more plainly to me. Now I know that I am heard.'

Poor old man! In my weak faith I almost shuddered lest the hope so strongly entertained should prove delusive in the end. I may never know the result, but I felt that he was one who took all things at God's hands, and to whom, therefore, nothing could come amiss; and for the present, at all events, I saw that he went down to his house comforted.

I strolled along the street, and, possessed with the type of the Tirolean peasant as I received it from this old man, I conceived a feeling of regard for all whom I met by the way. I thought of them as of men for whom the unseen world is a reality. At home one meets with such now and

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then, as one in an hundred, perhaps; but to be transported into a whole country of them was like waking up from a long sleep to find oneself in the age of S. Francis and S. Dominic.

Whatever faults the Tirolese may have to answer for, they will not arise from religion being put out of sight. No village but has its hill-side path marked with 'the Way of the Cross'; no bridge but carries the statue of S. John Nepomucene, the martyr of the Confessional; no fountain but bears the image of the local saint, a model of virtue to the place; no lone path unmarked by its way-side chapel, or its crucifix shielded from the weather by a rustic roof; no house but has its outer walls covered with memories of holy things; no room without its sacred prints and its *bénitier*.

Nor—noble-looking, independent race as they are—have they any shrinking from the confession of their opinions. The churches are full of little rude pictures recording scenes in which all the mercies of life are gratefully ascribed to answers to prayer, while many who cannot afford this more elaborate tribute, hang up a tablet with the words *Hat geholfen*, ('He has helped me;') or more simply still, '*aus Dankbarkeit*.' Longfellow has written something very true and pretty, which I do not remember well enough to quote, but most will call to mind the verses about leaving landmarks, which a weary brother seeing, may take heart again; and it is incalculable how these good people may stir up one another to faith and hope by such testimonies of their trust in Providence. Sometimes, again, the little tablets record that such an one has undertaken a journey, '*N. N. reiset nach N.*, pray for him'; and we, who have come so far so easily, smile at the short distance which is thought worthy of this importance. The *Gott segne meine Reise*—'May God bless my journey'—seems to come as naturally to them, however, as 'grace before meat' with us. But most of all, their care is displayed in regard to the dear departed. The spot where an accident deprived one of his life is sacred to all. 'The honourable peasant N. N. was run over here by a heavy wagon;'—'Here was N. N. carried away by the waters of the stream;' with the unfailing adjunct, 'may he rest in peace, let us pray for him;' or sometimes, as if there were no need to address the recommendation to his own neighbours, 'Stranger! pray for him.'

The straggling village on the opposite bank of the Inn is called Zell, though appearing part of Kufstein. It affords the best points for viewing the gloomy old fortress, and itself possesses one or two chapels of some interest. At Kiefersfelden, at a short distance on the Bavarian border, is the so-called Ottokapelle, a Gothic chapel marking the spot where Prince Otho quitted his native soil when called to take possession of the throne of Greece.

Kundl, about an hour from Kufstein, though wretchedly provided with accommodation, is the place to stop at to visit the curious and isolated church of *S. Leonhard auf der Wiese*, (in the meadow,) in itself well worthy of a visit. In the year 1004 a life-sized stone image of S.

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Leonard was brought by the stream to this spot; 'floating,' the wonder-loving people said, but it may well be believed that some rapid swollen torrent had carried the image away in its wild course from some chapel on a higher level. The people not knowing whence it came, reckoned it a miracle, and set it up in the high-way, that all who passed might know of it. It was not long before a no less illustrious wayfarer than the Emperor Henry II. came that way, and seeing the uncovered image set up on high, stopped to inquire its history. When he had heard it, he vowed that if his arms were prosperous in Italy he would on his return build the saint an honourable church. Success indeed attended him in the campaign, and he was crowned Emperor at Pavia; but S. Leonard and his vow were alike forgotten. The year 1012 brought him again into Italy through the Tirol, and passing the spot where he had registered his vow before, his horse, foaming and stamping, refused to pass the image or carry him further. The circumstance reminded him of his promise, and he at once set to work to carry it out worthily. The church was completed within a few years, but an unhappy accident signalized its completion. A young man who had undertaken to place the ornament on the summit was seized with vertigo in the moment of completing his exploit, and losing his balance, was dashed lifeless on to the ground below. His remains were gathered up tenderly by the neighbours, and his skull laid as an offering at the foot of the crucifix on the high altar, where it yet remains. An inscription to the following effect is preserved in the church: 'A. D. 1019 Præsens ecclesia Sti. Leonhardi a sancto Henrico Imperatore exstructa, et anno 1020 a summo Pontifice Benedicto VIII. consecrata est.' Though there would not seem to be any other record of the Pope having made the journey. S. Kunigunda, consort of Henry II., bore a great affection to the spot, and often visited it.

The image of S. Leonard now in the church bears the date of 1481, and there is no record of when it was substituted for the original. The interior has suffered a great deal during the whitewash period; but some of the original stone carvings are remarkable, particularly the grotesque creatures displayed on the main columns. On one a double-bodied lion is trampling on two dragons; on another a youth stands holding the prophetic roll of the Book of Revelation, and a hideous symbolical figure, with something of the form of a bear, cowers before him, showing a certain resemblance to the sculptures in the chapel-porch of Castle Tirol. Round the high altar are ten pilasters, each setting forth the figure of a saint, and all various. A great deal of the old work was destroyed, however, when it was rebuilt, about the year 1500.

Between S. Leonhard and Ratfeld runs the Auflängerbründl, a water-course directed by the side of the road through the charity of the towns-people of Rattenberg and Ratfeld, in the year 1424, with the view that no wayfarer might faint by the way for want of a drink of pure and refreshing water.

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Rattenberg is a little town of some importance on account of the copper works in the neighbourhood, but not much frequented by visitors. It is curious that the overhanging castle of Rottenburg, though so like in name, has a different derivation, the latter arising from the red earth of the neighbourhood, and the former from an old word *Rat*, meaning 'richness,' and in old documents it is found spelt *Rat in berc*—(riches in the mountain.) This was the favoured locality of the holy Nothburga's earthly career.

S. Nothburga is eminently characteristic of her country. She was the poorest of village maidens, and yet attained the highest and most lasting veneration of her people by the simple force of virtue.* She was born in 1280. The child of pious parents, she drank in their good instructions with an instinctive aptitude. Their lessons of pure and Christian manners seemed as it were to crystalize and model themselves in her conduct; she grew up a living picture of holy counsels. She was scarcely seventeen when the lord of Castle Rottenburg, hearing of her perfect life, desired to have her in his household. Her parents, knowing she could have no better protectors when they were no more, than their honoured Knight Henry of Rottenburg and his good wife Gutta, gladly accepted the proposal. In her new sphere Nothburga showed how well grounded was her virtue. It readily adapted itself to her altered position, and she became as faithful and devoted to her employers as she had been loving and obedient to her parents. In time she was advanced to the highest position of trust in the castle, and the greatest delight of her heart was fulfilled when she was nominated to superintend the distribution of alms to the poor. Her prudence enabled her to distinguish between real and feigned need, and while she delighted in ministering to the one, she was firm in resisting the appeals of the other. Her general uprightness won for her the respect of all with whom she had to do, and she was the general favourite of all classes.

Such bright days could not last; the enemy of God's saints looked on with envy, and desired to 'sift' her 'as wheat.' The knight's son Henry VI. in process of time brought home his bride, Ottilia by name; and according to local custom, the older Knight Henry ceded his authority to the young castellan, living himself in comparative retirement. Ottilia was young and thoughtless, and haughty to boot, and it was not without a feeling of bitter resentment that she saw both her husband and his parents looked to Nothburga to supply her deficiencies in the management of the household. She resolved to get rid of the faithful servant, and her fury against her was only increased in proportion as she realized that the perfect uprightness of her conduct rendered it impossible to discover any pretext for dismissing her.

For Nothburga it was a life of daily silent martyrdom. There were a thousand mortifications in her mistress's power to inflict, and she lost no

* Anna Maria Taigi, the act for whose beatification is now proceeding, also worked out her sanctification in the condition of a servant.

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opportunity of annoying her, but never once succeeded in ruffling the gentleness of her spirit. 'My life has been too easy hitherto,' she would say in the stillness of her own heart; 'now I am honoured at last by admission to the way of the Cross.' There was no brightness, no praise, no subsequent hope of distinction, to be derived from her patience; they were stabs in the dark, seen by no human eye, which made her bleed day by day. Yet she would not complain, much less seek to change her service. She said it would have been ungrateful to her first benefactors and employers to leave them, so long as she could spend herself for them, and ungrateful to God to shirk the trial He had lovingly sent her.

A crucial test of her fidelity, however, was at hand. The day came when Knight Henry and Gutta his wife were called to their long rest, and with them the chief protection of Nothburga departed. She was now almost at Ottilia's mercy. One of the first consequences of this change was that she was deprived of her favourite office of relieving the poor; and not only their customary alms were stopped, but their dole of food also; and as a final provocation, she was required to feed the pigs with the broken meat she had been accustomed to husband for the necessitous.

The good girl's heart bled to see the needy whom she had been wont to relieve turned hungry away. The only means that occurred to her of in some measure remedying the evil, was to deny herself her own food and distribute it among them. Restricting her own diet to bread and water, she saved a little basketful, which she would take down every evening when work was done to the foot of the Leuchtenburg, where the poorest of the castle dependents lived; and the blessing which multiplied the loaves in the wilderness made her scanty savings suffice to feed all who had come to beg of her.

That Nothburga contrived to feed the poor of a whole district, in spite of her orders to the contrary, of course became in time a gound of complaint for Ottilia. She had now a plausible reason for stirring up the Knight Henry against her. He had always defended her, out of regard for his parents' memory; but coming one evening past the Leuchtenburg, at Ottilia's instigation, he met Nothburga with her little burden, and asked her what she carried.

Here the adversary of the saints had prepared for her a great trial. She, in her innocence, told fairly and honestly the import of her errand; but to the Knight's eyes, who had meantime untied her apron, the contents appeared, the legend says, to be wood shavings; and further, putting the wine-flask to his lips, it seemed to him to contain soap-suds. To her charitable intention he had made no objection, but at this, which appeared to him a studied affront, he was furious. He would listen to no explanation, but, returning at once to the castle, he gave Ottilia free and full leave to deal with the offending handmaiden as she pleased. Ottilia readily put the permission into effect by directing the castle guard to forbid her, on her return, ever again to pass the threshold of the castle.

This blow told with terrible effect on the poor girl. During her service at the castle both her parents had died; she had now no home to resort to. Putting her trust in God, however, she retraced her steps alone through the darkness, and found shelter in a cottage of one of her poor clients.

Her path was watched by the angels, who marked the track with fair

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seeds; and even to this day the hill-side which her feet so often pressed on her holy errand is marked with a peculiar growth of flowers.

The next day she applied to a peasant of Eben to engage her as a field labourer. The peasant was exceedingly doubtful of her capacity for the work after the comparatively delicate nature of her previous mode of life. Her hardy perseverance and determination, aided by the grace of God, on which she implicitly relied, overcame all obstacles, and old Valentine soon found that her presence brought a blessing on all his substance. She had been with him about a year, when one day, being Saturday, he was very anxious to gather in the remainder of his harvest before an apprehended storm, and desired Nothburga, with the other reapers, to continue their labours after the hour of eve, when the holy rest was reckoned to have commenced. Nothburga, usually so obedient to his wishes, had the courage to refuse to infringe the commandment of religion; and to manifest that the will of God was on her side, shewed him her sickle resting from labour, suspended in the air. Valentine, convinced by the prodigy, yielded to her representations, and her piety was more and more honoured by all the neighbours.

Soon after this, Ottilia, in the midst of her health and strength, was stricken with a dangerous illness. In presence of the fear of death she remembered her harsh treatment of Nothburga, and sent for her to make amends for the past. As the good girl reached her bed-side she was just under the influence of a frightful attack of fevered remorse. Her long golden hair waved in untended masses over the pillow, like the flames of purgatory; her eyes glared like wheels of fire. Unconscious of what was passing round her, and filled only with her distempered fancies, she cried piteously, 'Drive away those horrid beasts! don't let them come near me! And why do you let those pale-faced creatures pursue me with their hollow glances? If I did deny them food, I cannot help it now! Oh! keep those horrid swine off me! If I did give them the portion of the poor, it is no reason you should let them defile me and trample on me!'

Nothburga was melted with compassion, and her glance of sympathy seemed to chase away the horrid vision. Come to herself, and calm again, Ottilia recognized and begged her pardon, which we may well believe she readily accorded; and shortly after, having reconciled herself to God with true compunction, she fell asleep in peace.*

Henry proposed to Nothburga to come and resume her old post in the castle, and moreover to add to it that of superintending the nurture of his only boy. Nothburga gladly accepted his offer, but, in her strict integrity, insisted in accepting no remission from the three years service under which she had bound herself to Valentine. This concluded, she was received back with open arms at Castle Rottenburg, whither she took with her one of Valentine's daughters to instruct in household

* I have throughout the story reconciled, as well as I could, the various versions of every episode in which local tradition indulges. One favourite account of Ottilia's end, however, is so different from the one I have selected above, that I cannot forbear giving it also. It represents Ottilia rushing in despair from her bed and wallowing in the enclosure of the pigs, whence, with all Henry's care, she could not be withdrawn alive. All the strength of his retainers was powerless to restrain the beasts' fury, and she was devoured, without leaving a trace behind; only that now and then, on stormy nights, when the pigs are grunting over their evening meal, some memory of their strange repast seems to possess them, and the wail of Ottilia is heard resounding hopelessly through the valley.

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duties, that she might be meet to succeed her when her time should come.

Days of peace on earth are not for the saints. Her fight was fought out. The privations she had undergone in sparing her food for the poor, and her subsequent exposure in the field, brought on an illness, under which she shortly after sank. In conformity with her express desire, her body was laid on a bier, to which two young oxen were yoked, and left to follow their own course. The willing beasts tramped straight away over hill and dale and water-course till they came to the village of Eben, then consisting of but a couple of huts of the poor tillers of the soil, and Valentine's homestead. A small field-chapel of S. Ruprecht was the only place of devotion, but here next morning the body of the holy maiden was found carefully laid at the foot of the altar, and here it was reverently buried, and for centuries honoured by all the country round. In 1434, the Emperor Maximilian, and Christopher, Prince-Bishop of Brixen, built a church over the spot, of which the ancient chapel served as the quire. In 1718, Gaspar Ignatius, Count of Künigl, the then Prince-Bishop, had the sacred remains exhumed, and carried them with pomp to the neighbouring town of Schwatz, where they remained while the church was restored, and an open sarcophagus prepared for them to remain exposed for the veneration of the faithful, which was completed in 1738. In 1838 a centenary festival was observed with great rejoicing, and on 27th of March, 1862, the cycle of Nothburga's honour was completed in her solemn canonization at Rome.

The lords of Rottenburg had had possession of this territory, and had been the most powerful family of Tirol, ever since the eighth century; one branch extending its sway over the valleys surrounding the Inn, and another branch commanding the country bordering the Etsch; Leuchtenburg and Fleims being the chief fortress-seats of these latter. Their vast power greatly harassed the rulers of Tirol. In every conflict between the native or Austrian princes and the Dukes of Bavaria their influence would always turn the scale, and they often seem to have exercised it simply to show their power. Their family pride grew so high, that it became a proverb among the people. It has been observed that just during the period of the holy Nothburga's sojourn in the castle the halo of her humble spirit seemed to exercise a charm over their ruling passion. It had no sooner passed away than it once more burst forth with intenser energy, and by the end of a century more so blinded them that they ventured on an attempt to seize the supreme power over the land. Friedrich *mit der leeren Tasche* was not a prince to lose his rights without a worthy struggle; and then ensued one which was a noteworthy instance of the protection which royalty often afforded to the poor against the oppressions of a selfish aristocracy in the middle ages. Friedrich was the idol of the people: in his youth his hardy temperament had made him the companion not only of the mountain huntsman, but even of the mountain hewer of wood. Called to rule over the country, he always stood out manfully for the liberties of the peasant and the burghers of the little struggling communities of Tirol. The lords and knights who found their power thereby restricted were glad to follow the standard of Henry VI., Count of Rottenburg, in his rebellions. Forgetting all patriotism in his struggle for power, Henry called to his aid the Duke of Bavaria, who readily answered his appeal, reckoning that as

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soon as, by aiding Henry, he had driven Friedrich out, he would shortly after be able to secure the prize for himself.

The Bavarian troops, ever rough and lawless, now began laying waste the country in ruthless fashion. A Bavarian bishop, moved to compassion by the sufferings of the poor people, though not of his own flock, pleaded so earnestly with the Duke, that he made peace with Friedrich, who was able to inflict due chastisement on Henry, for, powerful as he was, he was no match for him as a leader. He fell prisoner into Friedrich's hands, who magnanimously gave him his liberty; but according to the laws of the time, his lands and fiefs were forfeit; though the spirit of the high-minded noble was unbroken, the darling aim of his race which had devolved upon him for execution was defeated; his occupation gone, and his hopes quenched, he wandered about, the last of his race, not caring even to establish himself in any of the fiefs which he held under the Duke of Bavaria, and consequently yet remained to him.

The history of Henry VI. of Rottenburg has a peculiarly gloomy and fantastic character. Ambitious to a fault, it was one cause of his ill success that he exercised himself in the nobler pursuits of life rather than in the career of arms. Letters of his which are still preserved show that he owed the ascendancy he exercised over his neighbours quite as much to his strength of character and grasp of mind as to his title and riches. No complaint is brought against him in chronicles of the time of niggardliness towards the Church, or of want of uprightness or patience as a judge; he is spoken of as if he had learned to make himself respected as well as feared. But he lived apart in a lofty sphere of his own, seldom mixing in social intercourse, while his refined tastes prevented his becoming an adept in the art of war. Friedrich, on the other hand, who was a hero in the field by his bravery, was also the favourite of the people through his frank and ready-spoken sympathy. Henry had perhaps, on the whole, the finer—certainly the more cultivated—character, but Friedrich was more the man of the time; and it was this doom of succumbing to one to whom he felt himself superior, which pressed most heavily on the last of the Rottenburgs. What became of him was never known, consequently many wild stories became current to account for his end;—that he never laid his proud head low at the call of death, but yet wanders on round the precincts where he once ruled; that his untameable ambition made him a prey to the Power of Evil, who carried him off, body and soul, to the reward of the proud; that, shunning all sympathy and refusing all assistance, he died, untended and unknown, in a spot far from the habitations of men. It would appear most probable, however, that his death, like his life, was a contrast with the habits of his age: it is thought that, unable to bear his humiliation, he fell by his own hand within a twelvemonth of his defeat.

The deliverance from this powerful vassal, and the falling in of his domains, tended greatly to strengthen and consolidate Friedrich's rule over Tirol, and ultimately to render the government of the country more stable, and more beneficial to the people.

Not long after Henry VI.'s disappearance, a mysterious fire broke out in the old castle on two separate occasions, laying the greater part of it in ruins. But on each occasion it was noticed that the devouring element, at the height of its fury, spared the little room which was honoured as that in which the holy Nothburga had dwelt.

(To be continued.)

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Declined with thanks.—R. S. T.

A. *begs to inform* A. H. *that Lovelace's poem to Lucasta is to be found in Mackay's* Thousand and One Gems, *also in Locker's* Lyra Elegantiarum.

A short time since in the Correspondence page of The Monthly Packet, *mention was made of 'Italian Mineral Chalks' for crayon drawing.* A. H. *has vainly tried to procure some; Windsor and Newton know nothing of them.*

Kate.—*The translation of* I Promessi Sposi *was published by J. Burns, Portman Square, twenty-five years back.*——*The Double Acrostic*—Railway Station—*appeared in* The Magazine for the Young, *December*, 1862.

Can any of the readers of The Monthly Packet *inform* Frank *where the expression,* 'A Vale of Tears,' *is quoted from?*

E. C.—*The verse is not quite correctly quoted, the substitution of* her *for* him *in the last line explains much; and there is a preceding stanza which we cannot insert here, but which will be found in the forthcoming Volume of Collected Poems.*

A. W. *would be much obliged if the Editor of* The Monthly Packet, *or any of his Correspondents, would tell her of any easy book of Questions and Answers on History and Geography for a child of six or seven years, in which facts are told in simple words.*

M. S. *is informed that the hymn beginning,* 'Oh, think that while you're weeping here,' *is by a Dr. Huie, and is to be found in the collection called* 'Sacred Poetry,' *published by Oliphant, Edinburgh.*—H. M. T.

R. S. T. *asks where to find the lines—*

'And the lily of the valley
Rang her peal of silver bells.'

In reply to B. M.'s *inquiry,* A. H. *begs to say that the lines—*

'To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die,'

are to be found in Thomas Campbell's poem, Hallowed Ground.

Can anyone kindly inform me who is the Author of the following lines, and where I can find them in print?

'She's like the key-stone of an arch,
Which doth consummate beauty;
She's like the music of a march
Which maketh joy of duty.'

I cannot vouch for the correctness of the quotation.—C. S.

Mr. Allnutt *acknowledges with many thanks the following donations to* The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea:—*From Perth, for Christmas,* 5*s.*; A. C., 2*s.* 6*d.*; A. A., 4*s.*; N. *and* M., 2*s.* 6*d.*, *and* Box of Toys, Picture Books, *and* Clothing; L. C. G., £1; Mrs. J. B. Yonge, *a* Parcel of Clothing, Picture Books, &c.

Received by Miss Nevile *with thanks, for the* Convalescent Home, E. J. W., 3*s.*

The Editor *acknowledges with thanks* 10*s. from* Hermione *for the* Bishop of London's Fund; *and* 4*s. from* L. *for the* Gravesend Waterside Mission. L. *is informed that the price of* One Year *is* 5*s.*, The Silver Skates *probably about the same; but books do not always come to us with their prices.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 39. MARCH, 1869. PRICE 1s.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

THE Third Canto leaves Dante in a state of trance, during which he is conveyed by supernatural means across the river Acheron, since it was not lawful that any but the guilty should pass by Charon's boat. When he awakes, he finds himself on the brink of the first circle; and here it will be necessary to explain to our readers the general structure and form of the Inferno.

Beneath the crust of the earth lies a large funnel-shaped hollow, beginning from close under the surface, and terminating in a point at the centre. In the centre of the outer surface which roofs over this hollow, right over the axis of the funnel, stands Jerusalem; while on the circumference the dark wood and gate of hell must of necessity be placed. Remembering that Dante was a Florentine, we may estimate the radius of the circle at the surface at fifteen degrees; so that the abyss from brink to brink will be rather more than 2000 miles broad, while its depth is rather under 4000 miles. The sides of the hollow are not sloping, but divided into horizontal terraces, separated by precipitous rocks. The 'circles' consequently are ring shaped; and Dante and Virgil proceed a little way along each towards the left, before descending to the one next below. The number of these is nine, diminishing in size from the uppermost downwards, except that the seventh, eighth, and ninth consist of several terraces grouped together. The first circle is occupied by the virtuous heathen, who cannot be said properly to belong to hell, as they have not passed under Minos' jurisdiction. In this there is one specially favoured spot, enjoying abundance of pure air and light, wherein live the spirits of the famous sages and princes of ancient times, whose virtue and wisdom shed light in the midst of a pagan world. The next four circles are appropriated to those who have indulged their natural passions to excess, the incontinent, the gluttonous, the avaricious, and the passionate. It will be seen that the heinousness of the crimes punished increases as we descend lower into the pit. The sixth circle comes next, containing the burning city of Dis, tenanted by heretics. The seventh is appropriated to the violent, of whom there are

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three classes. The eighth, to the fraudulent; this being divided into ten gulfs, for the different forms of fraud, usury, simony, sorcery, and the like. In the ninth circle stand traitors, divided into four classes; and at the very centre is Lucifer, by whose sides the poets, reversing their position, ascend through a narrow chink (cleft by the fall of Lucifer from Heaven to his present position) to the antipodes of Jerusalem, where stands the mountain of Purgatory. With this ends the cantica of the Inferno.

With regard to the fourth Canto, it is worthy of remark, that the descent of our Lord into Hell, and the deliverance of the fathers from Limbo, which had been obscurely foretold in Old Testament prophecy, forms the subject of the latter part of the spurious Gospel of Nicodemus, said to have been dictated by two of those saints who had arisen from the dead after our Lord's Resurrection. Dante has wisely confined himself to a statement of the main facts only, without introducing into his poem details which have never been sanctioned by competent authority. As to the catalogue of great men whom Dante saw in Limbo, it is worth noticing that Homer (who bears the sword to mark him as the poet of the war of the Iliad) is the only Greek poet mentioned. Greek being then almost a dead language, even such names as Pindar and Æschylus would have conveyed little to Dante's ears; and the philosophers whom he afterwards describes were known to him, if known at all, only through the medium of Latin translations. The seven gates of the castle of Fame are not, as some have thought, the seven virtues, (for the theological virtues were beneath the horizon of heathen morality,) but the seven sciences of Grammar, Dialectic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry, and Astronomy. Our readers should refer to Mr. Ruskin's Modern Painters, vol. iv., for a most instructive commentary on the latter part of this Canto: we would, however, take some slight exception to the confidence with which he overturns the common notion respecting the material of which the ground of Limbo was composed. Dante calls it 'fresh verdure' and 'green enamel,' and the latter phrase has been generally considered metaphorical. Mr. Ruskin holds that the latter is a literal statement of fact: that the hopelessness of existence, which was the sole affliction of the virtuous heathen, was reproduced, so to speak, in the soil on which they walked, which tantalized them by its resemblance to the green fields of the earthly Paradise, being in reality as hard as adamant. His view is open to the objection that this seems an unnecessary refinement of cruelty; while the existence of the stream of pure water would rather indicate that the 'fresh verdure' was to be literally taken. And the poetical treatment of the subject is certainly such as to imply, that nothing more was to be inflicted on the unbaptized than what was an essential consequence of their being debarred from the vision of God. However, our readers will do well to read Mr. Ruskin's commentary, and then they can form their own conclusions.

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THE INFERNO.—CANTO IV.

The heavy trance which bound my head was shaken
By a loud thunder-clap: at once I started
As starts the sleeper whom rude hands awaken;
And all around inquiring glances darted,
My eyes refreshed by slumber keenly bending
To know where I might be. My view imparted
Sure knowledge of a valley's brink, extending
Right to a fathomless abyss below it,
Where ring the echoes of lament unending.
Such gloom, such depth of cloud did overflow it,
That though I strained my gaze into the hollow
Nought could I there discern. Then spake the poet,
'Descend we now amidst the tribes who wallow
In that blind world,' and pale as death he seemed,
'I lead the way; do thou behind me follow.'
Then I, who of his paleness wrongly deemed,
'How shall I venture, if thy spirit quaketh,
Who wert the comfort of my doubts esteemed?'
But he to me, 'Yon people's anguish maketh
Deep on my countenance to be impressed
That pity, which thy thought for fear mistaketh.
Now let us go, to our long task addressed.'
Then he went on, and led by him I found me
In the first circle of the abyss unblessed.
There no such plaints as did before astound me
Mine ear could catch; only incessant sighing
Which made the eternal air to tremble round me.
No torment was its cause; one woe undying
Upon the hearts of that great population
Of women, men, and babes, alone was lying.
The Master then, 'Seek'st thou no explanation
Of these thou seest here, each present spirit?
Then know, before we further take our station,
They did not sin; and whatsoe'er their merit,
Nought profits them, who Baptism have not gained,
The portal of the Faith thou dost inherit.
And if they lived ere Christ his presence deigned,
They did not honour God with worship fitted;
And in their ranks I am myself contained.
For such defect, nought else of sin committed,
We perish, doomed (and thus alone chastised)
To live and long in hopelessness unpitied.'

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Great pain felt I at heart when thus advised,
Since men of virtue and renown exceeding
I knew, who in that Limbo were comprised.
'Tell me, my lord, my master, tell me,' pleading
I thus began, to gain complete assurance
Touching that faith which conquers all misleading;—
'Did any e'er ascend from such endurance
By his or other's worth, to joys supernal?'
'New was I come unto this place of durance,'
He said, divining right my thoughts internal,
'When I a mighty one beheld amazed
Arriving, crowned with victory eternal.
Thence he the shade of our first father raised,
Abel's and Noe's; and the lawgiving
Moses; and him, for true obedience praised,
Abraham patriarch, and David king;
Israel, with father, sons, and wife beloved,
For whom he wrought so long unwearying:
With many more; whom he to heaven removed:
And thou shouldst know, of all in death who slumbered,
None before them salvation's bounty proved.'
Our pace was no way by his words encumbered,
But we passed on, right through the forest tending,
I mean the forest of those shades unnumbered.
But no long distance had we gone, descending
This side the summit, when a light appeared
Girt with a hemisphere of gloom impending.
Now to within a little had we neared,
Just so far off, that I in part discerned
There dwelt a people greatly to be feared.
'O thou in every art and science learned,
Say who are these who live in different fashion
From the others; whence have they this honour earned?'
Then he to me, 'Their honoured reputation,
Which in thy world above still soundeth greatly,
Finds grace in heaven which shews them such compassion.'
And then I heard a voice of accents stately,
'Honour the bard transcendent!' it exclaimed,
'His shade returneth, hence departed lately.'
And when that voice's notes were hushed and tamed,
Four mighty shades I saw towards us leading,
With faces neither joyous nor ashamed.
Then my good master, to instruct me speeding,
'Mark him who comes with sword in hand to greet us,
And seems the chief, the other three preceding.

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'Tis Homer, sovereign poet, who doth treat us
With such high honour: Horace next advances,
Then Ovid; Lucan is the last to meet us.
And since each one together with me chances
To own that name the single voice indited,
They honour me, and rightly.' Then my glances
Did rest on that fair school I saw united,
Under their lord, whose grand imagination
Soars o'er the rest, with eagle's powers excited.
Awhile they held together conversation,
And then with sign of welcome turned toward me;
Whereat my master smiled his approbation.
But they yet greater honour did afford me,
For me they did admit to their discourses,
And with the sixth place midst such lore reward me.
And thus we reached the light's immediate sources,
Speaking of matters then well worth the hearing,
Which now my theme to leave unmentioned forces.
We now a noble castle's foot were nearing,
By lofty ramparts seven times round protected,
And girdled by a stream of bright appearing.
O'er this, as dry land, we our steps directed,
And through seven gates together passed, and gained
A meadow of fresh verdure. There collected
Were spirits of aspect grave and self-restrained,
With majesty of visage undecaying:
Seldom they spoke, with voice in sweetness trained.
Then by one side we passed in our surveying
To an open place, lofty and radiant o'er me,
The whole assembly to our view displaying.
There, on the green enamel straight before me,
Were shewn the shades their pristine greatness wearing,
At sight of whom with loftier mien I bore me.
Electra I saw, Eneas, Hector, sharing
With many heroes more, in honour fitting;
Cæsar full-armed, with eye like falcon's glaring.
Camilla next, my glance the others quitting,
And Penthesilea; and, his cares effaced,
Latinus with his child Lavinia sitting.
Brutus, who Tarquin from his kingdom chased,
Lucrece, with matrons famed in Roman pages,
And Saladin, apart from the others placed.
Whereat my view the scene yet further gauges,
And lo, the sire of those who know, appearing
Enthroned amidst the family of sages.

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All unto him with awe and honour fearing
  Do reverence; Plato next, and Socrates,
  Before the others stand within his hearing.
Then Anaxagoras and Diogenes;
  Democritus, who the world to chance assigneth;
  Heraclitus, Zeno, and Empedocles:
Dioscorid, who simples well combineth;
  Thales, and Orpheus, melody's creator;
  Cicero and Livy; Seneca, who shineth
In moral wisdom: Ptolemy, narrator
  Of astral lore: Euclid and Galen learned;
  Averroes, the famous commentator.
I cannot speak of all I there discerned;
  For me my mighty theme so overrideth,
  That oft my tongue short of its aim hath turned.
The company of six in twain divideth;
  Another road we take, and thence arrived
  Midst a tempestuous air, from that which bideth
In quiet, a region of all light deprived.

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Reserve, reverent reserve, was ever a characteristic of the teaching of the school of divines of which the Christian Year was the first utterance. Those who had gone before them, in their burning zeal to proclaim the central truth of the Gospel, had obtruded it with little regard to the season of speaking, or the frame of mind of the hearer; and moreover, there was a habit of testing the sincerity of personal religion by requiring that its growth should be constantly proclaimed and discussed with great fullness of detail.

The deep mind, whose volumes of thought and feeling, even while they required expression, retired from the curious gaze, could not but shrink from all irreverent display and analysis of either holy things or private feelings; and 'the Rose-bud,' as this poem is called, is his veiled protest, which found a longer echo and comment in the Tract for the Times, 'On Reserve in Communicating Religious Knowledge,' where Isaac Williams shewed how in mercy to the hardened Jew, the full brightness of our Lord's teaching was withheld from the unbelieving ear, and reserved for the faithful few. This poem, though with the germ of the tract in

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it, is, however, chiefly aimed at the impatient scrutiny to which some would subject the religious sentiments of those for whom they are concerned.

In exquisite poetry, then, he shews how secret is the progress of the fairest works of Nature—the rose-bud never actually seen to open; the star that appears we know not how; the rosy bloom that comes while we are not watching for it on the pale cheek of recovery. And surely the sweetest of blossoms, the brightest of stars, the purest deepest glow—'love, the last best gift of Heaven'—may well be more secret in her growth than any of these! Human love itself is often deepest where least demonstrative; how much less can heavenly love bear to be intruded on by rude questions, when her growth is so still and secret that the heart that really is most full thereof is least aware of its own happy part. The beauty of love in a human soul is hidden from all save God—even as the Scripture veils from us the most wonderful moments that earth has seen—the moment of the Resurrection of our Lord, and the meeting between Him and His Holy Mother. There, in those wondrous hours, the Holy One, God and Man, has veiled Himself from us by giving us no description of what was awfully sacred, and, as it were, personal. It is with Him as it was with His type, 'old Israel's long lost son,' when in the supreme moment of discovering himself to his brethren, 'he sought where to weep, and entered into his chamber and wept there.' 'That the secret things belong unto the Lord' is true, not only of heavenly mysteries above, but of the work of grace in the soul; and it must be treated reverently; there must be no impatient demands of, no forcing of confidences; the precious bud must not be torn open, but left 'in her own sweet noon to flourish and abide.'

The Lyra poem is on the Gospel for Refreshing Sunday, on the fact that it was a young lad whose simple gift of loaves and fishes supplied the feast for the multitude. A stained glass window, with this for its subject, the offering in like manner of a 'young lad,' seems to have been the suggesting motive of the verses, picturing the boy's joy at the acceptance of his gift, and its wondrous effects, and then passing on to the individual application—

> 'Bring Him thy best: who knows but He
> For His eternal board
> May take some gift from thee?'

A small childish gift, a young child's prayer when committed to Him, may—nay, does—in His hands expand into the widest, most universal blessings, even as that 'stripling's store' not only fed the thousands on the grass, but became the type of that Bread that giveth everlasting life:

> 'Where angels might adore,
> And saints for ever feed.'

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FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE poem entitled in the Lyra Innocentium 'Shyness,' almost continues the meditation inspired by the secret tears of Joseph, as we find it in the Christian Year on the Fourth Sunday. As then the poem on reverence to religious reserve ended with

'. . . Let the dainty rose awhile
Her bashful fragrance hide,
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
But leave her in her own soft noon
To flourish and abide;'

so this one takes up the strain—

'Tear not away the veil, dear friend,
Nor from its shelter rudely rend
The heaven-protected flower;
It waits but sun and shower
To woo it kindly forth in its own time,
And when they come, untaught will know its hour of prime.'

It is, however, shyness rather than absolute reserve that these lines deal with—shyness, often so unmercifully treated, but which is here so tenderly pleaded for and described:

'The lowly drooping brow, the stammering tongue,
The giddy wavering thought, scarce knowing right and wrong.'

And no better practical comment can be found on the effects of such encouraging tenderness than the following personal experience:—

'I was called to appear before him for examination; and those who have undergone that awful ordeal, (public examination in the schools at Oxford,) will well recollect the alternations of hope and fear that used to prevail in our breasts on that occasion. John Keble witnessed my anxiety, and he took an early opportunity of whispering words which revived hopes that were almost extinct, and gave me fair reason to suppose that I should attain the object of my labours. You will not be surprised then that I regard his memory with genuine admiration and affection.'

He who, after the lapse of fifty years, thus warmly and gratefully dwelt on the kindly encouragement that had aided him through 'the awful ordeal' of early youth, was no other than the first man in the English Church, Charles Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had come to Oxford to do honour to the friend of his youth, only a few months before he too went to his rest.

But it is not only because impatience would destroy and blight buds of promise that the poem pleads for forbearance. It is far a deeper reason. The poet dares not affirm, but hints the question whether the reverence that the gaze of old age naturally inspires in the young may not be a shadow of our awe beneath the Almighty gaze that ever rests on us? For those who feel the deepest reverence, rise the highest in the end.

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'Hide thou thine eyes, and fear to look on God,
Else never hope to grasp the wonder-working rod.'

Moses began by hiding his face, in fear to gaze with bold eagerness, while he most felt the awful Eye upon him. In reverence and godly fear he heard his mission announced, and then went forth on it. When he came back to the very mount where he had so knelt in overpowering awe, it was to speak with God face to face, to behold His glory, and bear back such traces thereof on his own countenance, that priest and people should shrink from the holy brightness of his gaze, even as he had shrunk from the manifestation of God in the Burning Bush.

With such an example, shewing that all that is truly must begin in holy fear, let us beware of interference—let us respect the secret depths of the hearts of others—let us not drag their confidences to light; but let the work grow and deepen out of sight, and let us heed the warning—

'Oh, mar we not His work Who trains His saints in awe!'

We have begun with the later poem, because it seems like a conclusion to 'The Rose-bud,' telling us *how* the rose may expand; but the elder one is a very memorable one, being a grand summary of the Jewish history, as it begins from this day's Lesson. Old classical fashions are followed in the opening. The muse of history everywhere else records human doings; here we have the works of God. A comparison is made of the student suddenly arrested by the remarkable difference between the history of divinely conducted Israel, and that of the waste world besides; to the shepherd Moses thoughtlessly wandering in the desert, until struck and arrested by the Divine portent of the Burning Bush. Then all absorbed, he listens to God's voice and worships.

So should the student, often in like manner a shepherd of Christ's flock, when struck by the light of the Divine judgments upon Zion, wait to watch and heed the awful lesson.

The fire and blaze that Moses beheld at this first opening of Israelitish history are compared to the great enlightening brightness that has rendered that one people known as an example of warning to the whole world, while they themselves are like 'burning brands' seared by God's wrath, yet not destroyed.

'Lost branches of the once-loved Vine,
Now withered, spent, and sere;
See Israel's sons, like glowing brands,
Tossed wildly o'er a thousand lands,
For twice a thousand year.'

'Slay them not, lest My people forget it,' is fulfilled in them; and they remain as a beacon to warn the Church of the meed of apostasy—or like ghosts, flitting in the dark round their much-loved home. Who can hear of the 'wailing place of the Jews' without thinking of this line?

Surely if the angels look down on the way of the nations on earth—and

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we may believe that angels do watch God's dealings there—they can scarce see such strange contrasts anywhere as in this

'. . . Hopeless faith and homeless race,
Yet seeking the most holy place,
And owning the true bliss.'

The nation lives on indestructible as though 'salted with fire,' as if to shew how lost spirits can exist in endless death—a thought terrible indeed, but one not safe to lose.

Yet even in the midst of voices of judgment there is the voice of mercy—just as of old God spoke from the fire in the bush to say that He had come down to deliver His people. He is ready to accept them. He came down long ago to break their chain, if they would only believe it.

There may perhaps never be a national restoration of them. The Jewish Temple will never more rise at Jerusalem, nor will it be needed; for the true Jerusalem, the true Sion, is wherever Christians, 'His own true Israel, shall own Him strong to save.' One by one, wherever throughout the world they allow their hearts to be touched, and the veil to be taken from their eyes, He redeems them, or rather they accept His redemption—they own the Lamb, and pass out of their bondage and captivity.

One by one, few and far between indeed are such acceptances. Yet light shone on Joseph Wolfe as he read the wonderful fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and he knew the true Deliverer; and conviction darted into Alphonse Ratisbonne's heart as he aimlessly wandered in the church at Rome, followed (it would seem) by the prayers of a departing saint who had heard of his doubts, and who commended him to God, without having seen his face. Such cases give us hope that more and more of God's own people, St. Paul's brethren for whom he would fain have given himself, may yet 'believe and be saved.'

Meantime, for ourselves, let us gaze with awe-struck eye, remembering that we are now what that unhappy people once were, the chosen and favoured—meeting with God, and therefore treading on holy ground where we must 'keep our foot,' and fear to offend.

PALM SUNDAY.

The Palm Sunday song in the Christian Year is one of those remarkable meditations on the sacred vocation of the bard, which seem involuntarily to burst from almost all true poets, and which might be compared at some length with advantage; but at the present moment we will only allude to Milton and Tennyson as having both dwelt on the thought of the immortal office of the poet. Here comes the same idea, but with the characteristic humility of the man, he does not consciously rank himself as a poet, but breaks forth in an exhortation to those who have the sacred

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fire within them—sacred we say advisedly, not in mere repetition of an oft-used phrase. For was not poetry the form in which prophecy was delivered of old? and is it not still—like all other powers—a gift of the Holy Ghost?

And yet how often has it been a misused gift! Looking back at the poetry which stood prominently forward in the history of English literature and taste forty or fifty years ago, the names of Dryden and Pope stand foremost among the standards of taste; Byron was exercising a perilous fascination over the contemporary youth; and that Mr. Keble was greatly moved with the force, fire, and musicalness of the latter, may be heard in the ring of more than one of his own poems. It seems as though it were under the burning sense of grief and sorrowful indignation at the glorious powers wasted and abused by men like Byron and Shelley, that the quiet Oxford scholar burst forth into the zealous protest:—

'Ye whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by Heaven's peculiar grace;
God's own work to do on earth,
(If the world be not too bold,)
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old.

Sovereign masters of all hearts,
Know ye who hath set your parts?
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string;
He hath called you to lead
His Hosannas here below;
Mount and claim your glorious meed,
Linger not with sin and woe.'

Was there ever a grander exhortation more magnificently setting forth the poet's true office? But then comes the recollection that even if they should be silent, yet the song of praise would not therefore be wanting. Priests and Levites trained for a thousand years in the prophetic minstrelsy that David, Asaph, and the whole choir had stored up to hail the Son of David when He should enter His city and His temple; these were murmuring, reviling, plotting, when the moment actually came, yet the greeting was not omitted. The children cried Hosanna, and had they been silent the very stones would have cried out. So the song ceases not;

'Angels round the glory throne,
Stars His guiding Hand that own,
Flowers that grow beneath our feet,
Stones in earth's dark womb that rest,
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere His Name shall be unblest.'

Then follows the prayer that God's minstrels may never fail meetly to echo the angel harps above, and that we 'of meaner birth,' devoid of the

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same powers, may at least have 'grace to listen well.' Yet should these inspired leaders of song pervert their gifts, like the Priests and Levites, and keep silence, or if they profane their powers by making them serve to 'idol hymns,' then he entreats that God will awaken the very stones, the 'pavement of His shrine.'

'Till we like heaven's star-sprinkled floor,
Faintly give back what we adore;
Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy
If it flow from childlike hearts.'

Such were the terms—as a stone of the earth, or as a child—on which he was content to offer his song of praise in the default of those of higher powers, little aware how entirely he was thus becoming a 'sovereign master of all hearts,' or doing a great work of God's own upon earth. However, in his own humility, he has so framed the verses, that while they express his genuine feeling, they also apply to us, who have no ability to do aught but 'listen well,' and respond in our hearts.

It seems strange to turn from an address to impassioned poets upon their high office to such simple words as

'Look westward, pensive little one;'

but in spite of the words being apparently spoken to a child, they are intended to apply to all, and are far more really adapted to this Sunday than is the earlier poem. The child is bidden to admire the sunset in all its glory—nay, but all the splendour of the skies is concealed from him by a 'fluttering leaflet.'

'One finger's breadth at hand will mar
A world of light in heaven afar;
A mote eclipse a glorious star,
An eyelid hide the sky.'

Somewhat the same thought has been expressed by the late Rev. Isaac Williams—

'Upon the glass the creeping fly
Will shut out mightiest worlds on high;
So care to thankless mortals given,
Will hide from us our God and heaven.'

But here the comparison is of the evanescent glory of the sunset sky to some hour of special privilege, the Church Services or Sacraments. The fluttering leaf hides the sunset, the dreamy fancy occupies the mind, and so 'the bright hour has passed away,' the blessing is trifled with and lost. Who can fail to feel a pang of self-reproach at these words:

'Oh shame! oh grief! when earth's rude toys,
An opening door, a breath, a noise,
Drive from the heart the eternal joys,
Displace the Lord of love.

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For half a prayer perchance on high
We soar, and heaven seems bright and nigh;
But ah, too soon frail heart and eye
Sink down and earthward move.

The Sunday garment glittering gay,
The Sunday heart will steal away.'

So far every word and idea are as simple as possible, but the remedy is less evidently expressed—

'Thy precious robes unfold,
And cast before thy Saviour's feet;
Him spare not with thy best to greet,
Nor dread the dust of Zion's street,
'Tis jewels all and gold.'

It is of course a reference to the garments that were cast on our Saviour's path; and it would appear to mean that the gay or rich garments—and in them of course is included all that ministers to our personal splendour or ease, all the 'pomps and vanities' that are liable to distract our thoughts—should all in like manner be 'cast before our Saviour's feet,' *i. e.* be devoted to His glory, by being bestowed in His service, or in that of His poor. 'The dust of Zion's street,' which we are not to dread, would then be the outward humiliation, the wonder and censure of the world. This indeed would be 'jewels all and gold'—gold of the Celestial City—to be found by stooping in self-abasement.

In this week of woe, the churches wear mourning attire, and we ourselves shrink from appearing in festal garb. But when the funeral days are over, and the temples of God again shine forth in full splendour for praise, for glory, and for beauty, shall our own adornment recur to our minds? Shall we not rather deprive ourselves in fearless sacrifice of thanksgiving? The exaltation of God should so dazzle us that we should prostrate ourselves. As the elders cast their crowns before the Throne, so should we in our small and imperfect way feel that the more the glory of God beams on us, the more should we fall down before Him, offering Him all that is ours, or rather His. As in the Easter Epistle, the step from 'If ye then be risen with Christ,' is 'Mortify your members that are on the earth.'

EASTER DAY.

Nothing is apparently more difficult than to compose an Easter hymn. The day itself, and its own services, are so surpassingly glorious, that poetry is at fault when it would enhance upon them, and the really best of Easter songs is so only from its simplicity:

'Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day.'

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Something of the ring of 'Our triumphant holy-day' seems to echo in 'O day of days;' but this is more of a poem than a hymn. The three first verses dwell on the greatness of Easter joy, the Resurrection Day being reflected in the Lord's Day, 'the Easter day of every week,' and the week-days being thereby brightened, so that all time has become dedicated to holy joy, ever since the year of release began.

Let our soul then wake early to share the joy, unlike the dull-eyed worldling who merely rises to attend to its own interests, and cares only for what is material. Easter is nothing to him; and when he sees Christians acting on faith, he taunts them with living in a dream, and having nothing substantial to shew as a motive for their joy.

But the Christian's answer is that 'our crown, our treasure is not *here*:' it is the very essence of our joy that it is beyond this earth, and in eternal glory.

> 'We watch not now the lifeless stone,
> Our only Lord is risen and gone;
> Yet even the lifeless stone is dear,
> For thoughts of Him Who once lay here;
> And the base world, since Christ has died,
> Ennobled is and glorified.'

The idea here is that whereas the mere carnal man values the world for its own sake, and looks no further, the Christian gazes far beyond the world, after his risen Lord, and yet does not despise the world, because in it Christ lived, for it He died, from it He rose again, and thus it is ennobled and glorified, even as was His sepulchre. This earth has become no longer a charnel-house, the place of death and ruin for Adam's doomed race; but 'the imprisoning stone is rolled away,' the gates of everlasting life 'have been opened to us,' and, like the sepulchre, it is now a cell echoing with the glad tidings, 'Christ is risen,' and where angels whisper to mourners that the grave is but 'the place where JESUS lay.' Or again, it is a Temple, where a loving heart can everywhere find our Lord adored and shrined, and meet with precious memorials of Him wherever she turns. Such joy was vouchsafed to Magdalen, the first to meet that exceeding joy in the midst of her tears, and to the three faithful women whom He met as they were bearing the tidings of His Resurrection to the disciples. And we may share their bliss and tread in their steps, for Christ will reveal Himself to the heart of love mourning in solitude, as well as to those who bear forth the good tidings with hearts filled with charity. As then time has become one great Easter Day, so the earth has become one great Easter Sepulchre, and each Christian a glad messenger of the Resurrection, seeing Him by faith.

Turn we to the exulting song in triumphant measure, which in the earlier stanzas proclaims through the joyful narrative, comparing His Birth to His Resurrection, and then passing on to those who partake the sorrow of the night, and the joy which came in the morning. It seems to continue the thought with which the former hymn closed, of finding

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counterparts for Christians of all times in those who first gathered around the holy tomb; penitents, schooling themselves for the sight of His glory by the contemplation of His death, like the Magdalen; other penitents, like Peter, who had failed even while he loved much, and therefore seeing at first only the grave-clothes, so as to convince the mind, ere the joy came to the heart; and others in full innocence, able at once to 'behold, rejoice, believe.'

Then comes a personal application, spoken to the innocent child who is addressed in the poem. 'Dearest, be such thy portion,' and but still approach in reverence, taking home the fullness of awe and blessing.

> 'Thou knowst He died not for Himself, nor for Himself arose,
> Millions of souls were in His heart, and thee for one He chose;
> Upon the palms of His pierced Hands engraven was thy name,
> He for thy cleansing had prepared the water and the flame;
> Sure thou with Him art risen, and now with Him thou must go forth,
> And He will lend thy sick soul health, thy strivings might and worth.'

Risen with Him in Baptism, having at the third hour received the Holy Spirit, the young Christian then is to tread in the steps of his Lord Himself, meeting Him, as it were, again and again. And as our Lord assuredly revealed Himself at once to the Blessed Virgin, His mother, so the young Christian hails the Divine Image first in his parents, then feels His Presence from time to time, as did Peter in his penitence, Magdalen in her grief, or the three in their obedient haste; again 'in the breaking of Bread,' like those at Emmaus, and in the evening of life receiving His blessing in the assembly of saints.

The thought of constant meetings with the Risen Lord, with whom we ourselves are risen, is most beautiful, but it is expressed with a little involvement. The appearance of our Lord to His Blessed Mother is not mentioned in Scripture; but St. Ignatius and other fathers of old spoke of the fact as a secret veiled by the reserve of Scripture, (as it is treated in the Christian Year—Fourth Sunday in Lent,) and this is called even in one of our own Christmas carols one of the 'good joys St. Mary had.' Thus the Spouse, the Church, knows that so it must have been. This is the argument in the sixth stanza.

(To be continued.)

PSALM IV.

(Domine, ne in furore.)

CHASTEN me, O Lord, but not in anger,
Chide me not in Thy displeasure sore;
Spent with weeping, wearied out with langour,
Must I suffer more?

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'Peace, my child, for I thy loving Father
Smite in love, and never smite in vain;
One by one, the children round Me gather,
Perfected by pain.'

Every night I lay me down in sorrow,
Every morning finds me drowned in tears;
Endlessly to-morrow and to-morrow
Grows to months and years.

'Yet, through paths as sad, and hearts as hollow,
I, thy Lord and Master, went before;
My disciple, is it hard to follow
With the cross I bore?'

No; but should my spirit failing, dying,
Lose that Presence in the last dim dream;—
Can I, in the grave's dark chambers lying,
Even remember Him?

'Christian, at that low and narrow portal
Not so sad thy trembling soul shall be;
By the Breath which made that soul immortal,
He remembers thee.'

Hush, my heart, the Lord hath heard thy weeping,
Let Him stay thee as it likes Him best;
None can harm thee now, awake or sleeping,
Labouring or at rest.

M. C.

THE UNBROKEN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HEYGATE.

'A bone of Him shall not be broken.'—*St. John*, xix. 36.

Strike hard, ye ruthless soldiers. Let the bones
Crack with your iron strokes. A livid line
Responds to every blow,
And purple jets of blood.*

Strike hard; for one repentance scorns, and hell
May well begin. The other meekly bears,
And hastens to rejoin
His Lord in Paradise.

* See the picture of Rubens in the Museum at Antwerp.

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But touch not the Anointed; for the Lamb,
Pierced, bruised, and slain, is under angels' care;
And not the slightest bone
Of Him shall ever break.

Hold off—for sure your worst is done, your all.
Are you not satisfied? Behold the marks
Of scourge, and nails, and blows,
And your mock crown of thorns.

Thus far, no farther, dash your angry waves;
The Rock of Ages bounds you; and henceforth,
All honour to the dead,
Safety, and sweetest peace.*

No hostile hand shall touch Him now; but love
Of broken hearts shall take Him from the Cross,
And softly wind the shroud,
And lay Him in the tomb.

The bones are strength,† and man could never break
Divine enduring courage. He was calm
Before the judge; and calm
Hung on the Cross, and died.

Peter was broken, with his timid friends,
Who faithless fled, and left in time of need;
But all unbroken still
'I am' abode—abides.

The Church, His Body, often hard bested,
Wounded and scarred, shall never be subdued,
Because a part of Him
Who never can be broke.

The martyr, and the widow, and the child,
Orphaned and lone, and souls oppressed with guilt,
Unbroken, by the grace
Of this Unbroken, stand.

Off then, ye slaves, who blindly execute
The will of human lords. Confess a Power
Stronger than Jewish hate,
Or Rome's imperious rule.

* From the speech, 'It is finished,' a new period seems to set in; and honour takes the place of dishonour. The piercing of the Side had a mystical meaning, and does not mar this thought.

† S. Aug. Enarr. in Psalm cxxxix., and elsewhere.

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But come, thou teacher, taught thyself at last;
Yea, come by daylight, for night hastens on;
And in this Death discern
The font of that new birth.*

And come from Ramah, weeping by the way;
Sowing in bitter tears, to reap in joy;
Thou truly rich in this,
That Christ will bless thy grave.

Gently draw forth the nails, and gently place
The precious Burden on a mother's knees;
And let a spotless vest
Enfold the spotless Lamb.

Unbroken, undefiled, our only Strength,
And our sole Innocence—so let Him lie;
The grave a chancel make,
The dreaded tomb a home.

Roll up the stone, ye soldiers. Seal it sure,
And watch it well. 'Tis all that ye can do;
For through unbroken rock
The Unbroken will arise.

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No. XV.—FOR THE ANNUNCIATION OF OUR LADY.

(Salve salve sancta parens)

Hail, all hail! O sacred Mother!
By the Archangel's word no other
Than the Word dost thou conceive;
Thou our nature's bounds forsaking,
For thy Son God's Son art taking,
Virgin Mother, second Eve.

As the dew on wool descendeth,
As the sun his ray extendeth
Through the glass, and works no ill;
So the Father's power all holy,
Shadows o'er that Mother lowly,
Gloriously a Virgin still.

* St. John, iii.

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By the ever-closed portal
Enters He, Whom nature mortal
Cannot, dareth not oppose;
But adores Him, wonder-laden,
Hears the name of Mother-maiden,
Little yet its meaning knows.

Gabriel's Ave, mystic greeting,
Backward Eva's name repeating,
Turns her woe to holy mirth;
By whose word of restoration
Give we thee our salutation,
Full of grace, most blest of earth.

MORE THOUGHTS OF A LOVER OF OLD ENGLISH PROSE.

In continuing my remarks on our English prose writers, I am made to feel the impossibility of doing more than giving a very few specimens; and so deeply am I penetrated by the sense of the superficial character of such a proceeding, that nothing but the hope of leading here and there a reader of the Monthly Packet to look into the pages of the writers themselves would induce me to go on. There is also another consideration which emboldens me: it is not absolutely necessary that young ladies should possess themselves, even by borrowing, of the original prose works of Milton, of Bacon, of Hooker, or even of Jeremy Taylor—if ever such volumes come in their way, they will be prepared to select for themselves; meanwhile I would only refer for instance to the valuable compendium entitled, 'Bacon, his Writings and his Philosophy,' enriched with numerous quotations, edited by Mr. George Craik, and occupying three of Mr. Knight's little useful volumes, published in 1846. Even this contains very much more, probably, than will be cared for—far more than I myself, at least, can master; but I mention it because it really is a pains-taking carefully executed little work, which no student of Bacon ought to be without.

Francis Bacon's Essays, it is well known, have within a few years received the benefit of an introduction and Commentaries by the late Archbishop Whateley. These are very accessible; and I am sure that (Milton's works always excepted) I could find no more striking specimens of fine thoughts well expressed than in the Essays. Yet I should like just now, not to take my examples from them; rather one wishes to see what Bacon, retracing his career, tells us was his earliest aim. It is impossible not to admire the calm grandeur with which he seems to have

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looked into the future that was before him—even as Milton with a yet more spiritual eye beheld his great epic poem in the distance.

The piece from which I shall give an extract is entitled 'De Interpretazione Naturæ Procedeum,' (a treatise concerning the interpretation of nature.) It is generally thought to be connected with the grand preface to the 'Instauratio.' Now *that* work was not given to the world till 1620, when Bacon was fifty-nine years of age; but he was in the habit of writing down thoughts as they occurred, and afterwards using them in suitable places.

Many of these were originally written in Latin; while others were, even by himself, first written in English and afterwards Latinized. Mr. Craik gives the piece to which I refer in English only, though informing us it is from the Latin; and of course I give only what I find and think may be relied on as from a conscientious critic. I cannot but, however, here refer to Mr. Spedding's most valuable work, 'Life and Letters of Francis Bacon,' as bearing the strongest testimony to the early formation of Bacon's habits of mind and aspirations. Mr. Spedding well says that no man will ever form a correct idea of Bacon's life unless he bear in mind that from very early youth his mind was divided between three great objects, distinct but not discordant;'—namely, zeal for the reformed religion, imbibed from his mother, a learned, eloquent, and religious woman, deeply imbued with the Nonconformist spirit; a love of his country and strong interest in public affairs, derived from his father, the Lord Keeper; and a general desire after the improvement of all the means whereby the human race might attain true knowledge. While at Cambridge, and only in his fifteenth year, he seems to have received a strong impression of the imperfection of the then prevalent modes of study, and as Mr. Spedding very eloquently says, 'From that moment there was awakened in his breast the appetite which cannot be satiated, and the passion which cannot commit excess. From that moment he had a vocation which employed and stimulated all the energies of his mind, gave a value to every vacant interval of time, and interest and significance to every random thought and casual accession of knowledge; an object to live for as wide as humanity, as immortal as the human race; an idea vast and lofty enough to fill the soul for ever with religious and heroic aspirations. From that moment, though subject to interruptions, disappointments, errors, and regrets, he could never be without work, hope, nor consolation.' *

But I will now cite the passage to which I have referred:

'When I came to conceive of myself as born for the service of humanity, and to look upon state employment as amongst the things that are of public right, and patent to all like the wave or the breeze, I proceeded both to inquire what might most conduce to the benefit of men, and to deliberate for what special work I myself had been best fitted by nature. Thereupon I found that no other thing was of so great merit in reference to the human race, as the discovery and

* Spedding, vol. i. p. 4.

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authorship of new truths and arts by which human life may be improved. . . . . Myself, moreover, I apprehended to be formed rather for the contemplation of truth than for aught else, as having an understanding both sufficiently moveable for discerning the relations of things, and sufficiently fixed and intent for observing the subtleties of differences; and as being also one who had in me the desire of inquiry, and the patience to doubt, and an enjoyment in meditation, and an indisposition to hasty assertion, and a facility of retracting, and a solicitude for orderly arrangement; while at the same time I was neither unduly addicted to novelty nor carried away by admiration of antiquity, and hated all impostures. I judged, therefore, that my nature had a certain inherent intimacy and relationship with truth. Yet seeing that both by descent and education I had been imbued in civil affairs, and inasmuch as I was still as a young man sometimes shaken in my opinions, and thinking that I owed something peculiar to my country which was not equally due in all other cases, and hoping that if I might attain some honourable rank in the state I should accomplish what I desired with greater advantages in the exercise of my genius and my industry, I both applied myself to the acquirement of political knowledges, and with such modesty as beseemed, and in so far as it could be done without any disingenuousness, endeavoured to commend myself to such friends as had it in their power to assist my advancement.

There was *this*, too, that the things that have been mentioned, of whatever importance they may be reckoned, do not penetrate beyond the condition and amelioration of the mortal life; but a hope entered my mind that, born in an age when religion was in no very prosperous state, I might be able, if I should rise to civil dignities, to effect something which would be profitable for the salvation of souls,' &c.—*Craik, part* iii. p. 165–6.

Now let us hear Milton—so different, and yet so like—carrying ever in his mind the idea of his grand epic, and consecrating it by the solemn thoughts and aspirations of great part of a life-time.

I began, therefore, (says he, in the 'Reason of Church Government,') to assent to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intense study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die.

* * * * * * *

Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader that for some few years I may go in trust with, towards the payment of what I am now indebted; as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters: but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and with all knowledge, and sends out His seraphim with the hallowed fire from His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly arts and generous affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, at my own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledge I can give them.

This, my readers will agree, is very beautiful; but surely yet more so is the language of our great poet, when at a later period in life he has to repel the calumnies of some of his political antagonists, who had represented the calamity of his blindness as a judgement upon him.

I neither believe, (says he,) nor have found that God is angry—nay, that in things of the last moment, I have experienced and do acknowledge His mercy,

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His paternal goodness to me; that, above all, in regard of this calamity, I acquiesce in His Divine Will—for He it is who comforts and upholds my spirit: being ever more mindful of what He shall bestow upon me, than what He shall deny me.

* * * * * * *

Neither am I concerned, though this you think a miserable thing, at being classed with the blind, with the weak, with the afflicted, with the sorrowful; since there is a hope that on this account I may have a nearer claim to the protection of the sovereign Father. There is a way, and the great Apostle is my authority, through weakness to the greatest strength. May I be one of the weakest, provided only in my weakness immortal and better vigour be put forth with greater effect; provided only in my darkness the light of the Divine Countenance doth but the more brightly shine; * for then I shall at once be the weakest, and the most mighty—the most blind, and of the most piercing sight. Thus, through this infirmity, I shall be perfected, consummated; thus through this darkness I should be enrobed in light.

Having indulged myself in citing these passages from the writings of perhaps the two most remarkable Englishmen that ever lived, (Shakespear only excepted,) I feel I have hardly presented Bacon in his highest aspect; for in truth that he had the spirit of reverence and of earnest piety, and that he wished these to govern all his inquiries, is most certain. His solemn prayers to Almighty God, composed for private use and afterwards embodied in his works, attest this.

This also, (he says in one of them,) this also we humbly and earnestly beg, that human things may not prejudice such as are divine; neither that from the unlocking of the gates of the sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, anything of credulity or intellectual night may arise in our minds toward Divine mysteries. But rather that by our mind being thoroughly purged and cleansed from fancy and vanities, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the Divine oracles, there may be given unto faith the things that are faith's. Amen.

It is true, however, that with all our admiration for Bacon—for the astonishing range of his intellect, enabling him among other remarkable endowments to illustrate every proposition he announces in a manner which, though not owing its merits to any high poetical spirit, has the aptness, the suggestiveness, of poetry—we still cannot feel the charm which plays over the sentences of Milton, of Jeremy Taylor, nor even of Hooker. So much knowledge, such an exhaustless outpouring of the wisdom of intellectual experience, wearies. Still more, as it seems to me, are we inclined to doubt the soundness of his belief in knowledge as a moral instrument of good, and yet more to question his evident persuasion that the additions to human comfort and convenience which flow from useful inventions will do very much for human character.

We, who live at a time when all and more than all which Bacon anticipated from external civilization has been carried out, cannot but feel that some of his glowing speculations do not rest upon the right basis. It is true the world goes on, and will go on, adding to its external

* Compare with the passage in Paradise Lost:—

'So much the rather, Thou, Celestial Light,
Shine onward,' &c.

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facilities—'improving itself,' in short; but the wisest and best of our race are surely in the right when they advise us not to trust to these outward advantages—not to be so boastful about the things done for us, but to look more within at what we do for ourselves. The power of the Press, the wonders of steam, the discoveries of science and their applications, the advantages of rapid interchange of commerce—all these are very astonishing, very indisputable facts; but looking at questions of mental and moral culture, one doubts whether the minds so busied in the outward are equally able to turn to the deeper lore of the spirit.

Writers of very high capacity have differed widely as to the particular virtues and vices of Bacon himself. We have Basil Montague and Mr. Spedding for, and Lord Macauley strongly against him, and Mr. Spedding really appears to have cleared away by conclusive evidence many of the worst charges against him; but the tendency of his philosophy still appears to me the same, and it would have seemed to be inseparable from the manner in which his own mind was turned to large surveys of particulars, rather than to the calmer contemplation of generals. He could see as it were at a *glance*, as Macauley says, 'the errors of two thousand years;' but they were the errors which impeded *knowledge*, rather than the growth of the individual mind in goodness. We all know Cowley's tribute to him:—

> 'From these, and all, long, errors of the way
> In which our wandering predecessors went,
> And, like th' old Hebrews many years did stray,
> In deserts of but small extent.
> Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
> The barren wilderness he past,
> Did on the very border stand
> Of the blest promis'd land,
> And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
> Saw it himself, and show'd us it.'

Is it possible to suppress Macauley's eloquent amplification of this passage?

> There (says he) we see the great lawgiver looking round from his lonely elevation on an infinite expanse; behind him, a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters, in which successive generations have sojourned—always moving yet never advancing, reaping no harvests, and building no abiding city; before him, a goodly land full of promise—a land flowing with milk and honey. While the multitude below saw only the flat sterile desert in which they had so long wandered, bounded on every side by a near horizon, or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, *he* was gazing from a far higher stand on a far lovelier country, following with his eyes the long course of fertilizing rivers through ample pastures and under the bridges of great capitals, measuring the distances of marts and havens, and portioning out all those wealthy regions from Dan to Beersheba.—*Macauley's Critical Essays, small edition, 2 volumes.*

Many a beautiful—nay, and simple—aphorism of Francis Bacon stirs in the memory as we read and think—an illustration of some grand truth of the very homeliest kind, yet perfect in its way. Here is one, on Scripture controversy.

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Certainly, as those wines which flow from the first treading of the grape are sweeter and better than those forced out of the press, which have the roughness of the husk and stone, so are those doctrines best and wholesomest which flow from a gentle crush of the Scripture, and are not wrung into controversies and commonplace.

And again :—

However men may amuse themselves, and admire, nay, almost adore the mind, 'tis certain, that like an irregular glass, it alters the rays of things, by its figure and different intersections."

I have alluded (only) to Hooker and Jeremy Taylor. Time and space allow of little more; yet let me just advert to two specimens of the deep religious spirit of these men. The one, that of Hooker, is a letter addressed by him to the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Whitgift, from the Temple, bearing date somewhere in 1589. Hooker was appointed Master of the Temple in 1585, and held it till 1591, when, probably in consequence of this letter, he obtained the quiet country living he sought for. (at Bcscombe in Wiltshire.)

What he complains of is the mental disturbance occasioned by his controversy with one Walter Travers, on Church discipline and some matters of doctrine. Travers was a Lecturer at the Temple, and had many adherents among those who were, like himself, inclined to the Genevan opinions. Now Hooker, meditating on these opinions, had been conducted to the belief that he might do greater service to God and the Church by a general survey rather than a controversial work on Ecclesiastical Polity; and thus desires, in the following beautiful letter, freedom from his then position. One of its remarkable points seems to me to be the gentle and kindly manner in which he speaks of his antagonist, Travers—so totally without bitterness or personal pique.

My Lord, (he writes,) when I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage. But I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place;* and indeed God and Nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. And, my Lord, my particular contests with Mr. Travers have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man, and that belief hath occasioned me to examine my own conscience concerning his opinions. And to satisfy *that*, I have consulted the Holy Scripture and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him and others of his judgement, ought to be so far complied with by us as to alter our frame of Church government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to Him, and our established ceremonies, as often as their tender consciences will require us. And in this examination I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise in which I intend the satisfaction of others by a demonstration of the reasonableness of our laws of Ecclesiastical Polity. But, my Lord, I shall never be able to finish what I have begun, unless I be removed into some quiet parsonage, where I may see God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat my bread in peace and privacy—a place where I may without disturbance meditate my approaching mortality, and that great account which all flesh must give at the last day to the God of all spirits. * * * * * *

* The Temple.

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How characteristic is this following sentence from another of his works—

There will come a time when three words spoken with charity and meekness, shall receive a more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit.

The second of the two specimens to which a reference has been made is from Jeremy Taylor—from his Polemical Discourses. It seems to me to breathe the same calmly devout and candid spirit as was manifest in Hooker's letter, but *here* the feeling of wrong and privation extended to public men and matters.

We have not only felt (says the divine) the evils of an intestine war, but God hath smitten us in our spirit. But I delight not to observe the correspondences of such sad accidents, which, as they may happen on divers causes, or may be forced violently by the strength of fancy, or drawn on by jealousy, and the too fond openings of troubled hearts and afflicted spirits, so they do but help to vex the offending part, and relieve the afflicted but with a fantastic and groundless comfort. I will therefore deny leave to my sorrows to ease themselves by complaining of others. *I shall only crave leave to remember Jerusalem;* and call to mind the pleasures of her temples, the order of her services, the beauty of her buildings, the sweetness of her songs, the decency of her ministrations, the assiduity and economy of her priests and Levites, the daily sacrifice, and that eternal fire of devotion that went not out by day nor by night. These were the pleasures of our peace: and there is a remanent felicity in the very memory of those spiritual delights which we then enjoyed as antepasts of Heaven and consignations to an immortality of joys. And it may be so again, when it shall please God, who hath the hearts of all princes in His hand, and turneth them as the rivers of water; and when men will consider the invaluable loss that is consequent, and the danger of sin that is appendant to the destroying such forms of discipline and devotion in which God was purely worshipped, and the Church was edified, and the people instructed to great degrees of piety, knowledge, and devotion.

In another passage from the dedication to the 'Liberty of Prophesying,' written during his retirement in Wales in the time of the Civil Wars, he says,

In this great storm, which hath dashed the vessel of the Church all in pieces, I have been cast upon the coast of Wales, and in a little boat, thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which in England, in a greater vessel, I could not hope for. Here I cast anchor, and hoping to ride safely, the storm followed me with such violence that it broke a cable, and I lost my anchor; and here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither distinguish things nor persons. And but that He who stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of its waves, and the madness of his people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the opportunities of content or study. But I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy.

These are surely the words of a grand and lofty spirit. One reads them with a feeling of exultation in the thought that the cause which had such advocates was not crushed by the rough rule which for a time prevailed over it. Surely we may, with only a *righteous* degree of indignation,

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reject the wholesale slanders which have not hesitated to confine the praise of piety to the Puritan section of the clergy of that day, and rest with somewhat of their own trust, and as much of their candour as we can, on the better knowledge which we obtain from the contemplation of these banished men in their quiet retreats.

That their afflictions did them good, we have no doubt; they came back to their homes with well tried love for the blessings which for a time had left their grasp. They came, having learnt some valuable lessons in their trials; and it was not always or often their fault if the religious party they now displaced, met with hard measure from the Government and its local administrators. But the subject of Priest and Presbyter would lead me much beyond my aim, which is simply that of pointing out a few passages from the writings of good Englishmen of a past day, that may serve the double purpose of winning our love for them, and for the noble manner in which their thoughts were expressed.

T.

THE SOUL'S MAGNET.

He drew me, and I follow'd Him,
So gentle was His tone,
So strong, so noble too, His mien,
I could not feel alone.

The way was drear, the night was dark,
And in the sky afar,
No ray of light the way to cheer,
Save Bethlehem's sweet star.

He left His Father's glorious Throne
For me on earth to bide;
His Blessed Spirit down He sent
To be my Guard and Guide.

He stood before my door at night;
He knock'd so gently kind,
I opened to my stranger Guest,
Eternal peace to find.

He show'd me thorns upon His brow,
His pierced hands and side,
The bitter Cross of Calvary
On which for me He died.

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He spoke such tender words of love,
I could not turn away;
Above, He promis'd me sweet rest,
I could not say Him nay.

He drew me, and I follow'd Him,
The tokens were so clear—
The wounds upon His sacred feet—
I could not, dared not fear.

He supped with me, my soul He fed
With more than angels' food,
For the high Banquet was to faith
Of His own Flesh and Blood.

Whene'er He calls I too must come,
His Word with magnet power
Draws upward still my hunger'd soul
To feast with Him an hour.

He draws me! I will follow Him
As long as life remain;
To Him I leave the rest; I know
I do not wait in vain.

E. H. E. C.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO XCIII.

THE RED AND WHITE ROSES.

1451–1453.

NEVER had John of Gaunt done a greater disservice to England than when he raised the sons of Katherine Swynford to the anomalous condition represented by the word 'legitimated,' and acknowledged by their never assuming the royal surname of Plantagenet, but contenting themselves with that of Beaufort, from the castle where they were born.

When the deed thus accepting them was obtained from Richard II., John of Gaunt was the grandfather of a numerous and promising progeny; but of all those six gallant children of Henry of Bolingbroke, the only offspring was the sickly Henry VI. and one young prince in Germany, and as yet Henry was childless. Thus if the Beauforts were princes at all, they came next in succession to the throne, and of this neither they

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nor the populace, who had always hated them, were forgetful. Whether this hatred were reasonable, or merely the result of misunderstanding, prejudice, and intrigue, it is hardly possible to discover. The probability is that there was much haughtiness about them, and that the early ambition and avarice of Henry Beaufort, together with his devotion to the See of Rome, had given his nephew Glocester occasion both for his own dislike, and for that which he infused into the people, during the statesmanlike and patriotic old age of the Cardinal.

Though these chief actors were removed, Beaufort and Plantagenet were still the two contending parties. There was a claim to the succession not only better than that of any Beaufort, but better than that of the King himself; and though no one would have sought to disturb the pious tender-hearted Henry of Windsor, yet when the Beauforts paraded their grandeur, it was impossible not to recollect the rival.

Lionel Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward II., had left a daughter Philippa, whose son, Roger Mortimer Earl of March, was the acknowledged heir of England during the reign of Richard II., and whose death opened the way to the usurpation of Henry of Lancaster. His son, Edmund Earl of March, had patiently waived these rights; but when Anne, his sister, had married Richard Earl of Cambridge, the second son of Edmund Plantagenet Duke of York, youngest and dullest of the sons of Edward III., the claims of the House of Mortimer were asserted by her husband, and the plot cost him his life, at Southampton, in 1415. His only child, Richard, was then but three years old, and was at once committed to the Tower under the care of one Richard Waterton, probably to keep him out of the hands of designing persons. His paternal uncle, Edward Plantagenet Duke of York, was killed at Agincourt; his mother, Anne, died soon after, and his maternal uncle, Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, in 1424.

The next year the young King was knighted, and so likewise was the boy Richard Plantagenet, to whom then was granted his full inheritance from his father and uncles, as Duke of York, Earl of Cambridge, March, and Ulster. His wardship, that is the management of his estates and disposal of his hand in marriage, was granted to Ralph Nevil of Raby, Earl of Westmoreland, who, as husband to a sister of Cardinal Beaufort, had managed to secure most of the good things to be had among his twenty-two children. Among others was the marriage of his third son, Richard Nevil, to Alice, the daughter of that last Montagu, Earl of Salisbury, who was killed at Orleans. Of course Westmoreland gave the young duke, his ward, in marriage to a daughter of his own, Cecily Nevil, a beautiful maiden, of lofty demeanour, called by her friends the Rose of Raby, by her enemies 'Proud Cis.' In spite of the Beaufort connection, however, the Nevils greatly disliked that whole family, and young York was put forward by the Duke of Glocester in opposition to them, as first prince of the blood. Even in 1435, when only seventeen, Glocester obtained his appointment to the regency in France; but his extreme

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youth and the Somerset opposition brought affairs to a dead lock, and he came home in 1437 with a tale of misfortune.

But in 1440, when he was sent out again for five years, he prospered fairly, keeping court at Rouen with his beautiful wife—and both being much admired for their grace and affability.

Duke Richard was small in stature and very slightly made, a true Plantagenet in fairness of skin and regularity of feature, but dark eyed and haired; and his manners were at once gracious and graceful, so that he exerted great fascination over all who approached him. When he went to Rouen he had already two children, Anne and Henry—the latter godson to the King; and three more were born at Rouen, Edward, Edmund, and Elizabeth.

He had just been re-appointed in 1448, after a short sojourn at Fotheringay, in the course of which the Duchess Cecily gave birth to three more children, Margaret, William, and John, when he was urgently requested to exchange the government for that of Ireland, much to the discontent of the army in France. He obtained extraordinary powers as Lord Deputy, and his Irish rule was excellent. He was one of the very few English who had any sympathy for the 'mere Irish,' and treated them with justice or kindness, and they loved him with all the fervour of their nature. When his next son was born, and baptized by the name of George, he invited the two great Irish earls, Ormond and Desmond, to be his sponsors, and the Irish notions of the close relation of 'gossipred' made them exceedingly proud of the request. Whether these friendly feelings would have borne the test of time was another question; but York's badge, the white rose, was rapturously worn by the Irish, and has continued in favour ever since.

This same year, 1450, was chosen by Nicolas V. for sending to pious Henry one of those golden roses which are still consecrated yearly on Refreshing Sunday, and presented to the sovereign whom the Pope chiefly delights to honour. Was it an omen of the thornless roses of Paradise, to which the thorny path the earthly roses were strewing for him would conduct the gentle king?

When the unfortunate summer of 1450 saw the commons of Kent in insurrection, and the followers of Cade on their trial spoke of instigations from the Duke of York, he declared his resolution of going to justify himself, made over the deputyship to Ormond, and embarking in haste, landed in Wales; and set out for London with four thousand men, who came to meet him on his summons. One person to whom he wrote as he passed through Northamptonshire was a certain William Tresham, the Speaker of the House of Commons, who had shewn such determination in hunting Suffolk to death. Just as this man set out from home, he was set upon by one hundred and sixty armed men, belonging to Lord Grey of Ruthyn, and murdered—apparently in revenge for Suffolk's persecution.

Talbot's son, Lord Lisle, was sent with some troops to stop York's

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advance, but missed him, and in the end of September arrived at Westminster, where he came attended by his armed men into the King's presence, beating down 'the spears and walls in the chamber,' (whatever that may mean,) and forcing his way to the King. So say the rolls of parliament; and they add that Henry spoke to him 'as if inspired by the Spirit of God,' so that he remained abashed and confounded. Indeed nothing is more probable than that, after having worked himself up for years past to look upon Henry as a fool and a tyrant, and having burst into his presence with violence, the serene dignity and perfect gentleness of the King, ever placid, mild, and just, would have embarrassed him, nor could it have been easy to make any reply when he was asked what were his grievances or why he had hurried away from Ireland. Blustering having fallen flat, he had little to say, but that a parliament ought to be summoned; and to this Henry agreed.

He then held a family council with the chief malcontents, who were John Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, Richard Nevil Earl of Salisbury, and his eldest son, another Richard Nevil, whose wife was the daughter of the good Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick.* On the death of her infant niece and namesake Anne, daughter to the King of the Isle of Wight, in 1449, she had carried to him the mighty possessions and the title of Earl of Warwick; and her descent from Edmund of Langley was another link with York. Cecily of Raby also connected her husband closely with this powerful Nevil family, and they were all resolved to maintain his pretensions against those of Somerset. For the present, however, it was agreed that he should retreat to Fotheringay Castle and wait there for the meeting of parliament, writing a letter about his complaints beforehand.

The Queen wished to have taken severe measures at once, but the Duke of Buckingham interfered, and she waited eagerly for the arrival of the Duke of Somerset from France; but unhappily his hot temper, and the losses he had just met with in France, made him exceedingly unpopular; and besides the old rivalry between him and York, he had given recent personal offence by the surrender of Caen, which was the

* We cannot but give Dugdale's quaint history of this worthy:—'Richard Beauchamp in 9 Henry IV. went on pilgrimage, jousted at Verona, set up his arms on the north side of the Temple at Jerusalem. At the time of his being thus at Jerusalem, a noble person called Baldredam, (the Soldan's lieutenant,) hearing that he was descended from the famous Sir Guy of Warwick of whose story they had books in their own language, invited him to his palace, and royally feasting him, presented him with three precious stones of great value, besides divers cloths of silk and gold given to his servants. Where this Baldredam told him privately that he faithfully believed as he did, though he durst not discover himself, and rehearsed the Articles of the Creed. But on the morrow he feasted Sir Baldredam's servants, and gave them scarlet with other English cloath. Which being shewed to Sir Baldredam, he returned again to him, and said he would wear his livery, and be marshal of his hall; whereupon he gave Sir Baldredam a gown of black peak furred, and had much discourse with him, for he was skilful in sundry languages.

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individual government of York, and though hard necessity had left no choice to Somerset, it was the custom to say he had only yielded it because his duchess was frightened by the mangonels of the besiegers.

As if to bind the Court more closely to the House of Beaufort, Edmund Tudor, the son of the King's mother, Queen Catherine, received the hand of Margaret Beaufort, daughter of Somerset's elder brother, and nearest of kin to the King, and there was much in this to excite York's jealousy. Queen Margaret, used to see the court of France ruled by turns by whoever could get the mastery, did not perceive that the true duty of the King was to hold the balance; and Henry, in his extreme gentleness, and at this time, moreover, becoming partly affected by the insanity he had inherited from his grandfather, left affairs far more in her hands than was seemly in the eyes of a prejudiced nation.

The Parliament met on the 30th of November, and the conflict of parties was plainly indicated by the white roses that the Yorkists wore and the red roses of the adherents of Somerset. Tradition and Shakespeare have attributed these badges to a dispute between the two leaders in the Temple Gardens, when York exclaims—

> 'Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
> And stands upon the honour of his birth,
> If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
> From off this briar pluck a white rose with me;'

and Somerset:

> 'Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
> But dare maintain the party of the truth,
> Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.'

But in effect both had long used these cognizances. The red rose had been one of the many badges adopted by John of Gaunt, Somerset's great-grandfather, and the 'pale and angry rose,' of the other house, had been adopted by Edmund of Langley, grandfather of the present York. Shakespeare places the plucking of the rival flowers at an earlier period, when Suffolk was alive to 'pluck this red rose with young Somerset;' but though November was no favourable moment for gathering the natural flower, the 'rose of snow' and 'her blushing foe' do not seem to have come into direct collision till this autumn, when everyone was wearing one or the other, made in ribbon or silk, and the Queen very imprudently identifying herself with Somerset, by shewing herself and the King adorned with the crimson rose.

York came with a large force to Westminster, and the stormy session began. Somerset was impeached for treason in the loss of Normandy, and for having left the Earl of Shrewsbury a prisoner; and upon this the mob hunted him, upset his barge on the Thames, and would have drowned him had he not been picked up by the Earl of Devonshire, a Yorkist, when they wreaked their fury on his house at Blackfriars, which they completely plundered. The commons likewise demanded that the

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murdered Duke of Suffolk should be attainted in blood, and his lands declared forfeit for the murder of the Duke of Glocester, of which they had never dared to accuse him in his lifetime; and another bill was brought in to banish for twelve miles distance from court his widow, the Duchess Alice, Chaucer's grand-daughter, the Duke of Somerset, the Bishop of Chester, and the other most intimate friends of the King.

The Duchess was tried before the peers, and acquitted; Somerset was also found to have been justified by the plea of necessity, and the prosecutions all failed except that against the murderers of Tresham, who were outlawed. The King declared that he would never consent to the attainder of his dead friend Suffolk, and to the demand for the removal of his ministers; that he could not spare those who were in immediate attendance on his person, and that he never meant to be surrounded by any save virtuous persons, but to content the people the others should absent themselves for a year, unless he should need them in case of a rebellion. Also, a bill brought in by the member for Bristol, demanding that the Duke of York should be declared heir to the throne, failing children of the King, was thrown out, and the mover imprisoned for treason. Somerset's absence was softened by the government of Calais, and altogether matters went against the Duke of York.

Angry and bitter, he held many consultations with the Nevils and his other friends, and the result was that he withdrew to the Mortimer estates on the Welsh border, and bided his time for what appears to have been intended at first partly as an armed demonstration against the ministry, and partly as a means of obtaining a recognition of the superiority of his claims to those of Somerset.

Was there really misgovernment? It is hardly possible to tell, unless the discontent of the people be accepted as evidence. The finances were no doubt in a very bad state, drained by the expensive wars in France, and the supplies most reluctantly doled out by the Commons; the personal estates of the crown had dwindled to 5000 pounds a year, and were absolutely insufficient, even with the rigid economy practised by both King and Queen. Henry, simple and even ascetic, never was lavish save in alms; and Margaret, bred up to poverty, cheerfully used all personal economies to avoid the demands that were sure to be met with bitter reproach. But a needy court, especially with a king without strength, was likely to be annoying, and the subordinates were probably rapacious. Moreover, the clergy were devoted to the pious King, and these were the very worst times in all clerical history. Law being almost wholly practised by clerks, the pettifogging arts of attorneys were carried on by many of the lower functionaries, and charged on the whole order. Dues that belonged to ministers of parishes were apt to be rigidly enforced, above all, when the monasteries had managed to get the rectories into their hands, and starved the vicar or appointed none; and thus there was no doubt much extortion practised all over the kingdom. There were

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also frequent complaints of the judges and sheriffs, with what reason is not clear; and whatever was wrong the people charged on the French Queen and the Duke of Somerset; whereas the fact seems to have been, not that they perverted either the laws or the supplies, for their hands were tied, but that they were powerless to prevent petty vexations from unscrupulous subordinates, and that Margaret's attempts to right matters were those of a hasty-tempered foreigner.

And in contrast with the poverty-stricken court was the magnificence of the Earl of Warwick. He kept open house both at his castles in the country, Warwick, Middleham, and the rest, and in his London abode at Warwick House. Six oxen were daily slaughtered for breakfast, and other cattle in proportion; and no wonder, for not only was his following in yeomen alone—exclusive of knights and squires—six hundred in number, who all were maintained at his table, but any of their friends or kindred might come in and carry off as much meat as they could catch or carry off, by a thrust of a long dagger into the caldron where it was boiling. All the six hundred were clad alike in red jerkins, with the Beauchamp cognisance, the bear and ragged staff, embroidered before and behind; and the retinue of the Earl and his Countess consisted of a splendid band of gentlemen and ladies, holding offices like those in a royal court. They themselves were well fitted to preside over so mighty a household; the lady was noble, virtuous, and hospitable, the Earl brave and able, hitherto of unstained honour, an encourager of pious and learned men, and of frank courteous manners that made him be as passionately loved and followed by high and low, as had been Earl Godwin, Simon de Montfort, or Thomas of Lancaster; for, in truth, such a mighty baron was sure in England to rise up to eclipse, oppose, and sometimes extinguish a weak sovereign.

The want of a strong government was visible enough in the disorders that prevailed, and which almost recall those days of Stephen, when all the barons were making war on their own account. In the spring of 1451, Courtenay Earl of Devon besieged Taunton Castle, which was held by Lord Bonville, a friend of Somerset's; and the Duke of York coming to his assistance, forced it to surrender. Apparently in revenge, a body of men from the western counties set upon York, and would have slain him, had not Sir William Oldhall saved him at the risk of his own life. Again, Thomas Nevil, brother to Warwick, was married in August to a niece of Lord Cromwell, Suffolk's enemy; and on the way home, his father the Earl of Salisbury had a hot dispute with Lord Egremont, one of the nine sons of the restored Earl of Northumberland, son of Hotspur; and this conflict was looked back to as the beginning of the evil times. Good old Archbishop Stafford died in this summer of 1451, and was succeeded by Cardinal Kemp, a less popular man, as being more inclined to the Red Rose party.

The two offences above mentioned seem to have furnished York with an excuse for taking up arms; and just as the year 1452 began, he raised

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his tenants round Ludlow Castle, and actually marched against the King, putting forth proclamations professing loyalty to him personally, but declaring that the attack was for the general welfare.

Henry was driven at length to take up arms, and marched westwards to meet him; but York took a different road, and reached London, where however the citizens had loyalty enough to close their gates against him, and crossing the Thames he entered Kent, where Cade's old adherents joined him in numbers. The King followed him, and the two armies were both on Blackheath together; but anxious to prevent a battle, Henry sent the Bishops of Winchester and Ely to ask what were York's grievances. The old story was reiterated that the royal counsellors were 'blood-suckers of the nobility, plunderers of the clergy, oppressors of the commonalty, and that Somerset was a traitor.' Therefore it was demanded that all persons suspected of treason should be imprisoned in the Tower, and a new council summoned, of which York should be a member.

The King, by the advice of the Bishops, granted all this; and the adverse army, as yet reluctant to face the saintly king in battle, was disbanded, and the Duke came himself unarmed and bare-headed to visit Henry in his tent. But in the meantime, Margaret, with womanish haste and imprudence, had listened to Somerset's arguments against sacrificing a friend to please a foe, released him on her own authority, and hid him behind the tapestry of her husband's tent.

Soon he heard York accusing him of crime and treason, and bursting forth, he hurled back again the imputation in his rival's teeth, and the two nobles bandied words with all the fury of the old Plantagenets; while the poor King sat speechless, amazed, shocked, and forced to hear York's unmerited reproach to him for having broken his royal word. But the Queen's manœuvre succeeded; York was arrested as he turned to leave the tent, and she and Somerset would have had a hasty trial and sentence upon him, had not the King, grieved, ashamed, and always resolved against revenge or bloodshed, insisted that no harm should be done to him. He was kept in custody for some days, and then came a report that his eldest son, Edward Earl of March, was coming with an army to deliver him. The boy was only eleven years old, but he might have been put forward by his father's partizans, and he was tall and precocious. On this rumour, it was determined to release the Duke, after he had again sworn fealty to the King, upon the Holy Eucharist at St. Paul's, before all the Lords; and he then retired to his own estates, where, that autumn, at Fotheringay Castle, was born, October 13th, 1453, that son who was to close, in murder and in blood, the career of the once glorious House of Plantagenet—a child born with two teeth, hair down over his neck, and uneven shoulders; and who received the name of Richard. He was the last of the twelve children of Richard and Cecily, except one little daughter, named Ursula, who died an infant. Of the sons, Henry, John, Thomas, and William also died early, so that the survivors were seven in number. They were very carefully educated in all learning, and much

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practice of piety, for the Lady Cecily was a very religious woman so far as observances went; but she was intensely proud and ambitious, resolved from her earliest youth to be a queen, and always stirring up her husband to ambition, and keeping up his connection with her numerous brothers, no less than nine of whom were peers of the realm. Her hopes and those of York could, however, wait for the present, since the King was sickly, the Queen childless; and it was plain that the nation would never endure any Beaufort sovereign, least of all the direct heiress, the child Margaret, who had just been wedded to the King's half-brother, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond. Already, indeed, York issued his letters with his title at the top in royal style, and Cecily gave audience in her throne room at Fotheringay, with all the state of the Queen herself.

(To be continued.)

THE DIAL'S MOTTO.

A COSTLY pile to ruin gone!
None other tenants doth it own
Save owls and bats. How mean a race
To revel in such lordly place!

Dust dims the panes, green mould the walls,
From out her web the spider crawls,
No sunny ray can pierce the gloom
Which gathers in that ghostly room;

Naught there to charm—much to deplore;
That ancient structure was of yore
The home of lords, a house of pride,
The glory of the country side!

This terrace walk! once the delight
Of stately dames, now ruined quite,
Peacock and fount, and flow'ret rare,
Long vanished from the prim parterre.

Beneath yon oak with branches sere
No longer herd the antler'd deer—
No longer starting from the brake
His form stands mirror'd in the lake!

Pond'ring o'er this life's changeful scene,
O'er what remained, and what had been,
I wandered on, in pensive mood,
To where a marble sun-dial stood;

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And sought its handsome shaft to rid
Of weeds, that half its beauty hid,
When lo! some words I then espied,
Full deftly traced on every side!

Square was the plate, and thus 'twas plann'd
That wheresoe'er I chose to stand—
North, south, east, west, start whence I would
To read it—still the *sense* was good.

And this the motto which I found
Graven that antique dial round,
Mocking, it told those frowning towers,
'I NUMBER + NONE + BUT SUNNY + HOURS. +'

The moss-grown turf beneath my feet
Offering a soft and welcome seat,
I rested there, and wearied, slept,
And sleeping, dreamed methought, and wept,

O'er all that seemed so sad and drear
Which erst to some had been full dear,
And of the dial sought to know
The history of so much woe:

'Whose was the hand that fashioned thee?
Doth he beneath some old yew tree
Within the chapel's precincts slumber?'
'NONE + BUT SUNNY + HOURS + I NUMBER. +'

'The owner of this vast domain,
I fain of him would tidings gain,
Hath he to foreign countries gone?'
'BUT SUNNY + HOURS + I NUMBER + NONE. +'

'Scarce courteous is thine answer, friend,
To parley with thee serves no end;
One form of words said o'er and o'er
Seems all thy scanty memory's lore;

'Tis each one's lot, and such is meet
To take the *bitter* with the sweet,
Certes thy store is not all honey?'
'HOURS + I NUMBER + NONE + BUT SUNNY. +'

'Where are the tones of childhood's voice,
Which made these glades and woods rejoice?
Ah! Where, 'neath fragrant myrtle bough
Is whispered Love's impassioned vow?

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'Where is the sound of chapel bell
Ringing its summons through the dell,
Bidding their lord's retainers all
To prayer, within the castle wall?

'Dire desolation is around!
No prancing steed, no baying hound,
Nor hooded hawk, await the hand
That gave caress or reprimand.

'Yet *thou*, of all in this drear spot
So long forsaken and forgot,
Thou, cold unsympathizing stone,
Dost number *sunny* hours, alone!

'Yes, thou may'st mock at human hearts
So often pierced with sorrow's darts!
No cloud so light, but leaves, I trow,
Some track of sadness on the brow—

'While blackest storms may dim thy face
But of their gloom shall leave no trace!
O Dial, sure I envy thee
Thy bright and happy memory!'

I woke, to find the sun had set
Though rosy hues were ling'ring yet
Upon the far horizon's breast,
The soft attendants of his rest.

Homeward I turned, while in my ear
That dial's tones I seemed to hear,
For sure, a lesson I might learn
Ev'n from a stone so taciturn.

I too had known sweet sunny hours
When all my path was strewn with flow'rs,
Till tempests came, and swept them by,
And I had longed that I might die!

Henceforth, I'll strive not to repine
Though storms *may* brood, the sun *will* shine—
Nor think his face is hid for aye,
Because he smiles not *ev'ry* day.

This motto then shall be my guide
Through 'Life's long day,' whate'er betide,
Bravely I'll breast each cloud that lours,
And NUMBER + NONE + BUT SUNNY + HOURS. +

A. L. C.

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THE CAGED LION.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

THE Queen was coming! No sooner had the first note of surrender been sounded from the towers of Meaux, than Henry had sent intelligence to England that the way was open for the safe arrival of his much-loved wife; and at length, on a sunny day in May, tidings were received that she had landed in France, under the escort of the Duke of Bedford.

Vincennes, in the midst of its noble forest, was the place fixed for the meeting of the royal pair; and never did a happier or more brilliant cavalcade traverse those woodlands than that with which Henry rode to the appointed spot.

All the winter, the King had heeded appearances as little as of old when roughing it with Hotspur in Wales; but now his dress was of the most royal. On his head was a small green velvet cap, encircled by a crown in embroidery; his robe was of scarlet silk, and over it was thrown a mantle of dark green samite, thickly powdered with tiny embroidered white antelopes; the Garter was on his knee, the George on his neck. It was a kingly garb, and well became the tall slight person, and fair noble features. During those tedious months, he had looked wan, haggard, and care-worn; but the lines of anxiety were all effaced, his lustrous blue eyes shone and danced like Easter suns, his complexion rivalled the fresh delicate tints of the blossoms in the orchards; and when, with a shyness for which he laughed at himself, he halted to brush away any trace of dust that might offend the eye of his 'dainty Kate,' and gaily asked his brother King if he were sufficiently pranked out for a lady's bower, James, thinking he had never seen him so handsome, replied,

'Like a young bridegroom—nay, more like a young suitor.'

'You're jealous, Jamie, afraid of being outshone. 'Tis your own fault, man; none can ever tell whether you be in festal trim or not.'

For King James's taste was for sober, well-blending hues; and as he never lapsed into Henry's carelessness, his state apparel was not very apparently dissimilar from his ordinary dress, being generally of dark rich crimson, blue, or russet, with the St. Andrew's cross in white silk on his breast, or else the ruddy lion, but never conspicuously; and the sombre hues always seemed particularly well to suit his auburn colouring.

Malcolm, in scarlet and gold, was a far gayer figure, and quite conscious of the change in his own appearance—how much taller, ruddier, and browner he had become; how much better he held himself both in riding and walking; and how much awkwardness and embarrassment he had lost. No wonder Esclairmonde had despised the sickly, timid,

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monkish school-boy; and if she had then shown him any sort of grace or preference, what would she think of the princely young squire he could now show her, who had seen service, had proved his valour, and was only not a knight because of King Henry's unkindness and King James's punctilio—at any rate, no child to be brow-beaten and silenced with folly about cloistral dedication; but a youth who had taken his place in the world, and could allege that his inspiration had come through her bright eyes.

Would she be there? That was the chief anxiety, for it was not certain that either she or her mistress would risk themselves on the Continent; and Catherine had given no intimation as to who would be in her suite—so that, as Henry had merrily observed, he was the only one in the whole party who was not in suspense, except indeed Salisbury, who had sent his commands to his little daughter to come out with the Queen.

'She is come!' cried Henry. 'Beforehand with us, after all;' and he spurred his horse on as he saw the banner raised, and the escort around the gate; and in a few seconds more he and his companions had hurried through the court, where the ladies had scarcely dismounted, and hastened into the hall, breaking into the seneschal's solemn reception of the Queen.

'My Kate, my fairest! Mine eyes have been hungry for a sight of thee.'

And Catherine, in her horned head-gear and flutter of spangled veil, was almost swallowed up in his hearty embrace; and the fervency of his great love so far warmed her, that she clung to him, and tenderly said, 'My Lord, it is long since I saw you.'

'Thou wert before me! Ah! forgive thy tardy knight,' he continued, gazing at her really enhanced beauty as if he had eyes for no one else, even while with lip and hand, kiss, grasp, and word, he greeted her companions, of whom Jaqueline of Hainault and John of Bedford were the most prominent.

'And the babe? where is he?' then cried he. 'Let me have him to hold up to my brave fellows in the court!'

'The Prince of Wales?' said Catherine. 'You never spake of my bringing him.'

'If I spake not, it was because I doubted not for a moment that you would keep him with you. Nay, verily it is not in sooth that you left him. You are merely sporting with me.'

'Truly, Sir,' said Catherine, 'I never guessed that you would clog yourself with a babe in the cradle, and I deemed him more safely nursed at Windsor.'

'If it be for his safety! Yet a soldier's boy should thrive among soldiers,' said the King, evidently much disappointed, and proceeding to eager inquiries as to the appearance and progress of his child; to which the Queen replied with a certain languor, as though she had no very intimate personal knowledge of her little son.

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Other eyes were meanwhile eagerly scanning the bright confusion of veils and wimples; and Malcolm had just made out the tall head and dark locks under a long almost shrouding white veil far away in the background behind the Countess of Hainault, when the Duke of Bedford came up with a frown of consternation on his always anxious face, and drawing King James into a window, said, 'What have you been doing to him?' to which James, without hearing the question, replied, 'Where is *she?*'

'Joan? At home. It was the Queen's will. Of that another time. But what means this?' and he signed towards his brother. 'Never saw I man so changed.'

'Had you seen him at Christmas you might have said so,' replied James; 'but now I see naught amiss; I had been thinking I had never seen him so fair and comely.'

'I tell you, James,' said Bedford, contracting his brows till they almost met over his arched nose, 'I tell you, his look brings back to me my mother's, the last time she greeted my father!'

'To your fantasy, not your memory, John! You were a mere babe at her death.'

'Of five years,' said Bedford. 'That face—that cough—have brought all back—ay, the yearning look when my father was absent, and the pure rosy fairness that Harry and Tom cited so fiercely against one who would have told them how sick to death she was. I mind me too, that when our grandame of Hereford made us motherless children over to our grandsire of Lancaster, it was with a warning that Harry had the tender lungs of the Bohuns, and needed care. One deadly sickness he had at Kenilworth, when my father was ridden for post-haste. My mind misgave me throughout this weary siege; but his service held me fast at home, and I trusted that you would watch over him.'

'A man like him is ill to guide,' said James; 'but he is more himself now than he had been for months, and a few weeks' quiet with his wife will restore him. But what is this?' he proceeded in his turn; 'why is the Lady Joan not here?'

'How can I tell? It was no fault of mine. I even got a prim warning that it became me not to meddle about her ladies, and I doubted what slanders you might hear if I were seen asking your Nightingale for a token.'

'Have you none! Good John, I know you have.'

John smiled his ironical smile, produced from the pouch at his girdle a small packet bound with rose-coloured silk, and said, 'The Nightingale hath a plume, you see, and saith moreover that her knight hath done his devoir passably, but that she yet looks to see him send some captive giant to her feet. So, Sir Knight, I hope your poor dwarf hath acquitted him well in your chivalrous jargon.'

James smiled and coloured with pleasure; the fantastic message was not devoid of reality in the days when young imaginative spirits tried to

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hide the prose of war and policy in a bright mist of romantic fancy; nor was he ashamed to bend his manly head in reverence to, and even press to his lips, his lady's first love-letter, in the very sight of the satirical though sympathizing Bedford, of whom he eagerly asked of the fair Joan's health and welfare, and whether she were flouted by Queen Catherine?

'No more than is the meed of her beauty,' said Bedford. 'Sister Kate likes not worship at any shrine save one. Look at our suite: our knights—yea, our very grooms are picked for their comeliness; to wit that great feather-pated oaf of a Welshman, Owen Tudor there; while dames and demoiselles, tire-women and all, are as near akin as may be to Sir Gawain's loathly lady.'

'Not at least the fair Luxemburg. Did not I see her stately mien?'

'She is none of the Queen's, and moreover, she stands aloof, so that the women forgive her gifts! There is that cough of Harry's again! He is the shadow of the man he was; I would I knew if this were the step-dame's doing.'

'Nay, John, when you talk to me of Harry's cough, and of night-watches and flooded camps, I hearken; but when your wits run wool-gathering after that poor woman, making waxen images stuck full—'

'You are in the right on't, James,' said Henry, who had come up to them while he was speaking. 'John will never get sorceries out of his head. I have thought it over, and will not be led into oppressing my father's widow any more. I cannot spend this Pentecost cheerily till I know she is set free and restored to her manors; and I shall write to Humfrey and the Council to that effect.'

And as John shrugged his shoulders, Henry gaily added, 'Thou seest what comes of a winter spent with this unbeliever Jamie; and truly I found the thought of unright to my father's widow was a worse pin in my heart than ever she is like to thrust there.'

Thus then it was, that in the overflowing joy and good-will of his heart, and mayhap with the presentiment which rendered him willing to be at peace with all his kindred, Henry forgave and released his step-mother, Joan of Navarre, whom common rumour termed the Witch Queen, and whom he had certainly little reason to love, whether it were true or not that she had attempted to weave spells against him. In fact, there were few of the new-comers from England who did not, like Bedford, impute the transparency of Henry's hands, and the hollowness of his brightly-tinted cheek, to some form of sorcery.

Meantime, Esclairmonde de Luxemburg, more beautiful than ever under a still simpler dress, had greeted Malcolm with her wonted kindness, adding with a smile, that he was so much grown and embrowned, that she should not have known him but for the sweet Scottish voice which he, like his King, possessed.

'You do me too much grace in commending aught that is mine,

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Madame,' said Malcolm, with an attempt at the assurance he believed himself to have acquired; but he could only finish by faltering and blushing. There was a power of repression about Esclairmonde that annihilated all his designs, and drove him back into his bashful self whenever he came into contact with her, and felt how unlike the grave serene loftiness of her presence was to the mere queen of romance, that in her absence her shadow had become.

Alice Montagu, returning to her side, relieved while disconcerting him. Sweet little Alice had been in a continual flutter ever since commands had come from Meaux that she was to come out to meet the father whom she had not seen since what seemed like half her childish life-time, and the betrothed whom she had never seen at all; and Lady Westmoreland had added to her awe by the lengthened admonition with which she took leave of her. And on this day, when Esclairmonde herself had arrayed the fair child in the daintiest of rose-pink boddices edged with swan's down, the whitest of kirtles, and softest of rosy veils, the flush of anxiety on the pale little face made it so fair to look upon, that as the maiden wistfully asked, 'Think you he will flout me?' it was impossible not to laugh at the very notion. 'Ah! but I would be glad if he did, for then might I bide with you.'

When, in the general greeting, Alice had been sought out by a tall, dark-browed, grizzled warrior, Esclairmonde had, cruelly as the maiden thought, kept her station behind the Countess, and never stirred for all those wistful backward glances, but left her alone to drop on her knee to seek the blessing of the mighty old soldier.

And now she was holding his great hand, almost as tough as his gauntlets, and leading him up to her friend, while he louted low, and spoke with a grand fatherly courtesy.

'Fair Demoiselle, this silly wench of mine tells me that you have been good friend to her, and I thank you for the same with all mine heart.'

'Silly' was a fond term of love then, and had all the affection of a proud father in it as the Earl of Salisbury patted the small soft fingers in his grasp.

'Truly, my Lord,' responded Esclairmonde, 'the Lady Alice hath been my sweetest companion, friend, and sister, for these many months.'

'Nay, child, art worthy to be called friend by such a lady as this? If so, I shall deem my little Alice grown a woman indeed, as it is time she were—Diccon Nevil is bent on the wedding before we go to the wars again.'

Alice coloured like a damask rose, and hid her face behind her friend.

'Hast seen him, sweet?' asked Esclairmonde, when Salisbury had been called away. 'Is he here?'

'Yes. Out there. He with the white bull on his surcoat,' said Alice, dreading to look that way.

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'And hast spoken with him?' asked the lady next, feeling as if the stout, commonplace, hardy-looking soldier she saw was scarce what she would have chosen for her little wild rose of an Alice, comely and brave though he were.

'He hath kissed mine hand,' faltered Alice, but it was quite credible that not a word had passed. The marriage was a business contract between the houses of Wark and Raby, and a grand speculation for Sir Richard Nevil, that was all; but gentle Alice had no reluctance beyond mere maidenly shyness, and unwillingness to enter on an unknown future under a new lord. She even whispered to her dear Clairette that she was glad Sir Richard never tormented her by talking to her, and that he was grave, and so old.

'So old? why, little one, he can scarce be seven-and-twenty!'

'And is not that old! oh, so old!' said Alice. 'Able to take care of me. I would not have a youth like that young Lord of Glenuskie. Oh no—never!'

'That is well,' said Esclairmonde, smiling; 'but wherefore put such disdain in thy voice, Alice? He used to be our playfellow, and he hath grown older and more manly in this year.'

'His boyhood was better than such manhood,' said Alice; 'he was more to my taste when he was meek, than now that he seems to say, "I would be saucy if I durst." And he hath not the stuff to dare any way.'

'Fie! fie! Alice, you are growing slanderous.'

'Nay, now, Clairette, own verily—you feel the like!'

'Hush, silly one, what skills it? Youths must pass through temptation; and if his King hindered his vocation, maybe the poor lad may rue it sorely, but methinks he will come to the right at last. It were better to say a prayer for his faults than to speak evil of them, Alice.'

Poor Malcolm! He was at that very moment planning with an embroiderer a robe wherein to appear, covered with flashes of lightning transfixing the world, and mottoes around—'Esclairé mais Embrasé!'

Every moment that he was absent from Esclairmonde was spent in composing chivalrous discourses in which to lay himself at her feet, but the mere sight of her steady dark eyes scattered them instantly from his memory; and save for very shame he would have entreated King James again to break the ice for him, since the lady evidently supposed that she had last year entirely quashed his suit. And in this mood, Malcolm mounted and took his place to ride into Paris, where the King wished to arrive in the evening, and with little preparation, so as to avoid the weary length of a state reception, with all its speeches and pageants.

In the glow of a May evening the cavalcade passed the gates, and entered the city, where the streets were so narrow, that it was often impossible to ride otherwise than two and two. The foremost had emerged into an open space before a church and churchyard, when there was a sudden pause, a shock of surprise. All across the space, blocking

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up the way, was an enormous line of figures, looking shadowy in the evening light, and bearing the insignia of every rank and dignity that earth presented. Popes were there, with triple crown and keys, and fanned by peacock tails; scarlet-hatted and caped cardinals, mitred and crosiered bishops, crowned and sceptred kings, ermined dukes, steel-clad knights, gowned lawyers, square-capped priests, cowled monks, and friars of every degree—nay, the mechanic with his tools, the peasant with his spade, even the beggar with his dish; old men, and children of every age; and women too of all grades—the tower-crowned queen, the beplumed dame, the lofty abbess, the veiled nun, the bourgeoise, the peasant, the beggar;—all were there, moving in a strange shadowy wild dance, sometimes slow, sometimes swift and mad with gaiety, to the music of an unseen band of clashing kettle-drums, cymbals, and other instruments, that played fast and furiously; while above all a knell in the church tower rang forth at intervals a slow deep lugubrious note; and all the time there glided in and out through the ring a grisly being—skull-headed, skeleton-boned, scythe in hand—Death himself; and ever and anon, when the dance was swiftest, would he dart into the midst, pounce on one or other, holding an hour-glass to the face, unheeding rank, sex, or age, and bear his victim to the charnel-house beside the church. It was a sight as though some terrible sermon had taken life, as though the unseen had become visible, the veil were taken away; and the implicit unresisting obedience of the victims added to the sense of awful reality and fatality.

The advance of the victorious King Henry made no difference to the continuousness of the frightful dance; nay, it was plain that he was but in the presence of a monarch yet more victorious than himself, and the mazes wound on, the performers being evidently no phantoms, but as substantial as those who beheld them; nay, the grisly ring began to absorb the royal suite within itself, and an awe-stricken silence prevailed —at least, where Malcolm Stewart and Ralf Percy were riding together.

Neither lad durst ask the other what it meant. They thought they knew too well. Percy ceased not for one moment to cross himself, and mutter invocations to the saints; Malcolm's memory and tongue alike seemed inert and paralyzed with horror—his brain was giddy, his eyes stretched open; and when Death suddenly turned and darted in his direction, one horrible gush of thought—'Fallen, fallen! Lost, lost! No confession!'—came over him; he would have sobbed out an entreaty for mercy and for a priest, but it became a helpless shriek; and while Percy's sword flashed before his eyes, he felt himself falling, death-stricken, to the earth, and knew no more.

'There, he moved,' said a voice above him.

'How now, Glenuskie!' cried Ralf Percy. 'Look up; I verily thought you were sped by Death in bodily shape; but 'twas all an abominable grisly pageant got up by some dismal caitiffs.'

'It was the Danse Macabre,' added the sweet tone that did indeed un-

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close Malcolm's eyes, to see Esclairmonde bending over him, and holding wine to his lips. Ralf raised him that he might swallow it, and looking round, he saw that he was in a small wainscoted chamber, with an old burgher woman, Ralf Percy, and Esclairmonde, certainly not in the other world. He strove to ask 'what it meant,' and Esclairmonde spoke again. 'It is the Danse Macabre; I have seen it in Holland. It was invented as a warning to those of sinful life, and this good woman tells me it has become the custom to enact it every evening at this churchyard of the Holy Innocents.'

'A custom I devoutly hope King Harry will break!' exclaimed Ralf. 'If not, I'll some day find the way between those painted ribs of Monseigneur de la Mort, I can tell him! I had nearly given him a taste of my sword as it was, only some Gascon rogue caught my arm, and he was off ere I could get free. So I jumped off, that your poor corpse should not be trodden by French heels; and I hardly know how it was, but the Lady Esclairmonde was by my side as I dragged you out, and caused these good folks to let me bring you in behind their shop.'

'Lady, Lady, I am for ever beholden,' cried Malcolm, gathering himself up as if to fall at her feet, and his heart bounding high with joy, for this was from death to life indeed.

'I saw there was someone hurt,' said Esclairmonde in her repressive manner. 'Drink some more wine, eat this bread, and you will be able to ride to the Hotel de St. Pol.'

'Oh, Lady, let me speak of my bliss!' and he snatched at her hand, but was still so dizzy that he sank back, becoming aware that he was stiff and bruised from his fall. Almost at the same moment a new step and voice were heard in the little open booth where the cutler displayed his wares, and King James was at once admitted.

'How goes it, laddie?' he asked. 'They told me grim Death had clutched you and borne you off to his charnel-house, but at least I see an angel has charge of you.'

Esclairmonde slightly coloured as she made answer, 'I saw someone fall, and came to offer my poor skill, Sir; but as the Sieur de Glenuskie is fast recovering, if you will permit Sir Nigel Baird to attend me, Sir, I will at once return.'

'I am ready—I am not hurt. Oh, let us go together!' panted Malcolm, leaping up.

'Eh, gentlemen!' exclaimed the hospitable cutler's wife; 'you will not away so fast! This gallant knight will permit you to remain. And the fair lady, she will do me the honour to drink a cup of wine to the recovery of her betrothed.'

'Not so, good woman,' said Esclairmonde, a little apart, 'I am the betrothed of Heaven. I only assisted because I feared the youth's fall was more serious than it proves.'

The bourgeoise begged pardon, and made a curtsey; there was

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nothing unusual in the avowal the lady had made, when the convent was a thoroughly recognized profession; but Esclairmonde could not carry out her purpose of departing separately with old Sir Nigel Baird; Malcolm was on his feet, quite ready to mount, and there was no avoiding the being assisted to her saddle by any but the King, who was in truth quite as objectionable a companion, as far as appearances went, for a young solitary maiden, as was Malcolm himself. Esclairmonde felt that her benevolence might have led her into a scrape. When she had seen the fall, knowing that to the unprepared the ghastly pageant must seem reality, she had obeyed the impulse to hurry to the rescue, to console and aid in case of injury, and she had not even perceived that her female companions did not attempt to accompany her. However, the mischance could best be counteracted by simplicity and unconsciousness; so as she found herself obliged to ride by the King, she unconcernedly observed that these fantastic dances might perhaps arouse sinners, but that they were a horrible sight for the unprepared.

'Very like a dream becoming flesh and blood,' said James. 'We in advance were slow to perceive what it was, and then the King merely thought whether it would alarm the Queen.'

'I trow it did not.'

'No; the thing has not been found that will stir her placid face. She merely said it was very lugubrious, and an ill turn in the Parisians thus to greet her, but they were always senseless *bêtes;* and he, being relieved of care for her, looked with all his eyes, with a strange mixture of drollery at the antics and the masques, yet of grave musing at the likeness to this present life.'

'I think,' said Esclairmonde, 'that King Henry is one of the few men to whom the spectacle *is* a sermon. He laughs even while he lays a thing to heart.'

These few sentences had brought them to the concourse around the gateway of the great Hotel de St. Pol, in whose crowded court-yard Esclairmonde had to dismount; and after being handed through the hall by King James, to make her way to the ladies' apartments, and there find out, what she was most anxious about, how Alice, who had been riding at some distance from her with her father, had fared under the alarm.

Alice ran up to her eagerly. 'Ah, dear Clairette, and was he greatly hurt?'

'Not much; he had only swooned for fright.'

'Swooned! to be a prince, and not have the heart of a midge!'

'And how was it with you, you very wyvern for courage?'

'With me? Oh, I was somewhat appalled at first, when my father took hold of my rein, and bade me never fear; for I saw his face grow amazed. Sir Richard Nevil rode up on the other side, and said the hobgoblins should eat out his heart ere they hurt me; and I looked into his face as he said that, and liked it more than ever I thought to like any but yours, Clairette. I think my father was going to leave me to him and see

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whether the King needed someone to back him; but up came a French lord, and said 'twas all a mere show, and my father said he was glad I was a stout-hearted wench that had never cried out for fear; and then I was so pleased, that I never heeded the ugly sight any more. Ay, and when Sir Richard lifted me off my horse, he kissed my hand of his own accord.'

'This is all he has ever said to you?' said Esclairmonde, smiling. 'It is like an Englishman—to the purpose.'

'Yea, is it not! Oh! is it not better than all the fine speeches and compliments that Joan Beaufort gets from her Scottish King?'

'They have truth in them too, child.'

'Ay; but too fine-spun, too minstrel-like, for a plain English maid. The hobgoblins should eat out his heart ere they touched me!' she repeated to herself, as though the saying were the most poetical concert sung on minstrel lover's lute.

Death's dance had certainly brought this affianced pair to a better understanding than all the gayest festivities of the court.

Esclairmonde would have been happy if no one had noticed her benevolence to the young Scot save Alice Montagu; but she had to endure countless railleries from every lady from Countess Jaqueline downwards, on the unmistakeable evidence that her heart had spoken; and her grave dignity had less effect in silencing them than usual, so diverting was the alleged triumph over her propriety, well as they knew that she would have done the same for the youngest horse-boy, or the oldest man-at-arms.

(To be continued.)

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

'We certainly find no scarcity of orphans,' observed Ellen Sandford to her brother, as they were walking one morning towards the school. 'It almost seems as though there were more pain in the constant refusals than if we had never attempted a Home.'

'Still if we only rescued one soul from sin and misery, as in taking little Mary Jackson from that wicked old aunt, there would be some cause for thankfulness,' replied the gentleman addressed.

'Certainly; and if we could also rescue from father and mother occasionally! For there are some poor children worse off even than orphans.'

'We must obtain the London Orphan Asylum to begin with, at least, and then commence building immediately,' returned Mr. Sandford, 'if we were to possess ourselves of every child who excited our compassion. But those who have small means must be satisfied with endeavouring to do good in a humble way, remembering that to sigh for more money,

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even for charity, is *not* being "content with such things as (we) have."'

'Very true, John,' returned his sister; 'but it will now be a long time before we admit any other child, if these remain with us until they are fit for service.'

'I think there may be one vacancy next year, perhaps,' replied Mr. Sandford. 'If Robin promises to do as I am inclined to expect, I shall endeavour to get him into a school where they teach Latin.'

'Your expectations of Robin will be so high by next year,' observed Miss Sandford, laughing, 'that I fear the poor boy will be compelled to disappoint you.'

'We shall see. If Robin does not encourage my expectations, they will quietly descend, instead of rising, that is all: but for another reason it might be satisfactory to draft him off, if we could. He will never be friends with the other boys, and it will not surprise me if they begin to persecute him.'

'Does he not now enter into their games?'

'Never. He does not even try to understand what they are playing at. Some of them are certainly very rough, and he much prefers to find his own amusement.'

'So does Amy. Only she is so gentle that no one can quarrel with her. Robin sometimes gets hot, he is so enthusiastic.'

'Yes, he is *most* enthusiastic though, and warm, when his affections are engaged.'

'How fond he is of you, John.'

'Yes, and of you too, and of his sister, and of the memory of his mother, and one or two others, who were kind to him before he came here. And certainly of the church.'

'They both appeared interested in the church from the first, and to feel the calm of the service. I hope it may not be wrong to wish that these inquiries for Mrs. Sutton may be unavailing. How can we tell what kind of a person she may prove?'

'How, indeed? and we should certainly have to give up the children if claimed by an aunt. It would make *vacancies*, though, remember.'

'I hope we may have vacancies in a more satisfactory manner, or none at all. But this aunt *may* prove, after all, a worthy guardian. One thing is pretty certain: that we shall hear nothing through the Melbourne or Sydney papers much before next summer.'

They were now entering the play-ground, which was full of children, and Robin immediately came up, touching his cap.

'Something to say to me, Robin? What is it?'

'If you please, Sir, you once told us in church that there was money wanted to make it look better and more beautiful. We do not want mother's gold money, so will you take it, to help the *fittings*, I think you called them.'

'I would take any offerings of yours, Robin, if you were grown up,

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and should be pleased to give you all encouragement: but as you are a young boy, I should not like to receive the whole from you. However, I will gladly take the portion which we all *owe* to God out of what we have. Do you know how much that is?'

'No, Sir.'

'Do you know what portion God's ancient people were expected to offer?'

'No, Sir.'

'Who were God's ancient people, Robin?'

'The Jews, Sir.'

'Yes. And they were ordered to give back a tenth part of all that they had to Him. He had shewn them great mercy, and they were commanded to make this acknowledgment for the support of His ministers and the service of the Sanctuary. Abraham had previously offered his tithe or tenth of spoil to Melchizedec, a holy person whom we may believe to have been commissioned to receive it; and Jacob had vowed the tenth of *everything he should have* to God in return for the fulfilment of His merciful promise of protecting care. Who are God's people now?'

'The Christians, Sir.'

'Right, my boy. And God's mercy has been shewn to us, beyond all our imaginings. Ought we not to offer to Him in return fully as much as the Jews?'

'More, Sir.'

'Yes, more, I quite agree with you. Always remember this, Robin, in your future life. You have reason now to be thankful for a happier lot than on that dark night when we first met, and for all the spiritual advantages of your present position. In return I will receive a tenth part of your money for God's House, which will be accepting it for Him. When you say your prayers to-night, say to Him that you offer it for yourself and Amy; and tell her, when you wish her good-night, to do the same. I think she will understand.'

'Yes, Sir, thank you, I am sure she will.'

'And now, my boy, tell me about something else. What does Mr. Easdale do with you when you go with Amy?'

'He gives me paper, Sir, and tells me what I am to draw.'

'And you like that better than your books, I am afraid.'

Robin looked very grave.

'Tell me, Robin.'

'I like it better than anything in the world!' cried the boy, thus commanded to speak out.

'Ah! I thought so.'

Robin looked grave again immediately, and turned red. He had displeased his best friend by his confession; but how could he say anything but the truth?

'You need not look so grave, my boy; I am not angry. Always be true with me. And now the school bell rings, and I am coming in to give you a lesson.'

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Robin drew back for the clergyman and his sister to enter; and going in directly afterwards, he was the first boy to take his place in the class.

Mr. Sandford was certainly not angry, nevertheless he felt a little more disappointment than he liked to acknowledge, even to his sister.

(To be continued.)

LENA'S SEVEN BIRTH-DAYS.

CHAPTER III.

I AM sixteen to-day; but this birth-day is a very different one from what my other birth-days have been, for I am only just beginning to recover from a long long illness. I am so weak, that dearest Mamma has made me promise that I will only write for a very little time in my journal—or rather in my book. I took the measles from Baby, and had them very severely; and the sweet little baby had them very badly also. Before she was taken ill she was looking so lovely, and was just beginning to walk from chair to chair, and she was making fresh attempts every day to talk. Now, I am told—for I have not seen her for six weeks—she can't walk at all, but is always in Mamma's arms, and she never tries to speak. Poor darling little pet, I do hope she will get stronger soon. The reason why I am not allowed to see her is because, before I had recovered from the weakness left by the measles, I got the whooping-cough somehow and from somebody, but how or from whom nobody can tell; and immediately the doctor said it was the whooping-cough, Mamma had to send Baby out of the house. I am sure I have been very ill, because I could not help seeing how anxious Mamma and Papa have both been about me, and Nurse too; but they have been all so kind, and done so much for me, that I must not complain even to you, my book, but must try to be patient and obedient.

Still, it is a sad birth-day. I know Charley thought it would be so, for he has sent me a large parcel of story-books. And wrapped up by itself was another and a different book, which I consider Charley's own and peculiar present—a most beautiful Keble, bound in white leather, and with gold broidered edges and gold letters. Dear Charley! he never forgets me. I have had such long and cheery letters from him lately, since I have been so weak and weary. He is still in Ireland with his regiment. Papa has given me a little pony-carriage, which I shall drive myself, as soon as I am able; and dearest Mamma, a sweet sweet picture of her own sweet sweet face—the thing of all others, I had once told her, I wished for. Whilst I was ill, and so out of the way, she sent for an artist to come and take her picture. I used to think sometimes how prettily she was dressed, and how nice she looked, when she came in to see me as I lay in my bed; but she never

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told me why she had that pretty dress on; but now I know, because the picture has told me all.

I have had other presents, but I am too tired to write more; and Mamma has just been in to say that the day is so warm and lovely that the doctor has given me leave to go out in the close carriage after my luncheon, and Mamma entreated me not to write any more; and as writing does make me cough, I must finish, but not before I say how glad I am I may go out, even in the close carriage, for I have not been out for weeks, and I am to drive down with dear Mamma to Aunt Trevor's, where Baby is, and look at her through the window.

CHAPTER IV.

I AM seventeen to-day. How different this day is to my last birth-day! Then I was ill and weary, and shut up, and I remember thinking that perhaps I should die, and not live; but now I am strong and happy, and feel as though I had never been ill at all, and had never known what it was to be sad and sorrowful. No! perhaps this is saying too much, for I don't know that one can forget feelings one has once had; they hang about one like chains, and sometimes flash like a jet of lightning through one's mind. But I am not as I was then. All last summer I was weak and weary, and pale and ghost-like; and in the autumn I went with Mamma and Papa, and Baby and Herbert, to Scotland, and we travelled about the highlands, and we stayed at one place and then at another till the mountain-tops were white with snow, and the leaves began to change their colour, and beautiful glorious Scotland turned cold and freezy. So we left it; and Papa took a house at Brighton until Christmas, and I was out driving and riding and walking many hours each day, and gave up all study, and was completely idle. Then when we came home at Christmas, we had, as usual, a house full; and even then I was not very strong, so that I could not do as I had done before my illness. But now I really feel quite well again, and Edith—who has returned to us, (for she was sent away when I took the whooping-cough, because she has never had it,)—and I are now to set to work in real earnest, and have masters, and make the most of the year left to us, before we both come out as grown-up young ladies. We have got a finishing governess, as she called herself when Mamma engaged her; she only came last week, so I hardly know whether I shall like her or not yet, but I am sure by her manner she thinks me very deficient in accomplishments, and so unlike her last pupils, Lady Theresa and Lady Lucy French. I don't care about being accomplished, and it is well for me that I don't, for I never shall be—that is to say, I shall never play in that grand dashing way that most young ladies now play in, and shall never be able to chatter French and Italian and

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German, and know all about geology and mineralogy and astronomy, and hundreds of other things; because, according to Madame Leduc, the Ladies Theresa and Lucy French did all this, and much more.

I hope I shall be able to sing; and I think I shall, and I have promised my own mother to take every pains to be able to play enough to accompany myself; and I intend to speak French, and French alone, to Madame, and to read it every day with her. I think I know more of German than she does, and I am looking forward with real pleasure to reading Schiller's plays with Edgar Lee, (that's our clergyman's eldest son,) for Edgar is a capital German scholar, and has given me many lessons before now. He is coming to be here, in the house, and read with Herbert all this summer. Herbert has left school, and goes to Oxford in the autumn, and Papa wants him to do well, and not disgrace himself, and so he has asked Edgar to come and read with him for the next few months. Edgar has just taken his degree; he is very clever, and he is very kind to us two girls. He has known us all our lives—by *us*, I mean Edith and me.

I don't think Charley quite liked the plan of his reading German with us, and I heard him say to Mother, 'Is this a wise arrangement? Cannot Madame teach Lena and Edith German? Will it not take Edgar away from Herbert? I thought it was to read with Herbert he was coming, and not to teach the girls.' He was so grave when he said this, and more which I did not hear, as he spoke in a very low voice, and looked so distressed and annoyed; but Mother only smiled, and, laying her hand on his shoulder, said, 'Trust me, Charley dear, and don't be afraid; it is all right. But,' she added, 'I will tell you more another time.' I fancied, by a look she gave to Charley, and then towards Edith and me, that she did not care that we should hear what she had to say; but I suspect Charley thinks that his darling Edith—his sister that he is so proud of, and that he loves so much—will run away with Edgar's heart. But I need not write my fancies down.

I generally record what presents have been given to me on my birthday, and I have had more than usual to-day; but they have all been jewelry, in one shape or other. I suppose this tells me that people consider me grown up. Dearest Mother gave me a beautiful set of pink topaz, which she has had re-set on purpose. I said all my presents were jewelry. I ought to have said all but one, and that one was from Charley, and it is a piece of carved ivory, a group of sacred figures, our Saviour hanging on the cross, and three weeping figures with hands clasped and eyes upraised at its foot. When he gave it me he said, 'Lena, life has two sides; it is not all sunshine, and gladness, and mirth of heart. There is the unseen world and the Christian inner life, and not only the world we do see, and the outward life of the senses. (or something to that effect.) This carved ivory group will speak to you of the Saviour and the sinner—the Comforter, and the need we have of comfort; of Him who said, "I am the Life of the world."'

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This, and more, he said to me; words that will live in my memory, but not in these pages, for I can't write them down. O Charley! what should I do without you? And yet I must soon do without you, for you are expecting daily to be ordered abroad.

I hear Papa calling me, so I suppose I am wanted down-stairs, for there is to be a large croquet party this afternoon, and Papa said he should want me to tell the gardeners how to place the hoops and the seats, &c., and so I must go.

.... It is a fortnight since I wrote in this book—a fortnight since my birth-day—and a very happy time it has been. Our studies have been carried on in real earnest, under Madame's tuition. I am learning to manage my voice, and to gain more power over it. Papa and Mamma and Herbert were quite delighted last night with some glees sung by Edith and Charley and me. It was so pleasant to hear them praise us, and to feel that they really did quite enjoy our music; and Papa has a very good ear, and fastidious taste in music.

Charley is still here; he has had no order yet to join his regiment, though it may come any day. He has been reading to us some of Shakespeare's plays—Hamlet, and Macbeth, and Julius Cæsar. I don't mean that he has been the sole reader, for Herbert and Edgar Lee, and even Papa, have all been taking parts; and this reading has been a great treat to us girls, for neither of us had heard much of Shakespeare before.

We have begun our German reading also, and Charley is doing it with us. He says now that he thinks we shall get on very well with Edgar Lee, though at first he did not like it. But Madame's German is so bad, that he sees it would not do for her to teach us.

But I must not go on writing, and thinking, and musing over these things, but be off to the school-room, for Madame is waiting to give me a singing-lesson, and she can't bear me to be late.

Christmas Day. Seven months have flown away since I last wrote in this book. I may well say flown, for we have been so busy, and have had so much to do each day as it came and went, that the months have just gone, and here we are at Christmas. Herbert came home from Oxford two days ago; he says he likes his college life immensely, and he has heaps of friends; and as for work, why, he declares that's nothing to what he had to do at school. But then he added, 'It was never my way to overwork myself; I mean to take it easy.' 'Quite right, my boy, too—quite right. No need for you to overwork; there is plenty for you as my son,' said dear Papa, whose admiration for Herbert seems to increase every time he comes home. And certainly he is a very nice-looking fellow, with his tall manly figure, and bright brown hair, and laughing eyes, and clear brown skin; and then he has such a manner, so self-reliant and so easy, and withal a way as though everyone must of necessity give up to him. I asked him once if he wrote that line, 'I am monarch of all I survey, my right there is none to dispute.' 'No, saucy one,' he replied, 'I only practise it.' And sure enough he does.

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But then he really has been spoiled. Why, Papa calls him to his face, 'You magnificent boy! you splendid-looking fellow!' &c. I know I should not mind being praised up in this way, but I never am. The only other creature in the house that gets an undue share of praise is our sweet small sister Agnes. Oh! she is a very darling, and so lovely. To-day, when she came running in after luncheon, with her golden hair floating about her shoulders, and a tiny wreath of red berries and thornless leaves, which Nurse had made for her for Christmas, round her dear little head, her eyes and cheeks bright with joy and excitement, she looked the veriest little beauty. Everyone said how lovely she looks, and everyone must needs kiss her and pet her. And she is a pet! Oh! how Mother loves her. She could not make up her mind to part from her this autumn and go with us to the Lakes, so she stayed at home with Agnes. She said she greatly preferred the quiet; but I believe she would have enjoyed the Lakes as much as any of us if she could have taken Agnes; but the doctor said she must not take her, because ever since the measles the little pet has had a delicate chest, and the doctor was afraid of the damp, which he declares is a necessary evil of the Lake district. But it was not so whilst we were there. We only had three days of settled rain, and we were there a month; and those three days made the waterfalls so beautiful, that we rejoiced at them. I could go into raptures, if I chose, over the beauty of the Lakes, especially Keswick; but I don't choose, so I shall say nothing, except that it was a most enchanting time. Our party was Papa, Herbert, Charley, Edith, and me. Charley's regiment was not ordered abroad, but was sent to Chatham, and so we have seen him constantly; and the month he spent with us at the Lakes was a month's absence on sick leave, for he had been very ailing. He is quite well again now, and came yesterday to be with us at Christmas-time, as he always has been. Edith is certainly the gayest and most gleeful creature I know, and Charley the most cheerful and unchangeable. I wonder Herbert does not like Edith better than he does; he never seems to think much of her, and he thinks and talks so much about other girls not to be compared to her in any way. The other day I asked him if he did not think her excessively pretty, and he laughed at me so, and said, 'Excessively pretty! I should think not. Why, she has always got a broad grin on her face, and she is as fat as a dairy-maid!' So much for the criticisms of those used to you every day. I dare say he would speak of me much in the same tone to Edith, if she ever ventured to make any remark of me to him, and with about as much truth, for Edith is not fat, but only round and fair; and then she has the most sunny smile—ever ready to come, but not the least grin. Now there is Miss Scott, a girl Herbert raves about, and one whom I can't endure,—with her grandeur and her fine talk about operas and theatres, and this singer and that dancer, and her love for Rotten Row and extreme fashion. He calls her beautiful, and I call her simply odious, so it shews how materially we differ from

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each other in our likings. Charley told me this morning, after one of my fights with Herbert—for we often have fights about our different views, both of people and things—that I must try and meet him half way, and not always seem to think that there is no truth in what he says, and no beauty in what he admires. But really he does say such odd things, and admire such queer people, that I shall have hard work even to do this; but I must try, as I wish him to care for me, and not to be always quarreling with me. I don't know if he loves me or not; he never shows it, but I see more and more that he has been spoiled.

I have not much more time for writing, because Edith and Charley and I are going to walk across the park and on to Uncle Trevor's, and then back to the church, by five o'clock, as Mr. Lee is going to have the evening service then, (no sermon, but just the prayers,) and it is to be chanted, and he wants us to be present. It is the first time that the choir has tried chanting the psalms.

I could not write more yesterday, because Edith came and told me it was time to start for our walk. We had a charming walk, in spite of the cold. The clear frosty air made one feel so fresh, and the light frozen snow that covered everything was marvellously beautiful. We had a cup of tea and a little chat with Aunt and Uncle Trevor, and then we started off for the church. I was so glad and so surprised to see dearest Mother there when we entered; and the chanting was very well done, and showed clearly what pains Mr. and Mrs. Lee had taken with it. Edgar and Willie and Annie and Clara Lee all sang, and had been practising both for the psalms and the anthem, and we joined heartily in every part that we could.

I have several things to get ready for the Christmas tree which we are to have this evening; and all the children of the neighbourhood are coming to enjoy it and a dance, which is to follow when the presents from off the tree have all been distributed. And here comes our early tea, and my room will be full of visitors in a minute or two; so farewell to you, my book, for the present.

(To be continued.)

CAMPANELLA.

CHAPTER VII.

The church clock had not yet struck nine on the Monday morning, when Campanella made her curtsey to Miss Charteris, in Mr. Dykes's drawing-room. The chairs in that room were stiff and straight; they had belonged to Mr. Dykes's mother; the table was coverless, and shiny; the chintz was whitey, and faded. There was a dull hard look about

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the place, such as bachelors' homes soon acquire. Yet, although Miss Charteris had been there only a few days, she had already given a grace and freshness to the room, by means of her little work-basket with a blue frill, her poetry books, and the roses in a glass, which she was copying in water-colours.

Campanella hardly noticed any of these things; the graceful figure, in a blue morning dress, (looking to the poetical Italian child like the Madonna, whom she had once seen in a picture, clad in a soft blue cloud,) was all which she noticed. Her cheeks glowed, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure, as Miss Charteris came forward, and took her hands. Then the lady felt that there were two big hard pennies in one little fist. She smiled, and fetched a box from a side-table. There was a slit in the lid of the box, and on its side was a picture of a clergyman, preaching to three black people, and a baby.

'Put your money in here,' she said.

The child obeyed; the pennies dropped through the hole one after the other, with a ring and a flop.

'Now,' said Miss Charteris, 'we must begin our lessons, and be very busy, for I cannot stay in Brentholm long; and before I go, I want to teach you to speak to the people around you.'

Then she took up an Italian Bible, and asked Campanella to read; but she could not read well, even in her own language. So Miss Charteris read to her, first from the Italian Bible, and then from the English, telling her what each word meant as she read it. After this, she made the child learn some English phrases: 'Please give me some bread,' and 'Where are the coals?' and other little sentences like these.

They found plenty to do until one o'clock, when Miss Charteris ate her lunch, and the little girl had a nice warm dinner given to her. She ate so neatly and so prettily, that the lady was pleased to watch her, and felt more than ever sure that she was the child of one who was a lady too, and more than ever anxious to hear who that mother had been.

There had been rain in the morning; but in the afternoon, the June sun came out warm and strong, and the sky grew clear. Miss Charteris opened a long window in the drawing-room, and carried out a chair on to a terrace there, overhung with roses, growing on a trellis. She took some sewing for herself, and some for the little girl, whom she told to sit beside her on a low stool. She smoothed the child's dark hair, and thought how strangely unsuited that refined face was to the homely frock of purple print below it.

'I shall call you Nella,' she said; 'I find that Campanella is too long to say often. The rest will call you so too, I think. You must run when anyone calls Nella; you understand? And now, Nella dear, tell me what you can of your home, and of your father and mother.'

Nella could not answer to that; though her eyes took a dreamy expression, as though she were seeing the old home far away, and the

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parents, who were, in one sense, farther away still, and yet, perhaps, were close beside her then. Children cannot tell the story of their lives, as though it were a lesson learned by heart, when one asks them to do it; and as for grown people, they can never tell that story truly.

But Miss Charteris asked more questions. 'Was the old home pretty?'

'Oh, beautiful! so beautiful!' said the child; and then, by little and little, the whole short sad tale came out.

She had never known her father; he had died long, long ago; but he had sung very very beautifully; Campanella knew that, for her mother had often told her so. The mother too, she sang; oh, so sweetly! It had made Nella cry to hear her sing; or, if she did not cry, she read long stories in the singing. Her mother used to sing in a theatre; and Nella was often dressed in pretty clothes, ('Not like this,' she said, touching the cotton frock as if it pricked her fingers,) and taken to a place, where she could see her mother dressed in much finer clothes still; sometimes like a queen, sometimes like an angel. Then she would sing, so that it was like listening to angels to hear her; and people threw flowers at her; and she would gather them up by armfuls, and smile, and look happy: and Nella would be half buried in flowers, as they went home in their carriage. 'That was a lovely time,' the child said; 'the mother was always smiling then.' But at last, she began to smile less, and then Nella was never taken to hear her sing; and one night she came home, and ran to Nella's little bed, and threw herself down upon it, and cried, 'with torrents of tears,' said the child, and told her that they were ruined, and should starve, for her voice was gone.

'Was it gone?' asked Miss Charteris.

'No, it was not gone,' cried Nella, as if she were indignant. 'When she had said that, the mother went to the piano, and sang so beautifully, that I have never heard anything half so fine; it was like all the sweetest birds, and yet so dreadful, that I had to hold my hands on my mouth, that I might not cry out, and stop her. And then, at last, there came a high note, which I had often heard her sing with a voice as clear as water; but now it came out harsh and broken, and then she threw up her hands, and began to sob; and when I went to her, she cried until my hair was quite wet through. She had often said before, in the happy time when her voice was beautiful, that we would go to England, and get rich, and I should be a lady, with no need to sing in a theatre; and after this night, she said we would go to England, and she would teach other people to sing, if she could not sing herself. So we came; and then there was the storm.'

Having heard the little history, Miss Charteris felt sure that since there had been no one to care for the mother while she lived, there would be no one to seek for the child now that her mother was dead. She loved Campanella all the better for her friendlessness, and entered with new zeal into the work of teaching, which, as the pupil was quick

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and the mistress gentle, made good progress in a short time. Miss Charteris was touched by the thought of the poor sweet-voiced mother, who must have been good, and a gentlewoman, as was clearly to be seen in the behaviour of her daughter. She had lived a life which is dangerous for women, in the glare and noise of a theatre, and had won her way safely through it, because leaning only on that Support which is the strongest; and had taught her child to love her, and helped to fill her mind with pure and lovely thoughts, which were unchildlike, only because they were deeper than the dreams of children often are.

It seemed hard, almost cruel, that one so brought up, and now flung on the world for friendship, should find a home only in the ruinous cottage of that wild Black Bill. Yet it was not easy to see how a change could be made, until Bill himself desired it; and, as Mrs. Lester had said, perhaps the good God had sent the child thither.

There could be no harm, however, in making that cottage more habitable; and one day, Miss Charteris said to Mr. Dykes,

'Uncle, please do not forbid me to go to Bill Waters's house with Campanella. If it is fit for her to live in, it must be fit for me to see.'

'Why do you wish to go, Amy?' asked the Rector, rather troubled.

'Because I know her own room is in no proper state for her; and if I see it, I may be able to improve it. Perhaps I may improve the whole cottage; who knows? I have great hopes of Bill, since he sends the child to me so regularly. No, it will not do as well for you to go; it will not do nearly so well. Women's eyes can see, and women's heads can contrive a hundred ways of making a place comfortable, which a man would never think of. Do let me go. Even if Bill is a smuggler, as you suspect, his kegs of brandy won't hurt me.'

So Miss Charteris got her will, by means of a kiss and smile. And on that very afternoon, Campanella tripped along the rutty lane, with a lighter heart than she had ever known in treading that path before; for her dear teacher was holding her hand, and talking to her in her sweet way.

When the two passed through the gate, before which there was always a puddle, and Miss Charteris saw the desolate garden ornamented only with stalks of beheaded cabbages, the bulgy walls, the window stuffed with rags, her heart ached for the child. Yet she could see redeeming points about the place, which Mrs. Lester had not seen, nor good Mr. Dykes himself. A strong ivy tree clambered up the walls, throwing out rich sprays everywhere, and covering the lower part of the chimney, which rose above like a pinnacle, glowing against the blue summer sky, in all the warm colour of old brick.

Miss Charteris saw that the growth of the ivy was beautiful; and that the old building, with its dropping thatch, stained yellow with lichen, and shaded by a graceful wych-elm behind, was fit to be drawn in a picture. Yet it was not fit to live in. She felt this strongly, with real pain on Campanella's behalf, as she passed through the poor kitchen,

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smelling strongly of the pipes which Bill had smoked there; up the steep rickety stair, and into the little girl's room, where cobwebs hung from the open rafters, and the plaster on the wall was falling away. She sat down on the box which held the clothes; and after she had looked round her carefully, took Nella's hand as she stood beside her, and asked,

'Is this room quite your own? Does no one come here but you?'

'Only Mrs. Lester has been twice, and Mrs. Lucas once to sweep it.'

Mrs. Lucas was a sailor's wife.

'How do you like the room?' asked Miss Charteris.

'It is very ugly,' answered Campanella.

'It *is* ugly,' said her friend, glancing round again; 'yet I think we may soon make it prettier. There are many things which make a room look very cosy, and yet cost little trouble. I suppose we must let the kitchen be as it is for the present. Is Bill Waters often at home?'

'Yes; often for a long long time in the evenings,' replied the child, with a sigh.

'Do you love Bill?' asked Miss Charteris.

Nella replied, 'Oh, no!' her eyes opening wide with surprise.

'Yet he is very kind to you; as kind as he knows how to be. He was very anxious that you should come to live with him; and I can see that he has bought a few things to make the room nice for you, according to his fancy. I think he is very fond of you.'

Nella said nothing; but she looked more and more surprised. Her mother had been fond of her, and with what a different fondness from Bill's!

Miss Charteris said no more then. She briefly set down in her memory a list of such articles as were chiefly needed to improve the poor attic; and then she kissed the little girl, and went away.

When next she met Bill Waters, she said to him, when she had just thanked him for sending Nella to her every day, 'I have a nice little plan, Bill, and I want you to help me in carrying it out. I should like us to give Nella a pretty room, fit for such a dainty little woman. I think that upper room of yours will do very well indeed, if you will let me help you in setting it in order. You know, there are so many things wanted to make a home nice, which a man would never think of.'

Bill returned no answer but a confused, 'Thank'ee, Mum.'

So Miss Charteris went on. 'What I want you to help me in, first of all, is the papering of the room. There are a few places on the wall where the plaster is not quite good. I know a very pretty wall-paper, with pink roses on it, which I should like to give Nella for her room. You will not mind my giving Nella such a little present as that, will you? because I am so fond of her.'

'Thank'ee, Mum,' again from Bill, with the Cheshire cat smile beginning to broaden on his countenance.

'Then, I think it will be so very nice if Nella can stay with me, or

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Mrs. Lester, for a few days, while you paper the room. (I am sure you would rather do that yourself; wouldn't you?) And then, when it is dry, and we have put in a few other little things, to make it quite cosy, we will take her back to it, and see how pleased and surprised she will be. I think that will be quite charming; don't you?'

Poor sulky Bill felt much inclined to resent the kindness which was being shown to him, because he had always a lurking spite against ladies and gentlemen; he had removed himself so far from their society, and fancied it was they who had neglected him. But with that sweet face smiling on him, and those beautiful lips speaking so pleasantly to him, yet withal in so dignified a way, he could not retain his surliness, but had to let the grin come glowing from ear to ear, and tell Miss Charteris that she was very kind to his little 'un, and he was obliged to her.

The plan was carried out.

A few days later, Miss Charteris showed Nella a nice little carpet-bag, and told her that Mrs. Lester was going to pack her clothes in that, and take her to stay for a week at the school.

The child looked very glad.

'Shall you like that better than Bill's cottage?' asked her friend.

'Oh yes!' cried Nella. 'It is like being in a little corner of Paradise, to be at Mrs. Lester's—when school is over.'

But when asked to explain what she meant, she could only say that the place seemed always bright, and yet quiet, like angels' faces.

The Rector and his niece, having thought well on the matter, had agreed that it would be better for Nella to spend the week, during which her room would be prepared for her, at the school-house, rather than at the Rectory. For, since her lot seemed now to be cast in so poor a dwelling, Mr. Dykes thought it would be unwise to accustom her for a short time to the refinements of a lady's home.

Nella seemed to be very happy throughout that week, in her own quiet way, spending the mornings with her dear Miss Charteris, and afterwards patiently working at her task of knitting or sewing by Mrs. Lester's side; or, if she was permitted, escaping to sit alone in some sunny corner of the garden. When there was no sunshine, which often happens in England, even in July, she liked to sit quite still, speaking to no one, on a little stool before the fire, where the school-mistress's plump little kettle was boiling. She could read wonderful things in the red coals, things almost as wonderful as those which the sunset showed to her. She went less often to sit alone on the church tower, now that she was less friendless, and had more to do.

At last, the great day came, on which the little attic-room, in all its new glories, was to be shown to its small mistress, who had heard nothing of the changes that had been made there. It was meant that they should be a pleasant surprise to her. The week had lengthened itself out to ten days, during which Bill Waters had been wonderfully

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busy, in a way that was quite new to him. He had grown to be much interested in his work, and to enjoy it; and he and Miss Charteris had had many little interviews and consultations. He had even, at last, knocked at the back door of the Rectory, on purpose to ask for her; although he wondered greatly at himself for doing it, and felt as if, somehow, he must have been changed for the time into someone else, some decent man, to whom it was a natural action to stand knocking at the Rector's gate.

When the maid opened to him, he was looking very red and awkward; and seeing how surprised she was to find him there, he used bad language to himself for his pains, and did not make the bold attempt a second time; but when he wanted to see Miss Charteris, waited about for her (so losing a great deal of time) in places where he thought her likely to come.

His friends had not ventured to rally him much on his new occupation, at least in his hearing, since he had proved himself so clearly to be no saint yet. All his spare time, therefore, had been spent in Nella's room, and now she was to be introduced to it in its new dress.

It was five o'clock; afternoon school was over; Mrs. Lester, panting a little because the sun was warm, and she herself was stout, came trotting up the tangled lane to Bill's cottage, beside sweet Miss Charteris, who held little Nella's hand. The child walked on with a serious face; she was not glad to leave the 'little corner of Paradise,' where she had been staying for ten happy days. There was, as usual, a puddle before Bill's gate; and the cabbage stalks still stood up like a row of headless necks, above a net-work of weeds. It had not occurred to Bill that his garden also needed improvement; besides, there had not been time for great improvements as yet. But Bill's face, as he came to the door to meet his visitors, was as clean as need be, and very red; and his hair was stringy with wet, for he had been pumping on his head for five good minutes. He felt rather uncomfortable as to his neck, for instead of the blue neckerchief, whose ends he had so often chewed when in any difficulty, shone the most gorgeous of the Chinese silks. It was tied in a tight knot, and the ends were tucked down into Bill's jacket; and little fat men, with umbrellas, were walking all over his chest. He scraped a leg.

The women greeted him pleasantly. And then Miss Charteris said,

'We have brought your little Nella back, to see all the pretty things. I am sure she will be so pleased.'

They all went into the kitchen; and there, on the table, quite unconscious of Mrs. Lester's scruples, Bill had set the little black tea-pot, with some of that naughty smuggled tea brewing in it very comfortably; and beside the tea-pot, a great square sticky slab of plum-cake, bought by the pound, at a small cook-shop.

Miss Charteris, unfortunately, did not observe these splendid preparations; but there was little time for Bill's spirits to be checked by that

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oversight, for she said at once, 'Will you go up first, please? then you will see how glad Nella looks when first she sees her room.'

Bill went up the steps as he was told, clambering with a great noise. He was so big and clumsy, that he knocked his head against something as he went, and so stood in the attic rubbing the place, and grinning, while he watched the others pop up one by one through the trap-door.

Mrs. Lester came after Bill, and Nella next to her; then Miss Charteris last of all.

When Nella reached the top, she stood still with wonder, and rubbed her eyes. It seemed to her that she had suddenly fallen asleep, and was dreaming, the room was so changed.

On the wall, Miss Charteris's roses twisted and twined, and pressed their pink heads against one another; a piece of canvas, of a pleasant yellowish grey, had been stretched all across above the lower beams, to make a ceiling. Only a canvas ceiling. It was coarse enough, yet it hid the gloomy darkness, hung with spiders' webs, which had dwelt so dismally among the rafters of the open roof. The poor spiders, however, had been expelled from their ancient family residence by the ruthless broom of Mrs. Lucas. There was a square of Chinese matting in the middle of the room; the jug and bason were removed to a little green painted wash-stand; and the box on which they had stood, was covered all over with a piece of white dimity, and honoured with a small looking-glass, a pincushion, and a glass with roses in it. The little bed stood in the corner, clean and straight, with a green chair beside it, and over it a picture. There was a white curtain to the window, which had its due allowance of panes, all bright and clear; and on the window-sill stood two red pots, in one of which grew a lady-fern, in the other a fuschia, dangling its little scarlet tassels.

When Nella had grown quite sure that she was not dreaming, but that all these wonderful new things really existed, she clasped her soft little brown hands, and cried, 'Ah! com' è bella!'

Although Bill could not understand her words, he could see well enough from her looks that she was pleased; and he laughed, and rubbed his head harder.

'It was Bill Waters who took the trouble to make your room so pretty,' said Miss Charteris.

Nella needed no bidding, but with a grace which came natural to the little Italian, went up to Bill at once, with a shy movement, saying, slowly and carefully, 'It is much beautiful. Thank you.'

This delighted Bill. He laughed again; and repeated to Miss Charteris and Mrs. Lester, as though they had not heard, that the little 'un said it was much beautiful. In fact, he was altogether clumsy and sheepish and happy; a man whom no one would have recognized for fierce Black Bill, the smuggler, who spread terror among all the Brentholm children.

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Presently, he went down to prepare the little feast, which he meant to offer to the ladies; and plump Mrs. Lester began to follow, thinking it well to seize an opportunity when she could take her own time in descending those break-neck steps, being very careful lest Bill, already below, should catch any glimpse of her plump little legs.

Meanwhile, Miss Charteris remained above, showing Nella all the new glories of her domain, and as much pleased at the child's admiration as was Nella herself. Lastly, she pointed out to her the picture over the bed, and spoke to her about it in a few words, warm from the depth of her heart.

It represented a holy Jesus, surrounded by smiling children, clustered in His arms, and about His knees, very happy in the presence of such deep tender love, and having a kind of sweet solemnity in all their faces, as though their child-like spirits had caught, by contact with His, some of the dignified calm which comes through perfect purity.

(Concluded.)

A CLERKLY IDYLL.

PART I.

THE VICARAGE, EYTHORPE ST. LOIS, MAY 1790.

THE DREAM BEGUN.

A MOTHER sat beside the hearth,
  Her babe upon her knee;
A thrush, without the window-panes,
  Sang matins lustily:
It was the merry month of May,
  In golden promise free.

The mother sat beside the hearth,
  Upon her knee her son;
Her husband in his early walk
  Lost some deep point upon;
She watched, and waiting called to mind
  The day she had been won.

How she had first met Roger Bourne
  Beneath the sweet hay-stack,
Each seeking shelter from the storm
  With which all heaven was black.
Thus, with their babe upon her knee,
  Her fond thoughts wandered back.

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Since then some clouds had crossed their hopes,
But never yet their love;
For life had been a waiting-time
To let the clouds remove,
And show, once more, Faith's azure sky
Shone all unchanged above.

So sat the mother by the hearth,
Her babe upon her knee,
A babe, whose little life by days
Full well might reckoned be;
Upon that sunny morn in May
Its days were thirty-three.

'Its'—nay, 'twas *his*; ah, happy wife!
The fullest crown of joy
Had fallen first upon thy lap,
In that it was a boy
Who first within thy mother heart
Awoke a mother's joy.

And so the mother's tale of Life
Already seemed complete,
Its cup of blessing filled to brim
With all that makes life sweet;
Her heart full of calm thankfulness,
In one so blessèd meet.

But if her life's tale told, not *his*,
Who, in serenest calm,
Slept as if never *he* could woo
In vain kind nature's balm;
Never in wrath or pain or grief,
Be clenched that little palm!

Ah no! she glanced without to see
All nature fresh and gay;
The lilacs glowing in the sun,
All pure and sweet the May;
Kind nature with the mother's heart
Seemed keeping holiday.

She took the soft plump hand in hers,
And with a calm surprise,
Half smiling, half reproachfully,
One moment shone the eyes—
Eyes dear unto the mother's sight
As gates of Paradise.

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Ah! if already to the one
Life's story seemed all told,
The other's life before him lay
As mystic lore unrolled;
Naught save the first few lines of which
Could keenest sight behold.

So sat the mother by the hearth,
Upon her knee her son;
And as she watched, instead of back,
Her thoughts went straying on,
Till e'en in little Johnnie's life
The crown of life was won.

Without—all nature fresh and bright,
All cloudless stretched the sky;
The cat upon the window-sill
Basked, purring graciously;
Sweet scents, calm peace, and grateful hearts,
All making melody.

'He knows me now already,
And ere many months are o'er
He will listen for his father's step,
As I, across the floor.

'He shall love him too, as I do!
He shall not be an awe
Because his mother has not wit
To make him mind her law.

'He will speak! and ere he speaketh,
His little hands shall pray
On my knee, tight clasped together,
God's grace throughout the day.

'As he older grows, his father
Will better teach than I
Arithmetic and Latin,
Yet—I should like to try.

'No need for learnèd scholar's son
A school-boy e'er to be;
He will learning gain from Roger,
Obedience, faith, from me.

'Or if he is Queen's Scholar, he
Will sure like honour win;
I should like as Head Monitor
To let the dear boy in.

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'How fast the days will speed! and then
To college he must go;
His father's—Trinity will like
To have his son, I know.

'And there all would astonished be
To see such goodly youth;
Learning, without a touch of pride—
A soul, the soul of truth.

'He would gain scholarships, and then
Would surely Wrangler be!
(It is a long long journey,
Still—we must be there to see.)

'Then be made Fellow; I how proud
To walk between two men
Cambridge may well be proud of too—
My own two Bournes;—and then?

'Then he will take a living,
And then must find a wife;
And then—may they be half as blest
As we in married life.

'Children will grow around them,
And—' but ere her dream was o'er,
Her husband all unnoticed
Had entered at the door;
(Once in a way she had not heard
His step upon the floor;)

Some seconds had been gazing
Upon the half-bent brow,
Thinking his simple wife had ne'er
So beauteous looked as now,
Enwrapt in some unselfish dream,
Or making saintly vow.

He gazed until she felt his gaze,
And turning with a start,
Smiled and arose to clasp his neck,
Be prest unto his heart,
And whisper, 'Roger, may our son
Be only what thou art!

'But pray a blessing on the babe!'
'Wast dreaming for the lad?'

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'Ay! and he had to college been,
And wife and children had,
When you awoke me from my dream,
A dream to make us glad.'

'God's blessing ever on the boy!
And ever on thy head,
The dearest woman man e'er yet
So blest was as to wed!'
And by a cradle that May morn
Their orisons were said.

PART II.

MURESTON RECTORY, NOVEMBER 1867.

THE DREAM LIVED OUT.

An old man sat beside the hearth,
A book upon his knee;
Amongst the misty window panes
The wind sighed mournfully;
It was a chilly autumn eve
As drear as drear could be.

The old man sat beside the hearth,
Upon his knees a book;
But on the changing dying logs
He oftener cast a look;
And ever closer drew his chair
Within the chimney nook.

And now, as oft in twilight hour,
His thoughts went straying back
To days when, all untrodden still,
Before him lay life's track;
The happy happy days when he
Was only 'little Jack.'

How happy seemed those childish days,
As if without a tear;
With mother's gown to flee unto
Whether in hope or fear;
And to feel sure, whate'er the tale,
Of father's willing ear.

Yet there were trials! that sad day
When good old pussy died;

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And little Jack by fondest wile
  Could not be pacified,
But by the empty basket sat,
  And half his heart out cried.

And sadder day—it once had seemed
  The height of human woe,
When he had truant played, to find
  Sure Nemesis if slow;
And known whose heart was bleeding if
  She left his tears to flow.

But saddest far when, sent to school,
  Justice with love seemed gone;
And Heaven above, as hearts around,
  To boyish weakness stone;
E'en now he shuddered at the sights
  His eyes had looked upon,
And thankful felt no bullying boys
  Had ever harmed his son.

But at all other boyish woes
  The old man smiled; and sighed
To have such troubles back again
  With youth and friends allied!
And his thoughts strayed to wonder where
  Were now Monteith and Hyde.

E'en Westminster had precious grown,
  And borne the keenest bliss,
When, honour-crowned, he home returned
  To feel his mother's kiss,
And hear her whisper to herself,
  'But I expected this.'

At college, too, home-lore had borne
  Honours, and honour's fruit;
And school friends flocked the Senate House,
  To cheer with stunning bruit:
But when his mother heard, she said,
  Half smiling, 'Jack, I knew't.'

Then came the Fellowship, and then
  A vastly learnèd book,
Now superseded; but it long
  First place with scholars took.
He'd thought that very afternoon
  One passage to o'er-look.

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And then—unnoticed from his knee
The once prized volume fell—
He met on a vacation tour
His one love, Christabel!
Ah! time and place, and scenes and words,
Were all remembered well.

Ten years they waited. No such thing
As married Fellows then;
And he was forty, Christabel
But twenty-seven, when
His father made him, in his turn,
Most blest of wedded men.

And to this home he brought her, *his*,
Just thirty years ago;
An angel in his house a space,
And then—ah! this *was* woe!—
Just twelve months later laid beside
Her baby in the snow.

With his hands he clasped his face,
Thought no thought a little space;
Only seemed again to see
Christabel, as wife, beside him;
Hear the soft tones full of glee
With which she had dared deride him
For his silence;—gay and free,
Unawed by the gravity
Of a youth on study spent,
Of a manhood long unbent.
Gracious, smiling, came the ghost
Of the wife so long long lost;
Seemed to take the age-chilled hand,
Warm it with her currents free;
Smoothe the brow, and clasp the neck,
Ever whisper lovingly,
'Patience! for the time draws near
When we shall together be.
Courage! earth's pains, endless bliss
Over-pay exceedingly!
And our son awaits you there,
Husband more than ever dear!
Think not that our lot was hard;
God knew best; I am content;
Bow you to the Father's hand,
Humbly as at first you bent.

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Or—O husband, *could* it be?
We did part eternally?'

With his hands he clasped his face,
Full of thought a little space;
Thought a prayer and struggle sore,
Prayer prayed daily o'er and o'er,
If scarce of late with heart and will;
For to him this life-long ill
Had grown more than he could bear;
Harder than a father should
Lay upon an earthly son
Made of human flesh and blood.
Though he had started, had he known
To this height the sin was grown.

She had vanished, or he waked,
Silent was the room again;
Slowly he unclasped his face,
And, without the window-pane,
Gazed upon the sunken mound
'Neath which lay his buried twain.

By that mound he would repeat
Word for word that prayer for grace,
For submission, pardon, faith;
And for this he set his face,
Heedless of the evening mists
Blurring objects into space.

But old Betty caught the stir,
Ceased her gossip in affright;
'Master's never going out,
Sure! when now 'tis almost night;
I must say you wanted him;
'Wait a minute, Rachel White.'

So she caught him, breathlessly,
Ere he had unlatched the gate;
'Please, Sir, Rachel White is come,
Full of troubles—scarce can wait—
If, Sir, *you* are going far—
Home's so far, and it is late.'

Master smiled, and gently said,
'Give poor Rachel White some tea,

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Then she will not mind, I think,
If she wait this once for me.
And—I am not going far,
So you need not anxious be.'

Thus he reached the sunken mound,
'Neath which lay his wife and child;
On which, shroud-like, dank and drear
Lay the leaves of autumn piled;
O'er the stone tight clasped the hands,
As his mother taught her child,

Threescore years and twelve ago!
Long at rest had she been laid—
All her wifely duties o'er,
All her mother prayers out-prayed,
By her husband and her son
'Neath St. Lois' chancel-shade.

So he clasped his hands upon
Lichened stone for mother's knee;
Withered hands, for mother's gown,
Shelter gave to misery.
But was never childhood's prayer
Prayed with more humility.

Long wrestled he, sore bowed and bent
Above the sunken stone;
Till heart and soul joined in the cry,
'Thy Will, not mine, be done;'
Then rose he, feeling wondrously
No longer left alone.

And, mid the struggle, lo! un-marked
Earth's mists had rolled away;
And, as he rose, across him fell
One golden sunset ray;
An emblem of the perfect peace
Shining to perfect day.

And lo! upon the sunken grave
Brightest that sunbeam fell;
All golden with the sunset glow
The mound o'er Christabel;
Ne'er had he seen the grave more fair,
And yet he knew it well!

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Last look! Behold, the dank drear leaves
Glowed as a ruddy pall;
A robin, on the lichened stone,
Sang vigil musical;
The mourner's heart in tune with him,
Most blessed change of all.

Homeward he turned to speak kind words
To thriftless Rachel White;
And when his frugal meal was brought,
Bade Betty Franks 'Good night.'
'And yet my heart misgave me, Sir,
That somehow things weren't right.'

And so she gently knocked before
She really went to bed;
And, knock unanswered, turned the lock
And softly enterèd;
Ah me! the lone old man alone
His soul had renderèd,
And his last earthly orisons
Been prayed beside the dead.

But now that livèd out has been
The dream of that May morn,
What recks it which had found this life
The thicker set with thorn?
Unless, perchance, the brighter wreath
The more pierced brow adorn!

A. C. D.

AUNT CECILY'S MUSIC LESSONS.

PART I.—MABEL'S MUSIC-BOOK.

LESSON X.—*(continued.)*

It went fairly the first time, admirably the second. As they were ending, Mabel came back to tell them tea was ready, and they followed her to the school-room immediately.

Miss Wells could not forget her surprise at Clement's style of playing the sonata, and she asked who he had studied it with.

'With no one,' he said; 'he had heard it at concerts often—he had heard Joachim play it.'

Miss Wells began to think the youth must be a musical genius, and

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she began to question him about his method of study. She asked who had been his first teacher.

Clement began to laugh. 'When I was seven years old,' he said, 'I spent a summer at my grandfather's place. He had an Italian valet who fiddled very well. He was fond of playing in a summer-house in the woods, a place where we children—I mean my sisters and cousins and myself—used to go every afternoon with the nurses. While they played about or chattered, I stuck to the fiddler; and he made me a present of a toy-violin, and shewed me how to play it. Three years later, when I was at school, I managed to break my leg, jumping over a wall; and after it was set, the doctors said I must not use it for a long time. So my grandfather had me down to Lancashire again. My old friend Ettore was still with him, and he undertook to keep me quiet with the violin. They got me a small one, and I began to learn regularly. I got a good spell of practising then. When I went back to school I took my fiddle, and I used to play on wet days. Some of the boys took a fancy to learn, and we engaged a master, and took lessons on half-holidays. One fellow learnt the violoncello, and we got to play quartetts at last. That's how I learnt.'

'But do you mean to say,' said Miss Wells, 'that you never had any lessons in town—never have been under a first-rate master?'

'Oh, I got some right-down good lessons last Christmas, of a German fellow at Manchester. We've got good music in Lancashire, I assure you, Miss Wells. I should just like you to hear Charles Hallé's orchestra in the Hall at Manchester.'

'Who's Charles Hallé?' Mabel asked of her next neighbour, Charles Lyne.

'A very nobby fellow on the piano,' was the intelligent answer.

Miss Mellany heard it, and said to Mabel, 'Mr. Hallé is a great musician. He is a German, but has settled in England; and we English people ought to be very grateful to him for having taught us to like good music.'

'Does he teach the Queen?' said Mabel.

Before anyone could answer, Clara said, '*I* think, Louisa, that the English people ought to be grateful to Dr. Sterndale Bennett, and to old Cipriani Potter, and to a good many more people besides, who have taught them to know good music from bad. However, I don't mean to say a word against Mr. Hallé, who talks as brilliantly as he plays, and has certainly worked like a steam-engine to get Beethoven understood in England.—Ah, by the way, Cecilia, what a shame it is we are to do nothing from Fidelio!'

'Sing what you like,' said Miss Wells; 'I shall be delighted to add it to our programme.'

At this moment the door opened, and there entered a tall gentleman, with grey hair, and a most benevolent expression in his face, and in his manner too. This was Mr. Auriel, who chose to join the school-room

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party instead of the one in the drawing-room. Everyone rose, and the unexpected guest was duly honoured. Mr. Auriel was loved by everyone who knew him. Miss Mellany was his favourite niece, though he possessed a good many to choose from. And among the host of children he knew and petted, Mabel was the one he loved best. He had three sons—the eldest in India, and the youngest at Oxford—but no daughter. The only one he ever had was dead, and her name had been Mabel. She had died of fever at the age of fourteen, the very year our Mabel was born. Both children had been named after Mrs. Auriel, who had stood Godmother to Mabel Greene only a few months before her own Mabel was so suddenly cut off.

As we have said before, Mrs. Auriel was a cousin of Mr. Greene's; but she was more than an ordinary cousin, for she had been left an orphan when a little child, and had gone to live at her uncle's at Ashton, before her cousin (our Mr. Greene) was born. She had therefore been like an elder sister to him, and she looked on his children as her nephews and nieces. Mabel's eldest brother was her particular favourite, but she was fond of Mabel too, often giving her books, and noticing what she was learning. Mabel called her cousin 'Aunt,' and Mr. Auriel, 'Uncle.' They called her 'Maby,' perhaps because at first they shrunk from uttering the name of their lost daughter. Mr. Greene adopted the name, and so did Nurse Robinson; but latterly Mrs. Greene had objected to it, saying she 'disliked spoiling a pretty name,' and Miss Ruler quite agreed with her. Aunt Cecily, hearing this, took care to call the little girl by her proper name.

And now to return to the tea-table in the school-room. Mr. Auriel had hardly taken his seat when Clara Mellany said, 'I hope, Uncle Auriel, you are in good practice, for we have a new pianiste here who expects to play a duett with you.'

Mr. Auriel smiled, and said, 'Not new to me, I fancy. Cecilia Wells and I have played duetts longer back than *you* can remember, Clara.'

'As if I meant Cecilia!' Clara said scornfully. 'That would be stale news indeed. The lady that hopes to have the honour of performing with you this evening is Miss Greene.—Isn't it true, Mabel?'

Poor Mabel could hardly believe her ears; Clara spoke so seriously, and looked at her so gravely, with no signs of joking in her eyes, that Mabel thought she must be in earnest. The poor child was quite overcome by the idea that she must have said something very conceited to have given Clara such an idea. She was painfully conscious that she had really been secretly indulging in a dream of playing a duett with Uncle Auriel some time or other, but not for many a long day yet; and she fancied she had never divulged this ambitious hope to anyone, not even to Aunt Cecily. But the suddenness of the blow quite upset her, and she had not time to turn over in her memory what she had,

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and what she had not said; and she could not doubt that her secret had escaped her in some unguarded moment, that Clara had discovered it, and now held it forth to view to shame her for her vanity. Poor little girl! she suffered downright agony, such as only children of her peculiar temperament do suffer on such occasions. She grew crimson, and then turned quite white. She made an effort not to cry, but her quivering lips and trembling hands shewed what she was suffering. Aunt Cecily understood it in a moment, and so did Mr. Auriel. The others thought the child was not well.

Miss Wells felt very angry with Clara, but she thought it would be bad for Mabel to have a fuss made, so she said quietly, 'Mabel, darling, Clara's only joking, as usual. Don't be frightened. Nobody thinks you forward and conceited.'

Mabel's colour came back, and two tears welled up out of her large blue eyes and trickled down her cheeks. Mr. Auriel took one of her little trembling hands, which were as cold as ice, and said in a cheery voice, 'Well, Maby, how are the guinea-pigs? and the rabbits? Ah, I've something to tell you. What do you think is waiting for you at Oldham? Guess! Or shall I tell you? But it's a secret, so I must whisper.' And Canon Auriel bent down and whispered in Mabel's ear, 'A snow-white kitten—a real Angora; one of Irene's kittens, and just like her.' Great was Mabel's delighted surprise, and in her joy she forgot Clara's unkind attack.

Clara did not mean to be cruel. She had not the slightest idea of what a child of Mabel's temperament endures under the impression that she is held to be guilty of presumption and conceit. Clara had been brought up on a very different system to the one Mabel was subjected to; and besides, her organization in childhood had been a great deal stronger than Mabel's. Clara believed herself to be remarkably clear-sighted in reading character, and particularly 'large' in her views, but this was a great mistake; she was really short-sighted and narrow-minded, as all persons must be who never take the slightest trouble to understand anything that strikes them as 'peculiar' in their neighbours, nor try to put themselves in the place of others, and consider what they would feel, or how they would act, if they were placed in circumstances altogether different to those they find themselves in.

What made Miss Mellany, Miss Wells, and Mr. Auriel, so considerate to everybody, was that they all had the habit of studying those they lived among, with a view to *understanding* them, and by that means making things go as smoothly in the circle they happened to find themselves, as they could. They were not fussy and meddling, nor given to expecting that everyone would see with their eyes and hear with their ears, neither had they any inclination to rule or govern; but they felt kindly disposed towards others, and were always ready to lay down their own pursuits for the sake of helping anybody who asked for help.

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Clara could be generous now and then, and exert herself with energy on behalf of special objects; but she never persevered in her good works a day longer than suited her inclinations; and though she was habitually good-natured, she never would give up anything she had set her heart on in order to avoid being hard on others. Clara took a dislike to Miss Ruler the first time she saw her, and was always ridiculing or abusing her. And in some points she and Miss Ruler were very unlike. But for all that, they resembled each other in a great many; and had Clara been placed from childhood in the position Miss Ruler had been in, she would have had the same sort of character that Miss Ruler had grown into. But we must leave Clara and Miss Ruler, and return to our music.

(To be continued.)

ANTIQUE GEMS AND SIGNET RINGS.

Among the varied uses and powers of rings, there is one which appeals so directly to our romantic and poetic feelings, in the indulgence of which this is certainly far too matter-of-fact, not to say too selfish an age to need any check, that it would be wrong not to dwell a few moments upon it. The ring which an accepted suitor of the present day gives to his future wife, and which he will probably call her 'engaged ring,' and not—like his more æsthetic forefathers, who would have disdained the idea of ticketing a fair lady as one does a railway carriage or a stall at the opera—by its proper name of 'betrothal ring,' has its origin far back in the misty depths of ages.

Amongst the Romans this betrothal ring, or 'annulus pronubus,' was originally a mere circlet of iron; afterwards it was garnished with a piece of loadstone, by way of gem, typifying the magnetic attraction which had brought these two, of different sexes, together.*

To this custom M. Latour St. Ybars so elegantly alludes in a passage quoted by Madame Barrera, in which he depicts a 'faithful woman to her love' rejecting with scorn the richer gifts of a seducer, that I must transcribe the few lines in their original language:—

'Alors qu' Icilius ne m'a jamais offert
Pour gage de sa foi que cet anneau de fer,
Claudius sans respect pour l'amour qui m'anime,
Par cet appât grossier croit m'entrainer au crime;
Et ces ornements vils qu'il m'ose présenter,
Sont faits de ce métal qui sert pour acheter!

* The classical reader will find a very pretty though lengthy epigram on this subject in Claudian's 'De Magnete,' commencing—

'Quis quis sollicita mundum ratione secutus,' &c.

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Va rendre a Claudius tous ces dons, et sur l'heure
Les presents de cet homme ont souillé ma demeure;
Et ce serait blesser notre honneur et nos dieux
Que d'y porter la main, que d'y jeter les yeux.' *

Numbers of these old betrothal rings, principally of the Lower Empire, have come down to our days, and may be seen in the larger collections of Europe; they generally bear the names of the future bride and bridegroom engraved upon the loadstone, or other more precious though less significant stone, which had by this time replaced the more ancient clasped hands or Fides, itself revived by the mediæval jewellers. 'To these mementos of ancient love,' says Mr. King, in one of the most eloquent passages in his enthusiastic treatises, 'succeed others, placing before our indifferent eyes the natural consequence—chubby baby-faces, whose eyes some eighteen centuries ago called up many a smile on the parental faces; little bubbles, rising up and breaking unnoticed upon the ocean of eternity, of whom naught is left but these tiny and imperishable records.'

'You are full of pretty answers;
Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives,
And conned them out of rings?'

says the melancholy Jaques of 'As You Like It,' when Orlando compliments his love; and this fashion therein alluded to, of placing some love sentence, 'some cutler's poetry,' in betrothal rings, was almost invariable in mediæval days: I have one before me now, at least six hundred years old, a plain gold circlet a quarter of an inch broad, chased with the red rose of England, and on the inside graven in early Norman-French the words 'au mort.'

To multiply examples of the inscriptions such as the 'Love me, and leave me not,' a common one in Shakespeare's day, would be tedious; but the reader should bear in mind that these mediæval love-pledges were generally two flat hoops of gold, the one fitting neatly inside the other, and kept in its place by a projecting rim on the edge of the exterior circle, so that both formed seemingly but one body, and yet could be worn singly, and thus serve as credentials to go-betweens appointed by the lovers.† They were thence called Gemelli or Twins, and under that name you may find them mentioned by almost every poet from Chaucer to Dryden; the latter indeed makes the whole plot of his 'Don Sebastian' to turn upon a ring of this kind:—

'Those rings, when you were born and thought another's,
Your parents glowing yet in sinful love
Bade me bespeak: a curious artist wrought them,
With joints so close as not to be perceived,
Yet are they bothe each other's counterpart.

* Virginie Une Tragedie, par M. Latour St. Ybars.
† See King's Hand-book of Gems, p. 460–1.

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His part had Juan inscribed, and hers had Zayda;
(You know those names are theirs); and in the midst
A heart divided in two halves was placed.
Now if the rivets of these rings enclosed
Fit not each other, I have forged this lie;
But if they join, you must for ever part.' *

I think there is not much doubt that the more formal use of a ring for the purposes of an outward and unmistakeable symbol of the investment by the husband of his wife with authority over his house and his worldly goods, and thenceforward with a mutual participation in weal and woe, comes to us from the ancient Hebrew ritual. Many huge gold rings, adorned with filagree work, and surmounted by a small temple with Hebrew inscriptions on the interior of the shank, often puzzle, says Mr. King, the inspectors of gem collections. They were not, however, as their size shows, intended to be worn by anyone of less stature and frame than the Emperor Maximin, who could use his wife's bracelets for his thumb-rings, but they were placed on the fingers of the couple at a certain portion of the rites, and were kept for the purpose in the synagogue. This practice of using a wedding-ring of large dimensions in the actual ceremony, and wearing, as for convenience the Jews even do in Europe, an ordinary one afterwards, puts me in mind of the famous wedding-ring of the Verney family, of Claydon, Buckinghamshire. This enormous gold ring, intended to be worn outside the thick military glove of the time of Charles I., was used by an ancestor of the present Sir Harry Verney at the fatal battle of Edgehill. After the fight, when search was made for the body of the gallant Verney, nothing could ever be found but a gloved hand, firmly clutched round the royal standard, and this ring still remaining on its finger. With this relic of their gallant ancestor the Verneys solemnize their marriages, though of course a lighter circlet is substituted after the ceremony; the last marriage, I believe, in which this ring was used was that of the present Baronet to the sister of Florence Nightingale.

It is curious how the respect for a wedding-ring is sometimes strongly marked where you would least expect it: the Registrar of one of our

* Poor Robert Herrick, so little read, and yet so graceful, has one elegant poem, (Hesperides, No. 86,) which at the risk of being prolix, I must transcribe in this note:—

'Julia, I bring
To thee this ring,
Made for thy finger fit,
To show by this
That our love is
Or should be like to it.

'Close tho' it be,
The joint is free;
So when love's yoke is on,
It must not gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppression.

'But it must play
Still either way,
And be to each a yoke,
As not too wide
To overslide,
Or be so strait to choke.

'And so this round
Is nowhere found
To flow or else to sever;
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold for ever.'

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largest manufacturing towns remarked, that during a period of many years, in which he had—well, we cannot say 'solemnized,' but 'effected' hundreds of civil marriages, only three couples came before him unprovided with a ring of some sort or another. Two out of the three husbands expectant yielded to the wishes of their betrothed, who had no idea of being married, even before a Registrar, without a ring of some sort—for your true woman is your true Conservative at heart—and bought them at the nearest jeweller's. But the third, an ill-conditioned sort of fellow, was as obstinate as a mule; 'he saw no good in a ring;' 'what did folks want with one?' 'he should not get one,' &c.: when even the Registrar's appeals to his sense of propriety, and assurances that 'it looked so much better,' &c., &c., were disregarded, the little woman bustling up, strode out of the office, 'begged, borrowed, or stole' one in a marvellously short space of time, and the affair terminated triumphantly.*

Amongst the various stories connected with hasty marriages, and their curious makeshifts, I think that of the Duke of Hamilton of Horace Walpole's time, who married one of the 'Beautiful Miss Gunnings' with a curtain ring and an Archbishop's license—an unseemly manner for the possessor of the three dukedoms of Hamilton, Brandon, and Châtelherault—is the strangest, surpassing even those poor couples who have made use of the ring of the church door-key.

'Lorsqu'on a tout perdu, et qu'on n'a plus d'espoir
La vie est un opprobre, et la mort un devoir.'

So argues a character in one of Voltaire's Parisian-Roman Tragedies; and in good truth the ancients did act pretty freely upon this convenient though cowardly idea, as appears from the deaths of many a famous hero of Greece and Rome.

After they gave up the primitive and remarkably simple form of suicide, namely, placing a short sharp double-edged 'glaire' upright on the ground before them, and then throwing the body forward with its whole weight on the point of the weapon, which immediately pierced the victim's heart, they adopted 'poison-rings.' It was a most handy method this of concealing a drop or two of some 'acro-narcotic poison,' strong enough to produce immediate death, such as the Italian poison-chemists from the days of the old republic to those of Cæsar Borgia were unrivalled in preparing, in a hollow or false bottom made for the purpose beneath some splendid gem.

* Rings were at one time given to all the company at a wedding. Anthony Wood, in his Athenæ Oxoniensis, tells us that the once famous, but now nearly forgotten philosopher Kelly, 'openly profuse beyond the limits of a sober philosopher, did give away in gold wire rings, at the marriage of one of his maid-servants, to the value of four thousand pounds; this was in 1589, at Trebona.' The custom now only survives in the 'bridesmaid's lockets,' sometimes given by liberal bridegrooms.

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How often the secret spring was touched,* and the poison poured from the ring into an unsuspecting victim's wine-cup, who can say now, and who could say then with any certainty, when science was entirely one-sided, and the subtle poisoner had nothing to fear from the beautiful chemical and analytical experiments which have happily, to a considerable degree, checked the progress of his act in modern days. Although many might, like the wretched Heliogabalus, have kept these poison-rings in their Dactyliothecæ merely because they were fashionable, and never, to the chagrin of those submitted to their yoke, attempted to use them; yet two great master minds of ancient days certainly used them, to avoid, as they blindly thought, any semblance of dishonour in their death. Annibal the Carthaginian, the greatest general perhaps whom the world has ever seen, or if that rank be denied him, as by but few it has been, one of the grandest military leaders of all time, when he had fled to the court of Prusias, King of Bithynia, to escape from the treachery of Antiochus King of Syria, and found that the Roman senate had established a 'cordon' around his refuge which prevented the least chance of flight, drank the poison which he always carried with him in a ring, exclaiming, 'Solvamus diuturnâ curâ populum Romanum, quando mortem senis (for he was in his seventieth year†) expectare longum censet.' In the same manner died Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, the thorn in the side of Macedonian Philip: so likewise Marcus Crassus, when charged with having purloined from the temple of the Capitoline Jove an immense treasure deposited by Camillus, dexterously broke the gem which covered the poison-chamber of his ring between his teeth, and falling, died at once.

Instead of quoting other deaths of the same kind amongst the illustrious of antiquity,‡ some of which we have now no means of authenticating, I will transcribe these practical remarks on this curious practice from Mr. King:—'The ancients were acquainted with vegetable poisons as speedy in their effects as the modern strychnine, as appears in the death of Britannicus from a potion of Lucasta's,§ and from many other cases: their hollow poison-rings were put together with a skill far beyond that of any modern jeweller; for the soldering of the numerous joints of the gold plates of which they are formed is absolutely imperceptible, even when breathed on, a test under which the best modern solder assumes a

* The classical reader will remember the passage in Juvenal, Sat. I.—

'Occurrit matrona potens, quæ molle Calenum
Porrectura viro miscet sitiente rubetam:
Instituitque rudes melior Locusta propinquas,
Perfamam, et populum nigros efferre maritos.'

† B.C. 182.

‡ See Sir H. Halford 'On the Deaths of Some Illustrious Persons of Antiquity.'

§ The corpse of this unfortunate prince, the son of Claudius Cæsar and Messalina, was buried secretly by night; but a sudden shower of rain washed off the paint which had been smeared over his face to conceal the crime, and the black poison-coloured features exposed to view.—*Tacitus, Ann.* 13. *Suetonius in Neronem*, 33.

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lighter tint. This is due to the different composition of the ancients, which was chrysocolla, (carbonate of copper,) verdigris, nitrum, (carbonate of soda,) rubbed down in a copper mortar with a copper pestle; this solder was called "Santerna."' In the Mertons Schaafhausen collection is an onyx intaglio, the back of which has been completely hollowed out into the form of a bowl, for the reception of a strong poison, the gem being worked so thin that it might easily be crushed by a sharp bite.

(To be continued.)

OMENS CONNECTED WITH THE HUMAN BEING.

It may seem incongruous, immediately after writing down this heading to our present paper, to proceed to speak of Omens connected with the cuckoo, the great black woodpecker, the swallow, the pee-wit, or what not, among birds or other animals. But it will only continue to wear the seeming of incongruity to us, as continuing to pass without more direct notice what we listened to from James Grimm's lips in our last paper, touching the fact that a part at least of the time-old regard to Animal-Omens proceeds from the universally current stories concerning the transformation of human beings, in the way of punishment for some misdeed they had been guilty of, into this or that particular kind of animal. Mr. Cavallius, with his usual clearness, adds a few words in the way of explanation to the same general statement as that of Grimm's. 'Conceived of as a mythic being,' he says, 'the body, in the case of man, as in that of other mythic nature-existences, was simply an accidental means or form of external manifestation. This outer form or case *(hamn)* was consequently open to change and subjected to the influence of other beings of like kind but superior power, which might chance to be either good or evil. Were the active beings good, or of the number of the gods, the transformation they operated in the outer form of the human being was, most frequently, a punishment for some transgression, or for the manifestation of some evil disposition. *Förvandling* was the name applied in the case of such a metamorphosis. The fundamental notion in the whole of the popular belief herein involved is,' he continues, 'purely mythic, and goes back to the earliest period. Not but what the legends in question have experienced a change in form, and the gods of the pagans assumed a new guise, derived from medieval times;—for now they enact their parts under the names of Our Lord and Saint Peter, or else the Virgin Mary.'

One or two of the instances he quotes may not be altogether uninteresting.

'The Virgin Mary had a thievishly-disposed waiting-maid. One day

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the girl stole a reel of red silk and a pair of scissors out of her mistress's work-basket. The silk she hid in her bosom, and when the Virgin questioned her, she replied she knew nothing about it. So our Lady struck her a blow, and on the instant she was changed into a swallow. And one proof is that to this day the swallow bears the stolen silk on her breast before her, and the scissors in her tail; and this is her doom besides, that never more shall she light on the green bough. And more; —sentenced to fly ever betwixt the sky and the earth, her song is ever and only—

'"You stole my silk, my scissors too,"
The Virgin said. I did not rue,
But swore I'd not, by salt and bread,
And brought my doom on my own head,
On my own he-e-e-ad.'

Again:—'When our Lord and Saint Peter were once walking to and fro in the earth they came to a court (a farm house and its premises). The farmer was at home, but there was no mistress anywhere about. Our Lord therefore asked what had become of his wife. 'Gone out,' said he, shortly enough. But it was a lie all the same; for he had himself taken her life and hid her body under a hay-stack. So when our Lord saw his evil disposition He changed him into a gowk. And still, to this very day, that bird retains the murderous disposition; for from being a gowk he transforms himself into a sparrow-hawk,* and the first bird he catches and kills is the little Titling which has been his foster-mother and reared him from a nestling. Nay, it is even said that if anyone molests the cuckoo, he becomes so savage as to spit out his very heart's blood; and that is the cause of the red spots on the flowers and leaves. As the gowk flies abroad his ceaseless cry is, "*Gick ut! gick ut!*" (gone out! gone out!) and that lasts all the while till hay time. But when he sets eye on the first hay-stack, he holds his tongue; for, as you may suppose, he is afraid then that it will be discovered how he took the life of his own housewife.'

Now, it may be perfectly true that all these legends or stories—and the number of them is literally legion—may have originated, in the dim childhood's time of our Indo-European race, in some fanciful expression, some figure of speech, or parable from nature; but it would be none the less true that, once originated, they would have that species of substance or reality with which imagination invests its own creatures for the young whether in literal years or in the ages of man's history. And one important element, and fully as real and true to the human child-mind as the assumed fact of the transformation, would be the recollection by

* This metamorphosis is devoutly believed in still in many parts of the North of England. The Rev. H. B. Tristram mentioned to the author, about three years since, a recent case in which a gamekeeper, whom he met with a cuckoo he had newly killed, avowed that he had done so because, 'as everybody knew,' the cuckoo changed into a sparrow-hawk in the winter. It is possibly this same instance which is referred to by Mr. Kelly, *Indo-Eur. Folk-lore*, p. 105, note.

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the transformed human being of its former human feelings, thoughts, experience, and prescience. That recollection, it should be remarked, stands out prominently in the two legends we have just translated. It stands out as prominently, or more so, in all others; and especially so in the forms of classical origin. Witness the stories of Philomela, Tereus, Alcyone, and so forth.

The cuckoo, the swallow, the black woodpecker, the pee-wit, then, and all the other host of creatures which were human beings once, which, when human beings in that mythic age, had the mythic gifts common to other besides the human creatures that lived then, though transformed had not lost their gifts; on the contrary, they retained them still, enhanced, if anything, by the change, that is to say, by the addition of the gifts of the creatures they were changed into, and so their appearance, and their actions, and their utterances, were all wise and prophetic. The creatures seen or heard were animals of omen; but still in the main, the omens were omens originally connected with the human being.

But perhaps the phrase, 'Omens connected with the human being,' may itself seem to require a word of comment or illustration. It is easily given. Why, when a person sneezes, should another standing by exclaim, 'God bless you?' Why, on a shiver or shudder running through a person's frame, should there be a saying, as I have heard in Essex a score of times, 'Somebody is walking over my grave with bright buttons on his coat'? Or more soberly, as in Brand, (iii. 92,) 'a person being suddenly taken with a shivering is a sign that some one has just then walked over the spot of their future grave'? Or, as in Thiele, (p. 166,) 'When a cold shiver creeps over one, it is said that death is stalking over his grave'? And so too in Sweden, Flanders, France? Why, if the right eye tickles or itches, should it be said it is a sign of gladness, if the left, of sorrow? Why, if small white spots come in the nails, should it be affirmed, in Sweden, that if it be on the right hand it denotes good report, if upon the left, misrepresentation? In Denmark and the Rhineland, that each spot betokens a lie to be told? In Germany, that the spots betoken luck? In England, that they signify gifts? Or these; —If a man's chin itches, news will soon be heard of a bearded corpse (the death of a man); if a girl's chin itches, the death of a young man will be heard of; if the right palm itches, it means money to be received, if the left, money to be paid; if the nose itches, there is news to be heard; if one's ears ring, folks are talking about him—the sound in the right ear denoting praise or commendation, in the left the contrary; if one promises and sneezes thereupon, the promise is sure to be kept; if a man, on leaving the house on any given errand, finds himself compelled to return to the house, he must needs defer the business till another day, as otherwise it will be sure to turn out very badly;—all these from a page of Thiele's 'Popular Danish Superstitions,' while Brand, Choice Notes, Henderson, Cavallius, Grimm, would furnish out a list so long that few would care to read it, all being omens connected with the human being.

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And yet we have not so much as hinted at dreams, Scottish wraiths, or Northumbrian wafts, presentiments, and all the varieties of second sight and premonition, or the powers and gifts of the Old Norse *framsynir* and *forspár*.

In a few words:—there can be no question—the thing is self-evident as soon as our attention is fairly directed upon the subject—that there are almost more omens connected with the doings, sensations, experiences, perceptions—but always involuntary, by the superstition—of the human being, than in any connection with all other beings put together. Every individual man, woman, or child, is, at least potentially, a walking magazine of Omens.

But before seeking to account for this fact, or indeed for so much as an illustration of it, it is not superfluous to remark that there is an element of perplexity involved in the inquiry, which is scarcely, if at all, to be met with, or even looked for in the like inquiries touching Animal Omens. What I mean is that there is something, in some of the more striking divisions of the subject—the wraith or waft premonition, second-sight phenomena, for instance—which assumes an aspect of reality so real that it is hard to relegate it altogether to the realms of superstition, over-trow, or even delusion. Mr. Henderson's premonition story,* of which I have also heard from another source, is a very remarkable instance; and others which have occurred to personal friends of my own are fully as remarkable. One that I am at liberty to mention, and which was not only told me by word of mouth by one in the presence of a second of the other two persons concerned, but which was also written out for me by the narrator, is, as briefly as I can tell it, as follows. Two ladies, both young and unmarried, plan on Saturday afternoon, with other friends, an excursion of pleasure for the ensuing Monday. On the Sunday one of the two (whom I shall designate as S.) to the great surprise of the others, signifies her inability to join the party. After much remonstrance, and some persuasion, she eventually tells her sister that she will be obliged to leave the place at which they were staying, on the morning of the proposed expedition, in order to nurse her brother H., who, it would prove, had been thrown from his pony on the morning on that very day in which she was telling about it, and had broken his thigh in the fall. She even indicated the point at which the accident would be mentioned as having happened, and the manner of it. Early the next morning the—by S.—expected messenger arrived, brought confirmation of her prevision, and summoned her to go and nurse her brother instead of joining the pleasure party as projected.

Another case, in which all the parties were intimately known to me, runs thus. Mr. N——., a medical man, is in attendance on a confirmed invalid, and is by her sister informed of the death of a lady he had some years before been on most intimate terms with. Seeming to be almost astounded with the intelligence, he hurriedly asks when she died, and

* Folk-lore of the Northern Counties, p. 296.

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having been told, leaves the room and the house with none of the usual formalities of leave-taking or even civility. A week elapses before he visits the patient again, and then both he and his informant begin mutual apologies—the one for abruptly and unthinkingly mentioning news so distressing, the other for rudeness, at least abruptness, in going away as he had done. 'But,' he continued, 'I was so much affected by what you told me, and the date annexed, that I have been to London since to verify both the fact and the date. Miss G—— is dead, did die that day, and at such and such an hour in the evening. At that very hour I was going out of the front door of my house, and I saw her, as plainly as I see you, among the shrubs a little on one side of the door. I spoke to her, but there was no answer. I advanced to touch her, but she receded, and as I pressed on she disappeared.'

Two such cases as these, not to mention others I have personal knowledge of, or others yet which have been published, and which are to the full as remarkable (perhaps almost more so, some of them), make one hesitate as to the origin or explanation of Omens connected with the human being, so far as such origin or explanation may be assumed *a priori* to rest upon the same grounds as the account already given of Animal Omens.

Passing by all attempts at explanation on or of these undoubtedly mysterious cases as not to be made, at least at present, it may not be out of place to remark, as Mr. Cavallius does, that it would have been strange, seeing how powerful imagination has been in the child-ages of our race in investing every object in creation with a kind of mythic life alike active and sentient, even intelligent and prophetic, if the human being, with all the distinction consequent on his superior attributes, had not also been credited with the possession of a mythic nature and of powers equally marvellous and mysterious belonging to it. Thus, one such notion is that man, in the early morning of his existence in the world, lived a loftier, nobler kind of life than now, and looked abroad on all things in life and nature with the prophet-gaze of a seer. One old Swedish legend tells how men in those old days looked clearly on to the day which should end their span of earthly life. It was at this time it once befell that a man had to repair a fence, and he used for the purpose only alder sticks and bands of birch bark. For he said to himself—

'Alder-sticks and birchen bark
Will last the year ere I am stark.'

But God came by and looked at him as he wrought. Then He said to him, 'That's but poor work, man!'

'Good enough for the purpose,' was the answer, 'for I have but a year longer to live.' So the order of God was given that for the future man should not know the days and years of his life.

This may perhaps help us forward a step or two in the way of seeking for illustration of the very prevalent notions, that no nation or period

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seems to have been without, concerning the prevision of things future as possessed, or as possible to be given, by this or that man or class of men. But there is another consideration, which, with others collateral with it, if not necessarily consequent on it, will help us on many and decisive steps further and higher. And this consideration involves a recollection of a conclusion stated in a former paper in this series.

The statement in question is that the true conception of soul or spirit is essentially Christian; that, antecedently to the 'bringing of life and immortality to light,' such a conception was simply impossible. It may be quite true that words implying—or rather taken to imply—what we mean by 'soul' or 'spirit' may be met with in frequent application by heathen—pre-Christian or not yet Christian—writers, and by Christian writers speaking of pre-Christian times and topics. But it remains to be proved—and for myself, I believe it cannot be proved—that in any case the words so applied ever did (or could) imply pure or distinct immateriality. On the contrary, in all the old-world notions, tenets, legends, involving mention of the so-called 'soul', something physical, material, sensible, is always and evidently understood.

In the words of Mr. Hylten Cavallius, the early conception of the (so-called) soul seems to have been as 'of a physical living principle, a nature-sprung "genius" or "living soul," which found in the body a means of æsthetic manifestation.' Attempts were made to represent it, even late in the mediæval times, in church paintings and sculpture, by the form of a little infant breathed forth, as it were, from the mouth of a human being, or in other cases, in the shape of a dove or other bird. Other conceptions of it were based upon the same idea as connects the shadow with the substance. And who does not remember the myth of the man who had sold his shadow? And illustrative of the notion therein involved—as illustrative indeed as the Wärend phrase, 'to be in a houe with one,' of the old notions touching the condition and entity of the departed soul—is the other Wärend notion that a man may become such an awful sinner as even to lose his actual shadow:—his sins are so many, it is said, that he is not worthy to have a soul, and consequently has no shadow *(icke ha nagon skugge)*.' This idea of the soul as physical and yet not tangible, as intimately and necessarily connected with the body and yet admitting of separation from it, when fully developed and the soul invested with complete personality, is expressed in Swedish folk-lore by the term *Vard;* and this is the account given of the thing so named:—'It is a personal entity which accompanies the human being go where he will, and occasionally discovers itself either in the form of a small light, or else as the man's wraith or shadow-image, and its vicinity may be recognized, not only by others besides him to whom it belongs, but even by himself also.' The next step is, that this mythic soul, or shadow-self of the man, may on certain occasions leave him; whence all the myths of souls leaving the bodies they belong to, perhaps in the form of a mouse or some other creature, and, after passing

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through divers adventures, eventually returning to the vacant body, which in the meantime had continued to be as if asleep or in a trance.

But capable of such emigration, and of being perceived by others when so 'absent from the body,' who does not see an explanation of all the ordinary cases of Wraith or Waft-vision—as to their origin, that is—as also of all other cases of premonition? Who does not see the agency assumed in the tickling of the nose or the hand, the sneezing or sudden bleeding at the nose? As recognizable by the man himself, who does not observe the suggested origin of all the notions concerning presentiment and personal warning, as well as those connected with dreams and visions and portents, such as the Islandic Sagas are so full of—the seers or subjects of which were styled *fey;* or of these later notions which connect that same word with unnaturally exuberant spirits, and treat them as most certain signs of imminent death? Clearly, this personal soul, wise with a mythic perception and foreknowledge, could—and, in the belief of the times which created it, surely would—premonish and forewarn, now others, now its alter ego, (so to express it,) of what its undimmed eye foresaw, its perceptions unfettered by the body revealed. And herein, we believe, lies the origin of that legion, spoken of a page or two back, of auguries and omens connected with the human being.

What more we have to say on the subject must be reserved for another opportunity.

FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY THE SEA.

'Oh, that we were once more in your knightly Normandy, or in my sunny Gascony!' sighs the lady Gabriele, when detained in the Norwegian castle, in the romance of 'Sintram;' a sigh that is sometimes echoed by those that have become used enough to France, its people, and its climate, to feel with an occasional shiver the comparative stiffness, coldness, and darkness, of our own meritorious little island.

A few French photographs that ought to have some of the clearness and brightness of that sunny atmosphere, may serve to cheer one of our too numerous grey days.

Let us cross, in imagination, the Channel, and linger once more by the French sea-shores. Shall we go to knightly Normandy, with its clear green channel seas and chalk cliffs, its verdant orchard lands, its industrious sea-faring population, still marked for good and for evil with the old Norse type? or shall it be sunny Gascony, where the emerald sea is edged with dark red rocks, and where, in fine weather, the lonely tide-wave, that has rolled unbroken from the far Atlantic, rises a shadowy line on the horizon, moves slowly up till it towers above the

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beach, and then breaks into a shatter of surf and roar of waters, all along the line of coast? Nothing can be more fascinating than the play of these tall green luminous waves, as seen from the low fantastic rocks at Biarritz, so undermined by the waters, that after the dash of each wave follows an indescribable low thunderous boom, made by imprisoned air in the caverns, very like the deepest pedal-note of some great organ.

Biarritz is the shore for the poets; over that exquisite western sea one would hardly be surprised to see Galatea advancing in her triumph, or to hear 'Old Proteus blow his wreathèd horn;' and where else can be so realised the life of a mermaid 'swimming in and out of the rocks?'

I am not going now to descant on French bathing, of which much has been said of late, but I think most who have tried it, fully appreciate its advantages. Who, that has been accustomed to saunter over soft sands or shining pebbles into the sunny inviting water, will ever consent to be lowered into it by creaking machinery? who, that is used to glide over clear fatal depths safely and buoyantly, will ever condescend to associate with the tadpoles who swarm along the edge of our seas? who that has tossed on the gay waves near a boat out at sea, when the tide-wave is too heavy for swimmers, or explored the deep sea rocks in a calm, but must look with some contempt on ordinary British bathing? Only it must be remembered, the French plan is not to be lightly adopted without its safeguards, such as a boat always ready, and *guides baigneurs*, or first-rate swimmers, responsible for your safety. For the sea is humorous: there are days when the water is chilly, and the currents treacherous, and the waves look meeker than they are; in fact, many warnings to be given, as well as a careful superintendence, which secures an almost entire immunity from accidents, where, be it remembered, the majority bathe *out* of their depth. The costume is, or may be, suitable and neat; and the hours of the morning and afternoon baths are full of diversion to those on shore as well as those in the sea. But it is not the *beau monde* as transplanted for a few weeks to the sea-side that I wish to photograph, but a bit of the real daily coast-village life.

At Archachon, near Bordeaux, where a pine forest that spreads over some hundred square miles edges the sea, and where the numerous little villas are settled each in a clearing, and built of timber, like emigrant huts in the Canadas, there is a church, that illustrates the present state of hundreds of French fishing villages. It consists of a new smart long nave, modern and conventional; and on one side a little ancient chapel, large enough for the former inhabitants, rough indeed in taste, but rich with the memories and humble gifts of many generations. The little votive ship hangs before the altar, with a wooden fragment, on which a shipwrecked sailor, saved at last, floated for hours; and other such simple relics. The nave, generally empty, is thronged during the *saison des bains*, with smart townspeople in the most fanciful of toilettes, forming a curious contrast with the handful of peasants who collect in their old chapel.

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We will go then to the village of T——, in Normandy; it is spring time, and the Parisians have not yet arrived. The weather was wild this morning, when the mackerel boats went out, but now it has lashed up into a storm; wind howls, foam flies, and the population has come down to the beach to see the boats come in. A rough wild sea rolls in the great bay of T——, between the two high headlands, where the foam whitens, and there is a huge breaker tumbling in on the steep shingle. T—— boasts no pier nor harbour, but is a so-called *Port d' Echouage*, hence the exquisite purity of the beach, and the danger for returning boats in rough weather. As each boat draws near, a conch shell is blown by the crew, and down hasten their wives or friends to their own capstan, to which the boat is made fast by a rope and grapnel, and then slowly wound on rollers beyond high water mark.

On the day of which I speak, the boats were flying homeward before the wind, and pitching desperately. It was pretty to see, as they neared the shore, how down came mast and spars and sails, and furling their wings like poising butterflies, they were carried by the remaining impetus on to the crest of the foaming breaker, which was their real danger. As they rose on it, a dozen or two of men rushed through the water with rope and grapnel to meet and secure them; hastily dragging them forward, if possible, beyond the power of the next wave; and always front and first of all was the brave fisherman and *guide-baigneur*, Edouard D——. Very quick and careful he needed to be to avoid the roll and lurch of the then unmanageable boats; but his steady coolness was pleasant to see. His old mother sits placid and happy among the anxious women, who press round her for comfort. He, though past thirty, is almost the youngest of her large family; and all her sons, she says, have been so brave and gentle.

I wish I could photograph that dear old withered Rose as she sits there, still alert and erect, in the cleanest of caps, her black gown showing something of her red petticoat, and then the smart *chaussure;* her old arms folded beneath her purple kerchief; her olive face, with the sweet mouth and clear bright eyes; she is more interesting to me, after her fifty years of *menage*, than many a rose-bud glittering in morning dew. How much of joy and sorrow is merged now in the calm satisfaction of looking back on a well-spent life, and forward to a happy sunset.

Her old man, though past eighty, still works his boat, and his voice rings out clear and strong in hailing: the care of their surviving children surrounds both with comfort and peace. Surviving—for three sons have met their natural deaths in the sea. She loves to speak of her eldest, and how he sailed, and nothing more was ever heard or known of the vessel, save what a doubtful piece of wreck could tell. 'He was so worthy of love,' she says; 'and I wept his death, and yet I expected him daily by land and sea—quand on n'a pas vu mourir on ne peut se figurer qu'ils ne reviendront pas. If I saw a strange vessel, I thought—

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He is coming; if I saw someone descend the cliff, I looked to see if it were he; always restless, waiting and watching for years.' Another son perished in the bay before their eyes; the lightning struck his boat. A third, a fine swimmer, was drowned in a shipwreck by his heavy boots, when others less strong were saved. But Edouard remains to her, the most daring swimmer of the coast, uniting with his uncommon strength and courage a rare kindliness and gentleness. There he works, the very type of a French sailor; his face, cast in the high Norman mould, and olive with his sea life, is like a fine bronze medal; and his work-day *vareuse* and berret have the appropriate grace and smartness about them, one misses so keenly on leaving France for any other country. He has gone through such terrible dangers, that his mother thinks he has a charmed life. He has saved many lives, and might wear plenty of medals, silver and gold too, if it were not that his comrades, who have none, do not always like it; and so these hard-earned decorations are rarely seen or alluded to. He won a gold medal when an English schooner was shattered one stormy night, on the beautiful cruel cliffs close by; when, after great exertions, he was drawn bleeding and exhausted from the water, hearing there was yet someone on the wreck, he revived at once, threw himself again into the breakers, and was dragged out senseless and half dead, but firmly clutching still the last Englishman, senseless also, but soon restored to consciousness.

I liked, still better, the story of his once being in a fishing boat, which capsized in a rough sea. Two gentlemen, one accompanied by his little son of five, were with them. Edouard caught the child as he fell into the water, placed him on his neck, and swam round the capsized boat, giving each man some rope or spar to hold by. Then one of the party got entangled in the sail, and sank under water; with the utmost coolness, he slipped an oar under the arms of the father, and poised the little boy there for the moment, while he dived for the drowning man, and arranged for him a good position by the keel. Then he took back the child, and kept swimming round, encouraging everyone; told them how he saw his father's boat coming to the rescue—in fact, kept the seven men and their hearts up for half an hour, till his own father reached the spot, and picked them all up. As they neared the shore, a crowd awaited them. 'Let me hold the child up,' said Edouard; 'the mother will be watching, and will never believe he can be saved.'

It was as he said: the poor lady stood half frantic on the shore, hopeless as to her child's safety, till she saw him in Edouard's arms. It is no discredit to the brave fellow who supported them all so cheerfully, that when he saw all safe in his father's boat, he burst into tears. These are two of many gallant deeds, he having had the 'good fortune,' as he worded it to me, to be present on many occasions when life was in danger.

At length, he had an interview with Royalty; and a pension, or an appointment in the coast-guard, or the Cross of the *Legion d' honneur*, were suggested as his reward. No, he replied, he was too young for a

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pension, too fond of his 'pays' for a possibly distant appointment; but the Cross was a grand thing; it was the recompense he chose.

No wonder old Rose's eyes dwelt on him with pride and confidence that rough day, when I was watching the boats coming in. The gale freshened, and three boats were still on the horizon, the hulls being sometimes tossed high up, while sometimes the little reefed red sails were entirely lost in the trough of the waves. One got in safely, and I breathed more freely. As the next boat advanced to the wave, sea and sky seemed to lower more heavily; and at the critical moment, just before reaching Edouard, who, with the grapnel in his hand, had rushed into the sea, it turned broadside to the wave, which in a moment swept over, capsizing it, and dragging it back, only to hurl it forward again a helpless wreck, keel uppermost. One moment changed the graceful little vessel, that sat so securely on the water, into a shattered mass of dangerous fragments. The sea seemed filled with heads and arms; the men on shore rushing in to drag out those on the wreck. Three were hauled up at once, but two were under the boat in terrible peril, not six yards from the steep bank, where we on-lookers stood in safety. I was aware of the cry that rose from the shore, of the way in which the people, French in their quick expression of feeling, wept and swayed to and fro in impotent anxiety; but I could not take my eyes off the wreck, now seized by many hands, who strove to right it, while the heavy breaker again and again crushed it down upon them; and this lasted some minutes, till the boat was partially raised, and two brave agile fellows, father and son, but more like brothers, sprang on to it, and dragged out a sailor boy, jammed in the after-part, his face purple, and streaming with blood; and the next moment another man was carried out, insensible, but alive. The boy's mother rushed to him, and hugged him again and again, with a cry of rapture. The tough little fellow was not much the worse; but the other was seriously injured, and never recovered.

In due time the wreck was hauled up. 'It was the boat I used for the *petite pêche;* but she will never sail more,' said Edouard, touching it half tenderly. Everyone seemed effervescing and excited; he alone was quite calm, and remarking only, 'Me voilà mouillè pour la seconde fois aujourd-hui,' he walked out of congratulations homewards to change his clothes.

A few days later, as we were sailing in his boat, in lovely weather, on a tranquil sea, I remarked on the constant perils of a fisherman's trade, when he replied, 'We have a saying for all that, that there are as many old fishermen as old shepherds; and it is one of the best of trades,' he added reverentially, 'because of the Lake of Galilee.'

Things are now much altered in that family, or even these few words, giving a slight indication of a rare and beautiful character, could hardly have been written. The following year, the bright wise old mother was carried to her rest beneath the shadow of the beautiful old church, where Duke William's men may have heard a Mass before sailing for England. I remember saying to Edouard then some common-place about such

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losses being inevitable as one lives on in the world. 'Yes,' he answered, 'and it is that which makes this world *so* sad.'

It was not sad to him much longer. A few months later, in the spring of last year, came the wished-for letter, announcing that the Cross of the *Légion d' honneur* was about to be presented to him—too late for the joy it would once have caused.

'I am a very unhappy and tired old man,' his father said to me the other day: 'I had six sons, *grands gaillards* all of them, and now I have but two. It is something when there is even a cross to look at in the churchyard; but my Edouard is with his brothers—now four of my sons are in the sea.'

E. J. O.

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

III.

NORTH TIROL—UNTERINNTHAL.

RIGHT INN-BANK.

THE ZILLERTHAL—VIEW OF TRATZBERG ACROSS THE RIVER—STRASS—CORN OR COIN?—THE TWO CHURCHES OF SCHLITTERS—CASTLES OF THE ZILLERTHAL—THE PEACE OF KROPFSBERG—'THE ONLY FÜGEN'—THE PATRIOT RIEDL—ZELL—EXPULSION OF LUTHERANS—HIPPACH—HEINZENBERG; GOLD-WASHING—MAYRHOF—GARNET MILLS—MARIÄ-RASTKAPELLE—HULDA—TRIBUTARY VALLEYS—DUXERTHAL—HINTER-DUX—HARDINESS OF THE PEOPLE—THE FROZEN WALL.

'I may venture to say that among the nations of Europe, and I have more or less seen them all, I do not know any one in which there is so large a measure of real as among the Tyroleans. . . . I do not recollect to have once heard in the country an expression savouring of scepticism.'—*Inglis.*

NEARLY opposite Rottenburg is another castle of the family, Thurnegg by name, which was restored as a hunting-seat by Archduke Ferdinand; and at the instance of his second wife, the pious Anna Katharina of Mantua, he added a chapel, in order that his hunting-parties might always have the opportunity of hearing Mass before setting out for their sport.

Another is Tratzberg, which derived its name from its defiant character. Frederick sold it in 1470 to Christian Tänzel, a rich mining proprietor of the neighbourhood, who purchased with it the right to bear the title of Knight of Tratzberg. No expense was spared in its decoration, and its paintings and marbles made it the wonder of the country round. In 1573 it passed into the hands of the Fuggers, and at the present day belongs to Count Tannenberg, who makes it an

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occasional residence. A story is told of it which is in striking contrast to that mentioned of Thurnegg. One of the knights of the castle in ancient time had a reputation for caring more for the pleasures of the chase than for the observances of religion; though he could get up at an early hour enough at the call of his *Jäger's* horn, the chapel bell vainly wooed him to Mass.

In vain morning by morning his guardian angel directed the sacred sound upon his ear; the knight only rolled himself up more warmly in the coverlet, and said, 'No need to stir yet, the dogs are not brought round till five o'clock.'

'Ding—dong—dang! Come—to—Mass! Ding—dong—dang!' sang the bells.

'No, I can't,' yawned the knight, and covered his ear with the bed-clothes.

The bell was silent, and the knight knew that the pious people who had to work all day hard for their living, and yet spared half an hour to ask God's blessing on their labours, were gone into the chapel.

He fancied he saw the venerable old chaplain bowing before the altar, and smiting his breast; he saw the faithful rise from their knees while the glad tidings of the Gospel were announced, and they proclaimed their faith in them in the Creed; he heard them fall on their knees again while the sacred elements were offered on the altar, the solemn words of the consecration pronounced; he saw little Johann, the farrier's son, bow his head reverently on the steps, and then sound the threefold bell which told of the most solemn moment of the sacred mysteries; and the chapel bell took up the note, and announced the joyful news to those whom illness or necessity forced to remain away.

Then hark! what was that? The rocks under the foundation of the castle rattled together, and all the stones of its massive walls chattered like the teeth of an old woman stricken with fear. The three hundred and sixty-five windows of the edifice rattled in their casements, but above them all sounded the piercing sound of the knight's cry of anguish. The affrighted people rushed into the knight's chamber; and what was their horror when, still sunk in the soft couch where he was wont to take his ease, there he lay dead, while his throat displayed the print of three black and burning claws. The lesson they drew was that the knight, having received from his guardian angel the impulse to repair his sloth by at least *then* rising to pay the homage which the bell enjoined, had rejected even this last good counsel, thereby filling up the measure of his faults. For years after marks were shown upon the wall as having been sprinkled by his blood.

One of the prettiest stories about Kundl is of a boy tending sheep upon the neighbouring heights, who found among some ruins a beautiful bird's-nest. What was his surprise, on examining his treasure, to find it full of broken shells the fledglings had cast off and left behind them, but shells of a wonderful kind, so solid and bright, such as he had never seen

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before. Still greater was his astonishment when, on showing them at home, his parents told him they were no shells, but pieces of precious ore. The affair caused the peasants to search in the neighbourhood, and led to the discovery of one of those veins of metal the working of which brought so great prosperity to Tirol in the fifteenth century, and which are not yet extinct. Their discovery was always by accident, and often by occasion of some curious incident, while the fact that such finds were to be hit upon acted as a strong stimulant to the imagination of a romantic and wonder-loving people, giving belief to all sorts of fables to tell how the treasure was originally deposited, and how subsequently preserved and guarded.

At Schlitters, where you first enter on the beautiful Zillerthal, they have a story of a butcher who, going to Strass to buy an ox, had scarcely crossed the Zill and got a little way from home, than he saw lying by the way-side a heap of the finest wheat. Not liking to appropriate property which might have a legitimate owner, he contented himself with putting a few grains in his pocket, and a few into his sack, as a specimen. As he went by the way his pockets and his sack began to get heavier and heavier, till it seemed as if the weigh would burst them through. Astonished at the circumstance, he put in his hand, and found them all full of shining gold. As soon as he had recovered his composure, he set off at the top of his speed, and, heeding neither hill or dale, regained the spot where he had first seen the wheat. But it was no more to be seen. If he had had faith to commend himself to God on his first surprise, say the peasants, and made the holy sign of redemption, the whole treasure would have been his.

There is another tradition at Schlitters of a more peculiar character. It is confidently affirmed that the village once boasted two churches, though but a very small one would supply the needs of the inhabitants. Hormayr has sifted the matter to the bottom, and explains it in this way. There lived in the neighbourhood two knights, one belonging to the Rottenburger, and the other to the Freundsberger family. Now the latter had a position of greater importance, but the former possessed a full share of family haughtiness, and would not yield precedence to any one. In order not to be placed on a footing of inferiority, or even of equality, with his rival, he built a second church, which he might attend without being brought into contact with him. No expense was spared, and the church was solidly built enough; but no blessing seemed to come on the edifice so built, no pains could ever keep it in repair, and at last, after crumbling into ruin, every stone of it disappeared.

There is an organized service of carriages (the road is only good for an *einspanner*—one-horse vehicle—and that only as far as Fügen) into the Zillerthal, at both Buxlegg and Jenbach; its natural beauties are reckoned to bear away the palm over all the valleys of North Tirol. Its greatest ornaments are the castles of Kropfsberg, Lichtwer, and Matzen; the Reiterkogel and the Gerlos mountains, forming the present boundary

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against Salzburg; and the Ziller, with its rapid current which gave it its name, (from *celer*,) its tributary streams might very well have received the same appellation, for their *celerity* is often so impetuous that great damage is done to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Kropfsberg is a fine ruin, situated a little above Strass, on a commanding height between the high-road and the Inn. It is endeared to the memory of the Tiroleans by having been the spot where, on St. Michael's Day, 1416, their favourite Friedrich *mit der leeren Tasche* was reconciled with his brother Ernst *der Eiserne*, who, after the Council of Constance had pronounced its ban on Frederick, had thought to possess himself of his dominions.

The largest town of the Zillerthal is Fügen, a short distance below Schlitters, and the people are so proud of it, that they have a saying ever in their mouths, 'There is but one Vienna and one Fügen in the world!' It doubtless owes its comparative liveliness and prosperity to its château being kept up and often inhabited by its owners. (the Countess of Dönhof and her family.) This is also a great ornament to the place, having been originally built in the fifteenth century by the lords of Fieger, though unhappily the period of its rebuilding (1733) was not one very propitious to its style. The sculpture in the church by the local artist, Nissl, is much more meritorious. The church of Ried, a little further along the valley, is adorned with several very creditable pictures by native artists. It is the native place of one of the bravest of the defenders of throne and country, so celebrated in local annals of the early part of the century, Sebastian Riedl. He was only thirty-nine at his death, in 1821. Once, on an occasion of his fulfilling a mission to General Blucher, he received from him a present of a hussar's jacket, which he wore at the battle of Katzbach, and it is still shown with pride by his compatriots.

The Zillerthal was the only part of Tirol where Lutheranism ever obtained any hold over the people. The population was very thin and scattered, consequently they were out of the way of the regular means of instruction in their own faith; and it often happened when their dwellings and lands were devastated by inundations, that they were driven to seek a livelihood by carrying gloves, bags, and other articles made of chamois leather, also of the horns of goats and cattle, into the neighbouring states of Germany. Hence they often came back imbued with the new doctrines, and bringing books with them, which may have spread them further. This went on, though without attracting much attention, till the year 1830, when they demanded permission to erect a church of their own. The *Stände* of Tirol were unanimous, however, to resist any infringement of the unity of belief which had so long been preserved in the country. The Emperor confirmed their decision, and gave the schismatics the option of being reconciled with the Church, or of following their opinions in other localities of the empire where Lutheran communities already existed. About four hundred chose the latter alternative, and peace was restored to the Zillerthal. Every facility was given them

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by the government for making the move advantageously,* and the inhabitants, who had been long provoked by the scorn and ridicule with which they had treated their time-honoured observances, held a rejoicing at the deliverance.†

At the farther end of the valley is Zell, which, though smaller in population than Fügen, has come to be considered its chief town. Its principal inn,—*zum Post*,—if I recollect right, claims to be not merely a *Gasthaus*, but a *Gasthof*. The *Brauhaus*, however, with less pretension, is a charming resort of the old-fashioned style, under the paternal management of Franz Eigner, whose daughters sing their local melodies with great zest and taste. The church, dedicated to S. Vitus, is modern, having been built in 1771–82; but its slender green steeple is not inelegant; it contains some meritorious frescoes by Zeiler. In the village are some picturesque buildings, as the Presbytery, grandiloquently styled the *Dechanthof*, one or two educational establishments, several well-to-do private houses, and the town-hall, once a flourishing brewery, which failed—I can hardly guess how, for the chief industry of the place is supplying the neighbourhood with beer.

A mile beyond Zell is Hainzenberg, where the process of gold-washing on a small scale may be studied; but the most interesting circumstance in connection with Zell is the *Kirchweih-fest*, which is very celebrated in all the country round. I was not fortunate enough to be in the neighbourhood at the right time of year to witness it. On the other side of the Hainzenberg is a little sanctuary called *Mariä-rastkapelle*, and behind it runs a sparkling brook; of the chapel the following singular account is given:—In olden time there stood near the stream a patriarchal oak sacred to Hulda;‡ after the introduction of Christianity the tree was hewn down, and as they felled it they heard Hulda cry out from within. The people wanted to build up a chapel on the spot in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and began to collect the materials. No sooner had the labourers left their work, however, than there appeared an army of ravens who, setting themselves vigorously to the task, carried every stone and every balk of wood to a neighbouring spot. This happened day after day, till at last the people took it as a sign that the soil profaned by the worship of Hulda was not pleasing to Heaven, and so they raised

* Scherer Geschichte von Tirol, sec. 31.

† It is a curious commentary on the results of this measure, that while preparing these sheets for the press, I happened to observe in the columns of a contemporary paper ('Westminster Gazette,' Sept. 1868) an account of a meeting held at Hippach in defence of the Austrian Concordat. Hippach is a remote, scarcely known village, at some little distance from Zell. In 1837, the year of the above exodus, it was not reckoned worthy to be called a village, but merely a *Häusergruppe*, and now it raises its voice in the face of all Europe in maintenance of the rights of the Church.

‡ 'Hulda was supposed to delight in the neighbourhood of lakes and streams; her glittering mansion was under the blue waters, and at the hour of mid-day she might be seen in the form of a beautiful woman bathing, and then disappearing.'—*Wolf, Deutsche Götterlehre.*

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their chapel on the place pointed out by the ravens, where it now stands.

After Mayrhof, the next village, in the neighbourhood of which garnets are found and mills for working them abound, the Zillerthal spreads out into several branches of great picturesqueness, but adapted only to the hardy pedestrian, as the Sondergrundthal, the Hundskehlthal, (Dog's throat valley,) Stillupethal, &c. The most important of these bye-valleys is the Duxerthal, a very high-lying tract of country, and consequently one of the coldest and wildest districts of Tirol. Nevertheless, its enclosed and secluded retreat retains a saying perhaps many thousand years old, that once it was a bright and fertile spot yielding the richest pastures, and that then the population grew so wanton in their abundance, that they wasted and destroyed the good things wherewith God had blessed them. Then there came down upon them from above an icy blast, before which their children and their young cattle sank down and died, and the herbage was, as it were, bound up, and the earth was hardened, so that it only brought forth scarce and stunted herbs, and the mountain which bounded their pleasant valley itself turned to ice, and is called to this day *die gefrorene Wand*,* the frozen wall. The scattered population of this remote valley numbered so few souls, that they depended on neighbouring villages for their ecclesiastical care, and during winter were shut in by the snow within their natural fastnesses, and cut off from all spiritual ministration, so that the bodies of those who died were preserved in a large chest, of which the remains are yet shewn, until the spring came, and enabled their removal to Mattrey. In the middle of the seventeenth century they numbered 645 souls, and have now increased to about 1400; about the year 1686 they built a church of their own, which is now served by two or three priests. For the first couple of miles the valley sides are so steep, that the only level ground between them is the bed of an ofttimes torrential stream, but yet they are covered almost to the very top with a certain kind of verdure; further on it widens out into the district of Hinterdux, which is a comparatively pleasant cheerful spot, with some of the small cattle which are reared here as better adapted to the gradients on which they have to find their food, browsing about, and sundry goats and sheep, quite at home on the steeps. But scarce a tree or shrub is to be seen—just a few firs, and here and there a solitary mountain pine; and in the coldest season the greatest suffering is experienced for want of wood to burn, the only resource is grubbing up the roots of trees remaining from that earlier happier time, which but for this proof might have been deemed fabulous.

The hardships which the inhabitants of this valley cheerfully undergo ought to serve as a lesson of diligence indeed. The whole grass-bearing soil is divided among them. The more prosperous have a cow or more of their own, by the produce of which they live; others take in cows from

* I have preserved the ordinary translation of *Wand* already adopted, as more striking; otherwise it would here be fairly rendered by *precipice*.

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Innsbruck and Hall to graze. The butter they make becomes an article of merchandize, the transport of which over the mountain paths provides a hard and precarious livelihood for a yet poorer class; the pay is about a halfpenny per lb. per day, and to make their wage eke out, a man will carry a hundred and a woman fifty to seventy pounds through all weathers and over dangerous paths, sleeping by night on the hard ground, the chance of a bundle of hay in winter being a luxury. They make some six or seven cwt. of cheese in the year, but this is kept entirely for home consumption.

The care of these cattle requires a labour which only the strongest constitution could stand—a continual climbing of mountains in the cold, often in the dark, during great part of the year allowing scarcely four or five hours for sleep. Nor is this their only industry. They contrive to grow barley and flax, which though it never ripens, yet produces a kind of yarn, which finds a ready sale in Innsbruck, and with which they weave a coarse linen, which helps to clothe them, together with the home-spun wool of their sheep. Also, by an incredible exercise of patience, they manage to heap up and support a sufficient quantity of earth round the rough and stony soil of their valley, to set potatoes, carrots, and other roots. Notwithstanding all these hardships, they are generally a healthy race, and remarkable for their endurance, frugality, and love of home. Neither does their hard life make them neglect the improvement of the mind; nowhere are schools more regularly attended, although the little children have many of them an hour or two's walk through the snow. The church is equally frequented; so that if the great cold be sent, as the legend teaches, as a chastisement, the people seem to have had grace given them to turn it to good account.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

A MORNING IN NOVEMBER.

WANDERING about the precincts of Winchester Cathedral after Matins one sunny November Saturday, looking at the huge fabric which stood so shelteringly between me and the cold north-east wind, and listening to the sweet voices of the choristers practising in their old school-room, built over the passage by which Charles the Second and Nell Gwyn used to pass into the Cathedral from the Deanery, once the Prior's house—my curiosity (and being an old maid I have a fair share of that quality) was roused by seeing, as the great hands of the clock crept on towards eleven, several ladies one after the other hurrying by me, and disappearing through a dark arch-way abutting on the south transept, and very many poor women all with bundles in their hands hastening in the same direction, and finally a man staggering along under the weight of some huge blue bags; and all, ladies, poor women, and overweighted porter, seemed to know each other, and exchanged friendly words, without however slackening their pace. I wondered what this could mean; and at last determining to gratify my ruling passion, I went in the same direction, and encountered a young girl, who looked, in spite of a most business-like air, sufficiently

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genial for me to venture to ask the reason why so many passers by were all going in the same direction and with so much haste. 'It is the Work Society morning,' was the reply, which however did not convey much information to my unenlightened mind; and seeing that she was too impatient to be on her way to be able to explain what it was to me, I proposed accompanying her; so *we* also disappeared under the dark arch-way, and going by a flagged path through the sunny Water Close, emerged by a low door-way into a decidedly poor street. 'There is the school where *it* is held, Ma'am,' said my guide. I felt rather nervous now, for I knew not what the *it* was into which I was plunging. Might not an indignant company of needlewomen rush at an intruder and stab me with sharp pointed scissors, or even use me as a needle-cushion? but suggesting that my presence might not be acceptable, the girl laughed, and said, 'Oh, the ladies are very kind;' and lifting the latch of the school-room—a large one, built under Government, and called the Central School—she ushered me into a new and strange scene; (new and strange to me, at least;) three long tables with two ladies at each, a desk with another lady, and on benches round the fire were seventy or eighty poor and respectable women, some tolerably well dressed, others looking as if their last rag was in the pawn-shop in the vain endeavour to find bread for the little ones.

I was utterly bewildered; but a lady came forward—the President, I afterwards found—and asked if I should like to see something of the arrangements of the Society. I gladly closed with the kind offer, and was conducted round the room, after she had explained the objects of this (to me) mysterious association. It is first to supply the industrious poor with needle-work at their own houses, and second to enable them to buy useful articles of clothing at a cheap rate. To which end the following means are employed: materials are cut out by many ladies in the town, the work being then given to such poor as are recommended by the Subscribers, each recommendation entitling them to one shilling's worth of work; the payments for work are defrayed by the subscriptions.

We went first to the examiner's table, where two ladies were inspecting the work brought by the women in the wonderful little bundles which I had noticed before; passing this examination satisfactorily, the women carry it on, and deposit it on the next table, where it is folded and laid in heaps by two other ladies, who also sell it to anyone who may wish to buy; and such wonderful heaps were there. Flannel petticoats, shifts, shirts, pinafores, frocks, blouses, night-gowns, pillow-cases, of every size and shape; and the President told me that this was nothing compared to the great stores they had. 'Ah! that is our trouble,' she said; 'we cannot find a ready sale for it. The very poor cannot afford to buy it, cheap as it is; and the rich know so little about it.'

We procceded now to the desk where an eager crowd were waiting to be paid for their week's work. 'Eh me!' said an Irishwoman, 'and what would I do without the work? my old man can earn just nothing.' And many like remarks passed among those women, differing in so much, yet all claiming the sisterhood of common suffering. After being paid, those who had recommendations from the Subscribers came to the third table, where was unmade work of every description, the contents of the porter's bags; and very perplexing seemed the work of the two ladies there; they were assailed on every side by—'Will you be so very good as to let me have flannel work, for I suffer so from rheumatiz;' or 'Will you give me coarse work, for my eyes are failing;' another, 'I've a lot of little ones at home, and if you could give me coloured work maybe I should keep it cleaner;' and yet all the work must be disposed of equally. However, in the end, they all went off apparently well pleased at the prospect of another shilling, or perhaps two, on the next Saturday.

I now turned to the table where the made clothing was, and bought a few articles, all of which were well made and of good patterns, and moreover very cheap, for buying the materials wholesale enables the Society to get them at wholesale price; and the work, as I have already said, being paid for by the subscriber, one buys ready-made clothes for really *less* than one would give for the material: the only exception in the subscriptions paying for the work is when ladies get their own clothing made there, as they sometimes kindly do; and then the work is paid for, as it entails more trouble than the usual run of clothes.

I thanked the lady very heartily for the trouble she had so courteously taken for me; she assured me that it was a pleasure to show anyone the working of the Society; adding, 'If you have been really interested, and really sympathize in our endeavours to lighten a little the load of poverty borne so bravely by our poor sisters, let me ask you to beg all your charitable friends who give away clothing at this season of the

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year to give us orders; a ready sale would help us very much, and would enable us to give out far more work than we can venture to do at present.

And this, dear readers, is the way in which (by the kindness of the Editor) I have complied with the lady's request; and I appeal to any of you who wish to buy clothes to give away in your own parishes, to send abroad to missions, or for emigrants, to send to this Work Society to supply your needs. You will get cheap and honestly made garments, and will materially benefit a most useful charity. The Society makes every kind of under-garments and children's clothes, and will execute any orders, which must be addressed to

MRS. H. E. MOBERLY,
KINGSGATE STREET, WINCHESTER.

ST. MARTIN'S HOME, LIVERPOOL.

Dear Mr. Editor,

May I venture, through your pages, to appeal for help for our Sisterhood? We are a little band of four Sisters, working in one of the very poorest districts in Liverpool, with 10,000 people to care for. We are now entirely dependent on the charity of others, for our own maintenance, and to provide for the needs of our sick and poor.

We are now considerably in debt, and have been obliged to give up our Orphanage and Home for Girls from want of funds. Will you kindly lay our cause before your readers?

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
LUCY.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the MOTHER SUPERIOR, St. Martin's Home, Liverpool.

SOCIETY OF THE APOSTOLIC RULE.

'I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil.'

'Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the LORD of Hosts.'

'If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it.'

APOSTOLIC RULE.

'That women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame-facedness and sobriety; not with broided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works. Let the woman learn in silence, with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.' (1 *Timothy*, ii. 9–12.)

'Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear. Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of GOD of great price. For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in GOD, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands.' (1 *Peter*, iii. 1–5.)

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INTENTIONS.

1. To promote a higher tone of moral feeling.
2. To obtain greater modesty in dress and manners.
3. To retrench all extravagant and unnecessary expenditure, specially when it exceeds the limits of income, for the sake of 'keeping up appearances.'
4. To co-operate with works of charity already established, (especially those for the aid of women and girls,) in order that those who desire to work for Christ, and are not already pledged to any special interest, may have some definite object to assist.
5. To bring continually to remembrance, the immense power of influence, for good or evil, entrusted to woman; and the account she must render of the use or abuse of this talent.
6. To withdraw women from external excitements, and induce them to bear in mind the Apostolic rule—'Discreet, chaste, keepers at home.'

CONSTITUTION.

The Society shall consist of women only, with the exception of the Superior-general and the Warden (Priest or layman) of each Ward.

Each Ward of the Society shall have a Warden, Lady-superior, Treasurer, and Secretary.

The Society shall be governed by the Wardens and Lady-superiors of each Ward, who, in any special case of difficulty, shall refer to the Superior-general.

No member to be admitted under the age of eighteen, and then only with the consent of parents or guardians.

Those desiring admission must send their names to the Lady-superior of the Ward they select, from whom they will receive a copy of the rules of the Society, and the Collect for the daily use of members.

Each member, on admission, shall distinctly specify to the Lady-superior of her Ward what work she will undertake for the charity with which that Ward co-operates; whether gifts of money, or needle-work, collecting money, left-off clothes, books, &c.

As circumstances may prevent many who would be willing to do so, from conforming to all the Rules suggested for the observance of members, it is proposed that the Society shall consist of two orders; the one being bound by fewer and less stringent rules than the other.

Those able to do so, shall subscribe two shillings and sixpence a year to the printing expenses, &c.; which sum is to be considered irrespective of subscriptions to the charities assisted by the Society.

It is not desired to start any new work in connection with this Society, but rather, by concentrating the energies of its members, to strengthen the hands of those already employed in ministering to the sick and needy, and in rescuing and reclaiming their fallen fellow country-women.

ANSWER TO CHARADE.

WHO has not sat by winter fire,
And o'er and o'er the battle fought?
Each night the interest waxeth higher,
And still in bloody field is sought.
The lookers-on perchance complain
Of silent and unsocial ways,
And wonder much that talk and strife,
Agree not as in other days.

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But none the less they watch the time,
When they may hear in gentle tone
Of ostentatious meekness spoke
The '*Check*,' which tells of one o'erthrown.
And none the less they watch the *Mate*,
(Grey mare we fear of Fainéant King)
Come riding down in martial state,
To join the all-excited ring.
One dark and troubled face they see,
Triumphant is its *vis-à-vis*,
And glad these malcontents rejoice,
To hear a gentle modest voice,
Half pitying—half, it seems, elate—
Which sweetly says, 'I think *Checkmate*.'

J. W.

HINTS ON READING.

It would be mere presumption in us to do more than notify that *The Life of the Rev. J. Keble*, by Sir J. T. Coleridge, has been brought out by Mr. Parker of Oxford, and is as beautiful and life-like a portraiture as ever one friend of a whole life-time drew of another.

Everybody wants and wishes for something short by way of comment to read at family prayers, and in *Bible Readings for Family Prayers*, by the Rev. W. H. Ridley, (Rivington,) we find the need more nearly met than we have ever seen it before. The readings are only one page long, and do not last three minutes, and they are almost always to the purpose. One little volume on Genesis and Exodus, and another on the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John, are all that have yet appeared; but we trust that Mr. Ridley will find encouragement to continue.

The Day of Bread; or, Sunday, and How to Keep it, (Parker,) is a single sermon bearing initials which we hope our readers have learnt how to prize—A. R. A. It is an earnest argument in favour of weekly Communion, enforcing that the Holy Eucharist is the one act of worship directly enjoined by our Lord, and pointing out the strangeness and inconsistency of our unfrequent obedience. *Additional Church Services Legal and Desirable*, by the Rev. A. R. Ashwell, is also a paper that it would be well to ponder on, though it is too much *ad clerum* to come quite within the scope of our notices.

We grieve to see how many of our distinctively *Church* papers have been given up within the last year, but this gives a strong reason for supporting the survivors; and among these we would specially recommend the *Literary Churchman*, (Skeffington,) for the thoroughly sound and really Catholic view it takes of the subjects of the day, and likewise for its great usefulness as a guide to our reading. We really know of no paper so entirely trustworthy in its notices of books for the theological library, the drawing-room, the school, or the village.

Minor Chords, Poems by Sophia May Eckley, (Bell and Daldy,) is a volume of sweet echoes from the south of Europe caught by an American pen.

The Nobility of Life, by Laura Valentine, (Warne,) is a grand gift book, with chromo-lithographs illustrating some of the most notable virtues and graces mankind have shewn forth, such as patriotism, by a family arming against the Armada, with a vignette representing Winkelried; while the text consists of choice and pithy quotations in prose and poetry, setting forth the quality in question. It is a charming collection, and can hardly be turned over without pleasure and profit.

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Aunt Judy's Magazine, always bright and winning, has been fully equal to itself lately. And we like to claim partnership with it in Gwynfryn's fresh sunny sketches of *Friends in Fur and Feathers*, now collected from her pages and ours in a charming green book, capitally illustrated. *Mrs. Overtheway* likewise forms a charming volume of quaint drollery and pathos—and Hans Christian Andersen's *Later Stories* will be a prize to many.

The Dance at the Feast, (Mozley,) is a very good village tale; and *Polly's First Earnings* is a capital number of the *Curate's Budget*.

Our readers hardly need to have the *King of a Day*, by Florence Wilford, (Masters,) recommended to them. Seldom has a real anecdote been made more available as a story both of manners and character—than in this graceful fabric, built up on the fact of the Good Duke of Bourbon's yearly choice of a Twelfth-day King from among the children of the commonalty.

Mission Life, on a large scale, and the *Net*, (Bemrose,) on a small one, continue as excellent as ever, and ought to be found in every parish, the one to be read aloud and lent to the intelligent, the other to be taken in by cottagers and school children, to whom it is specially adapted.

Good Words for the Young is capitally illustrated, and the Cat and the Lump of Coal are both very good; but we are sorry that the usually charming author of 'Lilliput Levee' should have spoilt her fairy wedding with a fairy bishop and fairy curates. Irreverence is always foolish and ugly; and this emphatically so, and most useless. Children—even the most pert and precocious—would be unable to understand the sneer at the curates. And on the side of the fairies too, it is subject of complaint; for is it not one of the most pathetic and poetical touches in elfin lore that they are supposed to yearn in vain after religious rites? It is mere spoiling and vulgarizing these beings of mysterious fancy to make them human creatures in small. Neither do we understand those two heads of the Prophet Jeremiah and Ebed-melech. Our most charitable interpretation would be that bold drawings had been ruined and made into a caricature by the process of wood engraving. The second number is better, but Hoity Toity seems to us to usurp influences that ought not to be, even in sport, ascribed to fairy creatures.

Lamartine's striking but little known poem of *Jocelin* has been done into English verse by H. G. Evans and T. W. Swift, and published by Messrs. Rivington.

The Rev. Charles Rogers, LLD., has edited and published a volume which will interest many of our readers—*The Life and Songs of Baroness Nairn*. It contains, besides a full collection of Lady Nairn's Songs, a good portrait, engraved from a picture by the late Sir Watson Gordon, and some useful and interesting notes on the Songs. The publishers are Charles Griffin and Co.

On the Edge of the Storm, (Warne,) by the author of 'Mademoiselle Mori,' is a well-told story of the early days of the Great Revolution in France, introducing some touching scenes from among the Cagots, that strange race, who suffer continual persecution in the south of France. Stopping short of the chief horrors of the time, we have here an admirable sketch of the feelings of various classes in those days of hope, dread, and disappointment; and no one can read without warm love and interest for the grave gentle heroine, the sweet Chanoinesse Marcelle, and her wise and philosophic father.

The Sister's Year (Bennett) is a short story of life in Ireland. If we said Irish life, our readers would expect a rollicking tale, like caricature; but the heroes and heroines have nothing about them unlike ordinary gentlemen and ladies, such as most educated people now are in Ireland. Their surroundings, however, of Quakers, peasantry, an out-spoken steward, a kindly Roman Catholic priest, are all thoroughly national, as indeed is the ground-work of their characters; and the tale is altogether clever, well-written, and pleasant to read and to remember.

I Must Keep the Chimes Going, (Seeley,) by the author of 'Copseley Annals.' What the chimes are to say to the heart is, 'Thanks be to God for His Unspeakable Gift;' and the manner in which this continual remembrance upheld a poor little fagged maid-of-all-work in a lodging-house in London is the subject of this story, a beautifully told one, full of bright interest. *The Vendale Lost Property Office*, by the same author, is one of the best and cleverest children's books we ever met with.

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Notices to Correspondents.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

An American Subscriber, *and very diligent reader of* The Monthly Packet, *would ask of its Editor some such notice of* Italian *books as has been given to the French lately. She especially desires information concerning Children's Story Books in Italian, and would thankfully receive any hints about 'what to read, and what to leave unread,' in that language.—And can any of the Correspondents of* The Monthly Packet *tell her where the quotation,* 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' *can be found? She knows Wesley quoted it in one of his sermons, and has been told it was a Spanish proverb, but she has been unable to trace it.*—Baltimore, U. S. A.

E. H. *wishes to know where she will find the following lines—*

> 'Is all the friendship that we two have shared,
> When we have chid the hasty-footed time
> For parting us—oh, and is all forgot?'

In Midsummer Night's Dream.

K. S. *asks how to make and deal with Easter Eggs when made. We believe the best way is either to boil them hard, or to blow them first, according to one's trust in the daintiness of one's fingers; then paint them with colours mixed with gum-arabic. If boiled, they may be eaten, or played with by children; if blown, kept as mementos. But our advice on the whole is,* 'Don't.' *Traditionary customs, really traditionary, are charming; but an elaborate restoration of them is apt to be an awkward failure.*

Mr. Allnutt *acknowledges, with thanks, for the* Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea:—E. T., 2*s.* 6*d.*; A Clergyman's Daughter, 5*s.*; Miss Helen Bruxner, 5*s.*

The Notice of St. Denys' Home *is unavoidably delayed for want of space, but shall appear in our next.*

A Constant Reader.—Filix-Fœmina *is at present travelling on the Continent.*

A. H.—L. L. *replies, that the Italian mineral chalks are to be procured at Edinburgh, but does not give the address of any individual shop. She adds, that they require a crayon-holder; the sketching should be done in charcoal, and erasures with stale white bread.*

Ladies wishing for means of disposing of their own works, should put themselves into communication with the Ladies Industrial Society. *Letters to be addressed to the* Secretary, 75, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater, *where the Bazaar is held.*

T. *asks whether the* Sisterhood of St. Saviour's Priory *is of the English or Roman communion; and also where are the Parishes of* St. Columba and St. Augustine, Haggerston.

Frank.—*May not the expression,* 'A vale of tears,' *have its origin in the Eighty-fourth Psalm, 6th verse,* 'The valley of Baca'? *which, according to old commentators, means* 'The valley of weeping.' *The Prayer Book version gives an equivalent in* 'The vale of misery.'—M. C. S.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 40. APRIL, 1869. PRICE 1s.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

OUR readers will hardly require to be reminded of the mythological character of Minos, represented in the heathen poets as one of the three judges of Hell. His colleagues, Æacus and Rhadamanthus, do not appear in the Divina Commedia; and Minos himself is (as was before stated) transformed from an upright monarch, the pattern of earthly judges, into an unmistakeable demon; the grotesqueness of his mode of giving sentence being doubtless no mere poetical whim, but adopted of deliberate purpose by Dante.

The introduction of Achilles into this Fifth Canto is not very intelligible, as certainly Homer does not justify Dante's conception of him:—

> 'Of Peleus' son, Achilles, sing O Muse
> The *vengeance* deep and deadly.'

Nor can we determine for love of whom it was that he waged 'war to the end.' Of this the poet gives us no clue, and indeed he hurries over all other names to spend his whole strength on the narrative of Paolo and Francesca, whose tragic deaths had excited the compassion of all Italy, when Dante was about twenty years of age. Francesca, married to Gianciotto Malatesta di Rimini, a man deformed alike in body and soul, had seen and fallen in love with his brother Paolo, when Malatesta became acquainted with their guilt and slew them both. The intense feeling displayed in the latter part of this Canto bears witness to the effect produced upon Dante's mind by the sad fate of those whom he had probably been personally acquainted with: and yet his religious truthfulness saves him from making the least complaint against divine justice. From the first impassioned appeal of line 80 to the despairing cry of Paolo at which he faints, his sympathy is ever on the increase, and yet throughout subordinate to his acknowledgment of the righteousness of their sentence. Nor can anything well exceed the tenderness with which he touches, as in line 135, on the one alleviation of their misery that was consistent with the just judgment of God. The city of line 98 is Ravenna, where lived Guido da Polenta, the father of

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Francesca. Caina (in line 107) is the lowest but one of the four divisions of the traitors' circle, devoted to the punishment of fratricides, among whom Malatesta would take his place after death. Dante explains elsewhere that the damned, though not aware of what is at the time passing upon the earth, are yet able to foretell the future; a power liable to be made use of by witches and sorcerers while the world lasts, but one which of course will cease, together with futurity itself, at the Day of Judgment, when with the resumption of their bodies the measure of their suffering will be complete.

THE INFERNO.—CANTO V.

From the first circle down I thus descended
To the second, which a lesser region binding
More pain includes, with bitter cries attended.
There Minos stands, his teeth in frenzy grinding,
There on the threshold his assize he holdeth,
Dooms and adjudges by his tail's dread winding.
I say, that when the ill-born soul unfoldeth
At his tribunal all her past demerit,
Then that inquisitor of sin beholdeth
What place of Hell she meetly should inherit;
And then his tail so oft is round him curled
As marks the circle her misdoings merit.
Many before him stand: with coils unfurled
He summons each in turn to judgment; quailing
They speak and hear, and then below are hurled.
'O thou who visitest this house of wailing,'
Cried Minos, and suspended the appliance
Of his dread office, my appearance hailing,
'Look how thou come, in whom thou place reliance;
Let not the broad road lure thee.' Then returned
My guide for answer, 'Why this loud defiance?
He from his destined path must not be spurned;
So it is there willed where the power remaineth
The will to accomplish: more may not be learned.'
And now the voice of lamentation gaineth
An entrance at mine ear, and I am taken
Where many a note of woe upon me raineth.
It was a region of all light forsaken,
Which like the ocean when the tempest waxes,
Bellows and roars, by winds contrary shaken.
The infernal hurricane, which ne'er relaxes,
Sweeps on the spirits in its wild careering,
With gust and smiting their endurance taxes.

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Then they, the rocky precipices nearing,
There utter shriek and plaint and lamentation,
There they blaspheme the Power divine unfearing.
Such was, I learnt, the woe and degradation
To which the carnal sinners' souls are given
Who yield their reason to their inclination.
And like as starlings through the wintry heaven
Form on the wing flights full and wide extended,
So those ill spirits up and down are driven,
Hither and thither, on that blast suspended:
No comfort have they: every hope is wanting
Even of pain diminished, much less ended.
And like as cranes in one long line go chanting
Athwart the sky their melancholy dirges,
So I beheld the shades with moan and panting
Borne by the force the woeful tempest urges.
Then I, 'O Master, give me information
Concerning these whom the black air so scourges.'
'The first of those whose histories' narration
Thou ask'st,' he said, with answer not deferred,
'Was empress o'er full many a tongue and nation.
She to such wantonness of vice was spurred,
That liking she made law without restriction,
To take away the blame she had incurred.
She is Semiramis; nor is it fiction
That she was Ninus' spouse and his successor,
And ruled where now the Turk has jurisdiction.
The next, for love 'gainst her own life transgressor,
Wrought to the dead Sicheus' memory treason;
Cleopatra next, of wanton thoughts possessor.'
Helen I saw, through whom so long a season
Of evil rolled; Achilles then, who waged
War to the end for love unchecked by reason.
Paris and Tristram next my sight engaged;
And full a thousand he with finger showed me,
And named, in whom death-working lust had raged.
Then I, who on my master's words bestowed me,
Hearing of olden dames and heroes knightly,
Felt lost in the great pity which o'erflowed me.
Then I began, 'O Poet, may I rightly
Speak with those two, who go together wailing,
And seem to rise before the wind so lightly?'
And he to me, 'Thy words are unavailing
Till they come nearer us; then call them hither
By that their guiding love; and they unfailing

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Will come.' And when the wind had swept them whither
My voice could reach, I cry, 'O souls distressed,
Come, speak with us, if none forbid it.' Thither
As doves, by summons of true love addressed,
With wings firm opened, from their airy wheeling
Fly to the sweet nest with desire impressed;
So from the ranks where bideth Dido, stealing
They came toward us through the air malignant;
So urgent was my passionate appealing.
'O living soul, most gracious and benignant,
Who us dost visit in this dark position,
Who with our blood stained earth; were not indignant
Heaven's King against us, we would make petition
Unto him for the grace which thou desirest,
Who hast had pity of our sad condition.
Whate'er to hear or speak of thou aspirest,
That will we hear and speak to thee, while tarries
As now it doth, the blast of vengeance direst.
Our land upon its seaward margin carries
The place where I was born, where Po descendeth
There to have quiet with its tributaries.
Love, that so quick the tender spirit bendeth,
Seized him for that fair form, which was removed
From me, whereof the manner yet offendeth.
Love, that from love excuseth no one loved,
Me with his pleasant looks so fascinated
That as thou seest, it constant still hath proved.
Love brought us both unto one death; awaited
By dark Caina is our life-blood's waster.'
Such was the story she to us related.
But when I heard those wronged souls' disaster
I bowed my head, in such a posture lowly
That soon, 'What thinkest thou?' inquired my Master.
And when I answer made, 'O melancholy!'
I said, 'What sweet thoughts, what endearments winning
Did bring them unto this sad step unholy!'
And then I turned towards them, thus beginning,
'The woe, Francesca, that thou hast revealed
Moves me to tears of sorrow for thy sinning.
But tell me; when sweet sigh to sigh appealed,
At what, and how did love grant recognition
Of your desires, till then in doubt concealed?'
And she, 'Our sorrow hath no worse addition
Than to remember here mid our distresses,
The happy time whereof we had fruition.

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That knows thy guide. But since thy wish so presses
To learn the root whence grew our love exceeding,
I speak, as one who weeps and yet confesses.
One day we two for pleasure's sake were reading
Of Lancelot's true love in story famous;
Alone we were, nor aught of danger heeding.
With mutual glance our lesson did inflame us
Full oft, and paleness o'er our faces glided;
But one point only that which overcame us.
When we read how the ardent lover guided
His kiss toward the smile for which he longed,
Then he, who ne'er shall be from me divided,
All trembling kissed my lips: so were we wronged
By book and writer, tempters both ensnaring.
That day we read no more.' Ere she prolonged
Her words yet further, the other spirit hearing
Wailed so, that I became through pure compassion
All faint, as if death's mark upon me bearing:
And as a dead man falls, fell in like fashion.

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

THE first Sunday after Easter has no less than three poems by Mr. Keble, if we reckon with the others one in the Child's Christian Year, which we believe is really one of his earliest poems. The subject of both this and of that in the Lyra is Faith—both alike being in accordance with the Epistle for the day, with its 'Victory that overcometh the world, even our Faith;' and the proclamation of that Faith in the words, 'There are Three that bear witness in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are One: and there are three that bear witness on earth, the Spirit, the Water, and the Blood.'

The analogy between the Witness in Heaven and Earth, is the subject of the early poem we mentioned.

'Our God in glory sits on high;
Man may not see and live:
But witness of Himself on earth
For ever doth He give.'

That witness is the Holy Spirit in man's heart, the Water of Baptism, and the cleansing Blood by which the Holy Spirit purifies the soul

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therein; and again, it is 'the all-atoning Blood' which by One Spirit we all drink of in the Cup; and the hymn concludes with an earnest prayer for faith to accept the witness of the three on earth—

'O never may our sinful hearts
What Thou hast joined divide;
Thy Spirit in Thy mysteries still
For life, not death, abide.'

From this extremely deep meditation on the 'Inward and Spiritual Grace' seen by faith in the witness on earth, we pass to the Lyra, in which the poet seems at first to be, as it were, seeking for the meetest embodiment or personification of Faith, among those that have been chosen as her emblem in 'banners bright and fair.'

The Fidelia of his much loved Spenser, and the usual emblem of Faith, as a virgin holding a cross, clouded below but the summit lost in rays of light—come first to mind; and then a figure always dear to him, and a print of which was one of the decorations of his room—Domenichino's St. John—is described:

'A calm Prophet's face, intent
To hear what God the Lord shall say,
Ere the dread tones be gone and spent.

An Eagle from the deep of space
Is hovering near, and hastes to bring,
Meetest the unearthly tale to trace,
A plume of his mysterious wing.

A golden Chalice standing nigh;
What mantles there is life or death—
A dragon to the unpurged eye,
A serpent from the Cross to faith.'

This verse alludes of course to the dragon in the cup, which to surface observers merely suggests the story of the draught of poison assuming a serpent form at St. John's touch; but to the eye of faith is an allusion to Him of whom the Brazen Serpent was a type, and Who comes, as it were, into the chalice—for life or for death to such as drink thereof.

But the poet looked from the rapt figure of Faith, and the mysterious adoring countenance of John the Divine, to a young child simply saying the Catechism, and therein rehearsing

'His chant of glory undefiled,
The Creed that with the Church was born.'

The pensive reverence of the boy's countenance—no imaginary picture—but thoroughly real and individual, suggests the scenes that each clause calls up in turn:

'The world new framed; the Christ new born;
The mother maid; the Cross and grave;

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The rising Sun on Easter morn;
The fiery tongues sent down to save;
The gathering Church; the Font of life;
The saints and mourners kneeling round;
The day that ends the body's strife;
The Saviour in His people crowned.'

Wonderful is this brief summary of the Creed; and this undoubting vision unfolding itself before the quietly attentive and simple hearted—is, he says, 'Faith:'

'And this is faith; and thus she wins
Her Victory, day by day rehearsed;
Seal but thine eye to pleasant sins,
Love's glorious dream shall o'er thee burst.'

The boy's eye closed in attention suggested the 'Seal but thine eye to pleasant sins.' But that the writer himself had won or preserved that spiritual clearness of eye, which enabled him to realize thus wondrously, in living force, each sentence of our Belief, through the having thus resolutely sealed his own eye in his younger days, is evident from the companion poem. This is one written early in life, thoroughly personal, and bestowed upon this Sunday chiefly because in it was quoted Moses' argument to Korah in the morning First Lesson, on the privileges which as a Kohathite Levite he already enjoyed. To understand the spirit of it, it must be recollected that John Keble's talents had, at a very early age, brought him to the summit of university distinctions, and that he could not fail to be conscious that it was within his power to achieve any earthly distinction that mental exertions could accomplish; but that he deliberately renounced any such career, and, when devoting himself to the sole service of his Master, did so in so entire a manner that his very success, and the fame he could not but obtain, absolutely worked against him, and kept him utterly undistinguished by any external honour. Some sense of what lay within his grasp, if he would turn his talent to the service of the world, rather than that of the Church; some passing sense of regret—some gleam of ambition—would then seem to have passed over him, and to have been repented and confessed in the lines that begin, 'First Father of the holy seed'—which opens with an entreaty for pardon, in spite of the possible consequences of the neglect that the poet accuses himself of, to the souls under his care.

He compares himself to a hermit gazing with a moment's longing after the gallant hunters sweeping through the forest; but as often as the temptation came to join the ranks of the votaries of this world, and put forth his hand to reach its distinctions, his better soul responded to the whispering voice,

'My servant, let the world alone;
Safe by the steps of Jesus' Throne,
Be tranquil and be blest.'

Then applying to himself the remonstrance of Moses, he recites the glorious tasks of the sacred office, first going through those of the

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Kohathite of old, then passing on to those of the Christian priest—to whom is transmitted that breath of Christ that imparted the authority of Absolution, the keys of the Kingdom;

'Who lead the choir where angels meet,
With angels' food their brethren greet,
And pour the drink of Heaven.'

From the greatness of the pastoral vocation, he passes on to its peacefulness and soothing joy, striking a lower key, but coming home to many hearts where he observes that whereas men of other professions are incapacitated for them by sorrow, yet that the priest's office is his best comfort, his very life is the ministry of consolation. The happiness of the pastoral home is then dwelt on—no doubt with a thought of the much loved house at Fairford, with all its influences:

'Alms all around and hymns within,
What evil eye can entrance win?'

And the last verse is the sigh of one who knows that these home delights are but fleeting:

'O joys that sweetest in decay,
Fall not like withered leaves away,
But with the silent breath
Of violets drooping one by one,
Soon as their fragrant task is done,
Are wafted high in death.'

And was not this entreaty granted to him?

Nay, more—do we not see in this poem the struggle and renunciation that brings out the full meaning of the Lyra's

'Seal but thine eye to pleasant sins.'

It was thus sealing his eye to 'wild fancy's gallant train,' and closing his ear to the bugle strain, that kept his vision clear to see the blessed pictures that the Creed unfolded to him.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

NOWHERE has Mr. Keble drawn a grander scene than this—the would-be enchanter, but unwilling Prophet, standing on the verge of the mountain, with floating hair, and eyes stretched to behold some mighty vision.

A mighty vision indeed it was, as Amalek, first of the nations—Moab—the wandering Kenites in their rock-built nest—Edom, Eber, Assur—the very ships of Chittim—passed before him in review, and the ruin of each was predicted; yet without rousing the seer from his hopes of avarice. Not the sight of the future fate of all the kingdoms of the earth

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can show him the true worth of Balak's rewards. As little can any bright sun or star in the whole range of heaven attract his eye from his selfish longings for preferment, as can the angel's sword or the Almighty word detach him from them by terror. His heart and hope alike lie below the range either of the inducements or the threatenings that should have diverted him from it.

'There shall come a Star out of Jacob' were his words. That gentle Star we know full well—it is 'the Day Star from on high that hath visited us,' and though Balaam knew It as the 'token of wild war,'—'It shall smite all the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth, or confusion,'—to us it is the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world; the bright and Morning Star, who will give Himself to him that overcometh.

For we are the heirs of those whom God had blessed, we have succeeded to the position of the chosen; and ours by right of our spiritual ancestry were the goodly tents and tabernacles on which he gazed with unwilling admiration, as they stretched like dark cedars beside the waters, while his seven altar-fires flared up in the darkness. And as morning rose, there still lay the tents in their regular array; the sacred tabernacle, with the cloudy pillar in the centre, and each tribe marshalled around the 'ensign of their father,' the Lion of Judah, the Mountain Bull of Ephraim, the Water-bearer of Reuben, all evidently visible to him.

He watched these tents till 'knowledge came upon his soul like flame;' not from the magic of his sorcery—but the true light from Heaven, in one flash that died away at once in darkness.

How could he have helped fearing, whose curses were changed on his very tongue to blessings? Alas! he had sold himself to the world, and the world had bound him beyond all power of escape.

And this grand though fragmentary poem closes with a prayer that we who are so much nearer to the shrine than ever Balaam was, may grow in love up to His heavenly light.

The other poem for this day is full of depth, so partially expressed that there is some amount both of obscurity and abruptness in it. The title is 'Children with Dumb Creatures,' and the thought running through it is upon the 'mysterious sympathy' that certainly does exist between children and animals. The very infant will watch a fly or a bird more intently than any effort to amuse it; and on the other hand, how often instances have been given of animals becoming suddenly gentle when encountered by a little child. Everyone has seen the tenderness of large dogs to little children, or heard of elephants tenderly protecting them; and again, of children lost in the woods being found fearlessly playing with bears; St. Ambrose is far from being the only instance of bees swarming round a babe without hurting him; and for 'the war-horse treading full softly,' we have just met with an authentic anecdote* of a

* 'The Magazine for the Young,' 1868, p. 321.

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runaway charger from Knightsbridge Barracks, who meeting his master's little boy in the midst of the wildest endeavours to escape the pursuit of the soldiers, actually made a leap into the air over the child's head, and thus avoided all injury to him.

Then comes the question—what can be the link between childhood and the animal world?

The Eastern sage would answer by the doctrine of transmigration, which might unite both child and creature by dim recollections of past lives in other beings; but the Christian has another answer. The baptized child has the purity of Adam before his fall, when the creatures waited around him. That purity brings back his dominion over the animals is the feeling that prompted the old fancy that an innocent maiden can lead about and subdue the lion; the idea so beautifully shewn forth in Spenser's royal lion becoming the guardian of his virgin Una. The fearless eye, upright form, and tone of command, assuredly do master animals, in virtue of the rule given to man; and when these are found in a little innocent ignorant child, totally devoid of strength, and meet with ready and loving submission, surely we are reminded of the old days of peace in Paradise, and led onward to the prophecy of the sucking child putting his hand on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child upon the cockatrice' den.

Thus the mutual love of babes and animals is 'a sweet awful sacrament,' by which is here meant a mysterious outward sign of the inward victory. 'The cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them.' Our own little ones' understanding with the creatures is then here treated as a mysterious token of the conquest that has delivered this earth from the bondage of the Enemy, and brought the most various natures to be one together, led by the Little Child of Bethlehem.

Thence the poem turns to the children's exceeding love for these dumb companions.

> 'Oh why are ye so fondly stirred
> For bounding lamb or lonely bird?
> Why should ye joy or mourn?'

The answer is that something of the Good Shepherd's love and tenderness has passed to them in their Baptism, and that this is shewn not only in their love of all created life, but especially in that delight in leading and fondling younger infants, that is the great charm of many a child.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

This day's poem begins with a description which it is not easy to realize,* and which, no doubt, refers to some individual effect seen perhaps once

* We have seen a perfect grey cloud of silver willow-buds on a copse, but these blossoms appear to be violets.

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on some moist sweet languid April day, oppressing the spirits with that strange sadness and inertness of which all have, at times, been conscious in spring, forming as it does a strange contrast to the exulting life and renovation of all nature.

The poet blames himself for this want of harmony with nature and the season—and 'for waking the spectral forms of woe and crime;' and in the next verse, that which is termed religious melancholy is spoken of as, in a measure, unreasonable. Perhaps 'the proud heart's self-torturing hour,' is meant to refer to the notion, (then more prevalent in the theology of the educated classes than at present,) that there must in all cases (even of baptized Christians) be a conscious agony of repentance and almost despair, like Christian's Slough of Despond, before faith could begin.

'The travail pangs must have their way,
The aching brow must lower.'

Whereas a Christian ought to have grown up in full faith in the glorious Child, who was born in our hearts long ago. The pains of repentance, though gone through on every sin, should be cast aside in the thankful joy of full pardon, or where would be the 'joy that no man taketh from you?' The Christian life should be rejoicing in the Resurrection gladness, that followed the Agony of the Passion.

Then, turning to our Lord's own simile of the Church's suffering at His Passion and joy in His Resurrection, to the anguish and the gladness of child-birth, the poem dwells on the completeness of the Christian mother's bliss. This is one of the verses deepest enshrined in the recesses of many hearts, for its tender love, and the truth of sympathy which enables so many fond hearts to find their utterance in it. And to shew the cause of the real fullness of that joy—rising high and far above the mere instinct of motherhood, the contrast is drawn from Herodotus' old tale of the Thracian women always bewailing together the birth of a child, as a being born to misery.

'They mourned to trust their treasure on the main,
Sure of the storm, unknowing of the guide;
Welcome to her the peril and the pain,
For well she knows the home where they may safely hide.

She joys that one is born
Into a world forgiven,
Her Father's household to adorn,
And dwell with her in Heaven:
So have I seen in spring's bewitching hour,
When the glad earth was offering all her best,
Some gentle maid bend o'er a cherished flower,
And wish it worthier on a parent's heart to rest.'

Therewith the poem ends somewhat abruptly; and the argument is rather hinted at than traced, *i.e.* that the travail pangs have been over, and that new life has begun for all, so that cheerfulness has become an

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absolute mark of faith and gratitude; while languor and depression (even when physical) belong to the former things that have passed away.

Short and simple, but lovely and complete, is the Lyra April song upon the same text, like the old German distich so familiar to the lovers of Fouqué,

'Man geht aus Nacht in Sonne
Man geht aus Graus in Wonne
Aus Tod in Leben ein.'

Here—but we must quote, we cannot change such words—

'A fragment of a rainbow bright,
Through the moist air I see;
All dark and damp on yonder height,
All clear and gay to me.

An hour ago the storm was here,
The gleam was far behind;
So will our joys and griefs appear,
When earth no more shall blind.

Grief will be joy, if on its edge
Fall soft that holiest ray;
Joy will be grief when no faint pledge
Be there of brighter day.'

And then, in the two last stanzas, come the illustrations—the desolation of the Church at the Passion of our Lord, and the gladness of Eve when she deemed the promised Seed of the Woman was already come, and she cried, 'I have gotten the* Man from the Lord.'

Our Lord lay in His grave, and the despairing disciples said, as a thing past, 'We trusted that it should have been He who should have redeemed Israel.' Eve's heart bounded at the belief that her fall was repaired and that the serpent would be bruised by her child. She little knew that she was to be the first mother to mourn her son's guilt—or that her child would be the first to stain the earth with violence. The disciples were 'slow of heart to believe' that the time was come, the deed was done, the Victory won; and that their own Master, whose death they mourned, had conquered for ever by that very Death.

So let us cheer our sorrows, and sober our joys, by bethinking ourselves how they will look when this life is past.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

'My Saviour, can it ever be
That I should gain by losing Thee?'

It is as it were the pleading of the devoted heart, amazed at our Lord's assurance that His departure was for the good of His Church. If the

* Such, commentators tell us, is the force of Genesis, iv. 1.

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mother will not leave her helpless babe, how can Christ's disciples in their weakness endure His absence? Yet it was His own word; and His Apostles proved that so it was, when they had watched His ascension into Heaven, and returned, not daring to mourn for themselves, but rejoicing in His glory, to

'Their home and God's, that favoured place,
Where still He shines on Abraham's race,'

—namely, the upper room; the first of all Christian churches, which continue to enjoy His blessing, as the favoured place where He is present with the true children of Abraham by faith.

There, in prayer, they await His promise; like suppliants, awaiting in security their monarch's largess, reserved to increase the joy of his coronation day. They wait—not doubting of His Rest, nor of His gracious purpose; only as yet scarce understanding what that Gift could mean which is to be so great as to 'make their Saviour's going, gain.' That waiting time was through life a period on which Mr. Keble loved to dwell in his teaching—the Expectation days, when the greatest of all gifts, the completion of the Divine Work for man, was to come.

Solemn, sweet, and lovely are the ensuing verses, in which the Coming and the Work of the Comforter is described; and so simple, that no comment can render them easier. We can scarce refrain from quoting them, but their cadence cannot fail to be in the hearts of all our readers; and it would be presumption to try to paraphrase them. They answer the wistful question at the beginning—they shew what the Blessed Presence of God the Holy Ghost is to the Church; and the last—turning our gaze inward to our own heart—calls from ourselves the witness that even were our Lord in bodily presence among us, as among the Jews of old, we should have no power to believe on Him without the quickening Grace of the Holy Spirit.

'The Spirit must stir the darkling deep,
The Dove must settle on the Cross;
Else should we all sin on and sleep,
With Christ in sight; turning our gain to loss.'

If the Lyra Innocentium had Scriptural mottoes connecting the poems with the services, that for to-day's would no doubt be from the Epistle, 'Of His own Will begat He us with the Word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of His creatures.' The whole of this Cradle Song of the 'Guardian Angels,' is a 'Morning dream' or vision of the presentation of infant souls, at their Baptism, to their Heavenly Father, each by its own angel keeper, as the true first-fruits of His created beings.

'Ne'er with smile so glad and kind
Welcomed God's High Priest of old,
Abraham's Seed with Abraham's mind,
Offering gifts from field and fold;

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Lamb or kid, or first-ripe corn,
Glory of the Paschal Morn!
While the shades from Salem's wall
Deepest on Siloah fall,'

as was the welcome with which our Great High Priest 'embraced each soul in the arms of His mercy,' and assigned its place 'in the eternal round' of beings doing Him service in Heaven and earth.

Was it a mere dream? Nay—

'From the Fountain to the Shrine,
Bear me on, thou trance divine;
Faint not, fade not from my view,
Till I wake and find thee true!'

(To be continued.)

THE RESURRECTION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF MANZONI.

He is risen! But how was death
Forced to give back his prey?
What blast of conquering breath
Made the dark gates give way?
I swear it, by Him Who saith
That He only liveth alway,
He is risen indeed, to-day!

No longer the Holy Head
Lies swathed in the linen fine;
The stone that guarded the Dead
Is rolled from the empty shrine;
And the frighted watch have fled.
Like a giant refreshed with wine,
So woke the Lord Divine.

As the pilgrim awakes from sleep,
Far in the forest glade,
And, roused from that slumber deep,
Shakes away from his head
A leaf, which the night-winds' sweep
Had wafted there, and laid,
Withered, and light, and dead;

So from that rock-hewn door,
Where the ponderous marble lay,

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The mighty Sleeper tore
  The stone, and cast it away,—
When the Soul, its wanderings o'er,
  Came back to the sacred clay,
  And said, Arise, it is day!

What word is this, that so fast
  Is breaking the dreams of the Jews?
The gates of death are past,
  They dared not their Lord refuse;
Your exile is over at last,
  He is risen, your chains to loose;
  This is your Easter news!

What mortal foot might so
  Pass to the deathless clime?
Old fathers, who sleep below,
  Deaf to the morning chime,—
This is the fear of your foe,
  The sigh of the olden time,
  The promised King sublime.

Still from father to son,
  As the days went by of old,
The whisper was handed down,
  The story of hope was told,
And patriarchs, one by one,
  In the word of their God grew bold,
  And the evening was tinged with gold.

For the prophets' sainted choir
  Passed o'er the world's dark rim,
And sang of the nations' Desire,
  And how men mourned for Him;
Haggai's clear-voiced lyre,
  Isaiah's battle-hymn,
  And mystic Daniel's dream.

It was dawn; and with tear-wet face
  Magdalene wept for her Dead,
When lo! through the holy place
  Strange tidings swiftly sped;
In terror that braved disgrace,
  And dared the death on their head,
  The Roman sentries fled.

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A youth none seemed to know
Sat on the funeral stone;
His vesture like the snow,
His face as lightning shone;
He said in accents low,
As Mary made her moan,—
'Your Lord is risen, is gone.'

Away with weeds of dole!
Bring back the shining gold!
Let priest in snow-white stole
Come forth great rites to hold,
And Easter anthems roll
Their echoes glad and bold,
And lights burn as of old!

From the altar is heard a voice,—
Rejoice in the Lord alway!
It bids us all rejoice,
With her in whose breast He lay,
As in the nest of His choice,
When He came to take our clay;
And as we rejoice, let us pray.

O Brothers, prayer is joy,
And joy like this is prayer!
A feast that cannot cloy
With gladness let us share;
Even the baby boy
In the arms of his mother there,
His very best must wear.

But beware how ye keep the Feast!
Ye rich, be frugal and wise;
The day of the Great High Priest
Is a day of sacrifice;
If your board o'erflow, at least
Let its superfluities
Brighten the poor man's eyes.

Far be the noise and din
Of foolish dance and glee,
To-day such mirth were sin;
Better for God to see
A peaceful heart within,
Such gladness as may be
Laid up in Heaven for thee.

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So blessed on thy head
Shall shine this holy sun;
Woe to thee, if instead,
Thy foolish feet should run
To wander with the dead;
Cling to the Risen One,
Thy Easter is begun.

M. C.

'APPEARED TO SIMON.'

'APPEARED to Simon!' Lord, less moved we read
That Thou to loving Mary didst appear,
And with Thy gracious 'All-hail!' didst draw near
To those who clave to Thee in utmost need.

But Simon! who with coward lips denied
All knowledge of Thee—Thee, his God, his Lord!
And with an oath confirmed the trait'rous word,
Could there be peace for *him* at Easter-tide?

When the soft stillness of that Paschal morn
Was deepening into noon, didst Thou, the Sun
And splendour of both earth and heavens, come
And shed Thy brightness on his soul forlorn?

So speaks Thy Holy Word; though nought is said
Of Simon's greeting; perchance mute he knelt,
And bathed in tears Thy risen Feet, and felt
That all his hopes rose with Thee from the dead.

'Appeared to Simon!' Lord, my tears drop down
Upon the words, for I too have denied,
Forsaken, grieved Thee; I, who thought to bide
So firm beside Thy Cross, that the bright crown

Woven by Angel-hands for they who best
Have served Thee, might be mine, for ever mine!
And now what hope is left me? yet the line,
'Appeared to Simon,' brings a thought of rest.

I ask not for the 'All-hail,' or the name,
Uttered in token of familiar love,
Only *look* on me, and that look shall prove
Balm to the deep wounds of my grief and shame.

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Thou lookedst on me sinning, and I turned
Straightway to weeping, and went out alone,
Out from Thy Presence, from those eyes that shone
With light that through mine inmost being burned.

But hast Thou not another look, a gaze
That heals as well as pierces? so look down,
So looking, heal me; from Thy thorny Crown,
Draw mine eyes upwards to Thine Easter rays!

F.

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No XVI.—FOR SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER.

(Rex Deus, Dei Agne)

O God and King, true Lamb of God,
To Thee, the Lion of Juda's tribe,
Who trod'st the Cross' bitter road,
All power and might we now ascribe.

By Thine own Death, a death to sin,
A life to righteousness bestow,
That we the fruit of life may win,
And all Thy glorious wisdom know.

For since Thy Blood hath quenched the ban
Of the cherubic fiery sword,
Thou openest Eden's gate to man,
Source of all healing, gracious Lord.

New light in heaven, new peace on earth,
Dismay in hell's abysmal deep,
While the two-fold baptismal birth *
Of Law and Gospel here we keep.

This is our Passover indeed,
The new is come, the old hath fled;
Rejoice, from leaven unholy freed,
Quickened with Truth's unleavened bread.

The foe are drowned beneath the sea,
The saving blood our lintels bear,
The roasted flesh, one household, we
By night with bitter herbs prepare.

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* 1 Cor. x. 2; Rom. vi. 3.

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With girded loins, with shoes on feet,
With staff in hand, we take our way;
The Paschal Sacrifice we eat,
In Whom our night is turned to day.

Purge us to-day with hyssop; sanctify
Our bounden service; make it worthier Thee;
Dry up the sea before us, draw therefrom
With Thy strong hook Leviathan our foe.
Then with Thy chalice soothe and cheer us, Lord;
Raise us, O Thou Who drankest by the way
The brook of our deep sins; Victim and Priest
The wine-press treading, join us to Thyself.
O Flower most fragrant of the Virgin Rod,
O Lamp bedewed with the sevenfold oil
Of heavenly grace; fairer than milk or wine,
White as the lily, ruddier than the rose;
Since Thou with counsel of such clemency
Didst condescend to aid our petty world,
And be to us a Prince, Redeemer, born
Thyself all sinless, 'neath the yoke of sin;—
Therefore, O Lord our Brother, by Thy word
To Abraham's seed, in promise of the just
And final Resurrection, strengthen us,
Immortal King, revive us by Thy Blood,
Who lay in our first parent Adam dead;
Unite our feeble members to Thine own
Of power triumphant; grant us in Thyself
Eternal pastures, O our Passover! Amen.

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER XIX.

A WEEK or two later the glass of the good clergyman's expectations for his poor scholar fell very low indeed. Other engagements had prevented him from visiting the school; and upon resuming his attendance, Mr. White wished rather particularly to speak to him.

'Something has come to Robin, Sir, and perhaps you may be able to discover what it is. He keeps losing place, and always seems ready to cry.'

'I will take the class,' replied the clergyman, 'and see if I can make him out.'

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There was no doubt of the alteration. Robin seemed as if he could not keep his attention upon his lesson, and when it was over, he stood, for the first time in Mr. Sandford's presence, the lowest boy in the class.

Mr. Sandford did not take the next lesson, but, although observant of a very imploring look from Robin, he rose without any comment upon the singular alteration, and passed into the girls' school. As he turned, Robin made a sudden movement, as if to follow him, but stopped as suddenly, and remained motionless in his place. He was not, however, to be deserted in his trouble, for after the school hours, which Mr. Sandford did not think it desirable to interrupt, he surprised the boy by appearing at his side in the play-ground.

'Come with me, Robin,' said the good man; and he carried the boy off into the house. Then the clergyman sat down, and while Robin stood by his side, he said in a cheering voice, 'You are not happy to-day, my boy; tell me what has gone wrong, and very likely I may be able to assist you.'

'I fear not, Sir; but I did wish to speak to you very much; and there is a message to give you from Mr. Easdale.'

'Is there? You should always give a message without delay.'

'It was only about me, Sir,' replied the boy sadly; 'and I did not think anyone could settle it, not even you, Sir. There seemed no use in giving it—only, of course, I should, as soon as I had the opportunity.'

'No complaint of you, I hope, Robin.'

'No, Sir, not at all. But, on Monday, Mr. Easdale asked me if I could do a number of things, and then he said, "I want a boy like you, Robin, to help in the house, and go for messages; and if Mr. Sandford will allow you to come, I will pay you something, and teach you to draw."'

'And is that such a very distressing proposal, Robin?'

'No, Sir—yes, Sir, because—not if— But I cannot possibly break my promises to Mother; and I must never leave Amy. And you have been so good to us, Sir, and now it seems so bad of me to—to—'

And the boy fairly broke down; but Mr. Sandford came in to the rescue.

'I understand you, Robin. It is this. You would like to go, and learn to draw, only you cannot break your promise, and you do not wish to be ungrateful to us. If it were not for these two things, and if one way were as right as the other, you would *like* to go and engage yourself to Mr. Easdale directly.'

'If it were not breaking my promise, and not ungrateful; and Amy would be safe with you, Sir. Oh, then it would be so lovely to go!' exclaimed the boy, with great excitement, and compressing his hands together almost to pain. 'And I would be a painter, just like Mr. Easdale! But then,' he continued, in an altered tone, 'it would be ungrateful, and it would be leaving Amy, and—and—'

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How could he conclude his sentence, 'And I must certainly give it all up.' But again he found a friend at hand.

'Listen to me, Robin. If a painful thing is right, the right must be done. *You know* that I shall never advise you to do anything only because you *like* it?'

'No, Sir, I knew you would not.'

'Never, Robin. Your little sister is placed in your charge, but you do not wish or expect to be more than a good father and mother to her, do you?'

'Nor so good, Sir, with all my trying.'

'But a good parent sends his boy to school. He places him with a gentleman whom he can trust; and if he thinks it would be good for his little girl, he will send her for a time into the charge of some lady for education also. There is a very old Latin proverb, Robin, which says, "He who acts through another is acting himself." I consider that you are doing this in the best way, when you leave Amy in our charge at school. Can you take proper care of her yourself?'

'Oh no, Sir, not without you.'

'Of course not; and I must tell you kindly, my boy, that we cannot keep the orphans here who have opportunities of getting their own living. With regard to you I had already intended some plan for next year, which would have moved you; but, of course, Amy ought to remain here for a long time; that will be best for her, probably, but *not* for you. You can trust her with us, I think, Robin?' continued Mr. Sandford, smiling kindly at the boy, amidst the ruins of his own castle.

'Oh yes, Sir, for ever.'

'Very well. And you can trust my advice, I feel sure; but think it over for yourself. You will have to earn enough money to keep Amy, remember, as soon as you can. I am not very sure that painting will be a very quick method of doing that; but I am going now to consult with Mr. Easdale upon the subject.'

'Thank you, Sir. Oh, how *very very* good you are to me! He seized Mr. Sandford's hand, and lovingly imprinted a kiss upon it before they parted.

Mr. Sandford walked very slowly away. The consideration of Robin's future seemed in a measure forced upon him, before his training had more than commenced. His sister's words, 'Let us take care how we make favourites of the orphans,' occurred to him as he moved slowly along. Why should he desire to retain Robin, when so many others were waiting to come? Yet, could the boy ever make a living by indifferent painting or drawing of any kind? Or would these children be claimed in the summer by their Australian aunt? And summoned to what position in life? Rapid fortunes had been frequently made in the colony; would some rich family in high position appear to claim the little Gipsies? Ruin and beggary, gambling and drunkenness, were common enough in those far-off lands; would the poor orphans be called away

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out of their safe position into vice and misery? He would hope, and he would pray, that the fatherless children might have a better Protector on High.

With such grave musings, Mr. Sandford arrives at the painter's house. Mr. Easdale was at home, and very glad of the conference. 'I like your boy, Mr. Sandford, and I conclude you will have no objection to a vacancy in your orphan family.'

'I have come but half decided, Mr. Easdale,' replied the clergyman. 'Indeed, I believe I have partly called upon you to have my mind made up.'

'Pray let me settle it for you, then,' said the artist. 'I propose to take your boy into the house, and to make him variously useful. But as he appears to have something of a real genius for drawing, I will give him proper instruction during a part of the day, and turn him out an *academician*, if he should have it in him. He will have advantages here for which high premiums have been paid before now, therefore I do not propose to give him very much in the way of remuneration for his services.'

'Will you kindly tell me what services?'

'Certainly. My last boy cleaned the knives, and my boots, and various other things for the house, posted the letters, and had to fetch and carry for me. My wife would perhaps give you a fuller description: but this would be the kind of work during a part of the day, for the rest of it he would be in my den.'

'Permit me to explain to you how I am situated with regard to these children,' said Mr. Sandford, avoiding any comment upon the painter's words. 'That they should be getting their own living would be most desirable; we take the orphans with a view to placing them out, there would usually be no other provision for them. But these two have an aunt in Australia, and she may write to claim them in the summer, as we are advertizing for her. Would it not be well to learn her position, before we decide upon that of her nephew and niece? She was a widow, probably young; suppose she has married some millionaire, and should summon these children into a home of luxury?'

'You would not suggest this to the young lady and gentleman, I dare say,' observed the painter.

'Never. It would be so unsettling. They are merely aware of the enquiry for this aunt, to whose care they were consigned by their mother.'

'And until you hear, you hesitate about the boot-cleaning branch of my arrangement?'

'I believe so,' replied Mr. Sandford doubtfully, 'although I should turn my own hand to boots, I dare say, without hesitation, if necessary. Notwithstanding that clerical work and courts of law have usually been more in our line.'

'Then if you find boots to be in the aunt's line, or that there should be

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no such aunt at present existing, you will be willing to accept my proposal?'

'Certainly,' replied the clergyman; 'and your making Robin an artist would be far beyond our expectations, unless indeed,' continued the good man, reverting for a moment to his ruined castle, 'unless he should prove capable of making his way as a scholar. As he certainly has talent.'

'I see,' returned the painter good-naturedly. 'With your *present* ideas concerning our young friend, my proposal will not quite suit.'

'Do you think that drawing will ever be really a living for him?'

'Indeed I feel sure of it. There are such various departments. If he should fail of becoming an R. A. which, of course, it is a mere romance of mine to name, and even of being accepted as an exhibitor or portrait painter, he may illustrate children's books, or at lowest can be sure of his pound or two a week as designer for wall papers, furniture, or cotton goods. If he is industrious, he *can live* as at an *ordinary trade* at the worst.'

'This sounds practical, at least,' observed Mr. Sandford, relapsing into gravity. The gentlemen had both been smiling at the touch of romance that each was perceiving in the views of the other.

'If you will excuse the remark, Mr. Sandford,' said the artist, and he felt a little merry at the clergyman's expense, 'my plans for your Robin are by far the more practical of the two.'

'Yes, I believe they are,' returned the puzzled clergyman. 'But what can I do? You see my difficulty. Yet we certainly ought not wholly to give up the prospect you unfold. And the boy is wild about drawing. Am I wrong, think you, to consider the feelings of this unknown aunt for a few months?'

'Perhaps it *is rather* speculative,' replied the painter, 'since after all there may *be* no aunt, far or near.'

'And I am wishing to retain your offer.'

'It will be a little difficult to adjourn the boots for so long. Yet must I make a struggle in favour of my young genius. Can you spare him in the same way as before for a time?'

'Willingly and thankfully, if you will kindly take him,' replied Mr. Sandford. 'And now I must apologize for having trespassed so long upon your time.'

'Not at all, I assure you: I have wished so much that we might meet, and must thank you for giving me this visit. You know the application for Robin was my own.'

'Yes; but I am very much obliged to you for that; and pray send Robin to the post, and let him carry messages for *you* or for Mrs. Easdale.'

'I quite understand you, Mr. Sandford. Will you look upon your little maiden here?' And he led the way into his painting-room, and uncovered the canvas.

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'It will be very lovely, I can see, so far,' remarked Mr. Sandford; but it *is* the little maiden, nevertheless.'

'That was my reason for taking her. You see that I must feel indebted to you. But what surname have the children? nothing transpires here beyond Robin and Amy.'

'They never seem to have known any other names. They say that they have been baptized; but concerning their parents' names can only tell me that their mother was called Annette. Perhaps some day this aunt may enlighten us.'

'I have taken to call the boy "Robin Gray" here, for want of knowing better; perhaps you may be inclined to do the same.'

'Certainly. Only, like the other plans, I suspended the name until the summer. But they can be Robin and Amy Gray, for the present.'

And here the colloquy terminated.

(To be continued.)

THE CAGED LION.

CHAPTER X.

THE WHITSUNTIDE FESTIVAL.

'LADY, fairest Lady! Ah, suffer your slave to fall at your feet with his thanks!'

'No thanks are due, Sir. I knew not who had fallen.'

'Cruel coyness! Take not away the joy that has fed a hungry heart.'

'Lord Glenuskie's heart was wont to hunger for better joys.'

'Lady, I have ceased to be a foolish boy.'

'Such foolishness was better than some men's wisdom.'

'Listen, belle demoiselle. I have been forth into the world, and have learnt to see that monasteries have become mere haunts for the sluggard, who will not face the world; and that honour, glory, and all that is worth living for, lie beyond. Ah, Lady! those eyes first taught me what life could give.'

'Hush, Sir!' said Esclairmonde. 'I can believe that, as a child, you mistook your vocation, and the secular life may be blest to you; but with me it can never be so; and if any friendship were shown to you on my part, it was when I deemed that we were brother and sister in our vows. If I unwittingly inspired any false hopes, I must do penance for the evil.'

'Call it not evil, Lady,' entreated Malcolm. 'It cannot be evil to have wakened me to life and hope and glory.'

'What should you call it in him who should endeavour to render Lady Joan Beaufort faithless to your king, Lord Malcolm? What then

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must it be to tempt another to break troth plight to the King of Heaven?'

'Nay, Madam,' faltered Malcolm; 'but if such troth were forbidden and impossible?'

'None has the right or power to cancel mine,' replied the lady.

'Yet,' he still entreated, 'your kindred are mighty.'

'But my Bridegroom is mightier,' she said.

'O Lady, yet— Say, at least,' cried Malcolm eagerly, 'that were you free in your own mind to wed, that at least you would less turn from me than from the others proposed to you.'

'That were saying little for you,' said Esclairmonde, half smiling. 'But, Sir,' she added gravely, 'you have no right to put the question; and I will say nothing on which you can presume.'

'You were kinder to me in England,' sighed Malcolm, with tears in his eyes.

'Then you seemed as one like-minded,' she answered.

'And,' he cried, gathering fresh ardour, 'I would be like-minded again. You would render me so, sweetest Lady. I would kiss your every step, pray with you, bestow alms with you, found churches, endow your Beguines, and render our change from our childish purpose a blessing to the whole world; become your very slave, to do your slightest bidding. O Lady, could I but give you my eyes to see what it might be!'

'It could not be, if we began with a burthened conscience,' said Esclairmonde. 'We have had enough of this, Sieur de Glenuskie. You know that with me it is no matter of likes or dislikes; but that I am under a vow, which I will never break! Make way, Sir.'

He could but obey: she was far too majestic and authoritative to be gainsayed. And Malcolm, in an access of misery, stood lost to all the world, kneeling in the window-seat, where she had left him resting his head against the glass, when suddenly a white plump hand was laid on his shoulder, and a gay voice cried, 'All *à la mort*, my young damoiseau! What, has our saint been unpropitious? Never mind, you shall have her yet. We will see her like the rest of the world, ere we have done with her!'

And Malcolm found himself face to face with the free-spoken Jaqueline of Hainault.

'You are very good, Madame,' he stammered.

'You shall think me very good yet! I have no notion of being opposed by a little vassal of mine; and we'll succeed, if it were but for the fun of the thing! Monseigneur de Thérouenne is on your side, or would be, if he were sure of the Duke of Burgundy. You see, these prelates hate nothing so much as the religious orders; and all the pride of the Luxemburgs is in arms against Clairette's fancy for those beggarly nursing Sisters; so it drives him mad to hear her say she only succoured you for charity. He thinks it a family disgrace, that can only be wiped off by marrying her to you; and he would do it *bon gré*,

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mal gré, but that he waits to hear what Burgundy will say. You have only to hold out, and she shall be yours, if I hold her finger while you put on the ring. Only let us be sure of Burgundy.'

This was not a very flattering way of obtaining a bride; but Malcolm was convinced that when once married to Esclairmonde, his devotion would atone to her for all that was unpleasant in obtaining her. At least, she loved no one else; she had even allowed that she had once thought him like-minded; she had formerly distinguished him; and nothing lay between them but her scruples; and when they were overcome, by whatever means, his idol would be his, to adore, to propitiate, to win by the most intense devotion. All now must however turn upon the Duke of Burgundy, without whose sanction Madame of Hainault would be afraid to act openly.

The Duke was expected at Paris for the Whitsuntide festival, which was to be held with great state. The custom was for the Kings of France to feast absolutely with all Paris, with interminable banquet tables, open to the whole world without question. And to this Henry had conformed on his first visit to the city; but he had learnt that the costly and lavish feast had been of very little benefit to the really distressed, who had been thrust aside by loud-voiced miscreants and sturdy beggars, such as had no shame in driving the feeble back with blows, and receiving their own share again and again.

By the advice of Dr. Bennet, his almoner, he was resolved that this should not happen again; that the feast should be limited to the official guests, and that the cost of the promiscuous banquet should be distributed to those who really needed it, and who should be reached through their parish priests and the friars known to be most charitable.

Dr. Bennet, as almoner, with the other chaplains, was to arrange the matter; and horrible was the distress that he discovered in the city, that had for five-and-twenty years been devastated by civil fury, as well as by foreign wars; and famines, pestilences, murders, and tyrannies, had held sway, so as to form an absolute succession of reigns of terror. The poor perished like flies in a frost; the homeless orphans of the parents murdered by either faction, roamed the streets, and herded in the corners like the vagrant dogs of Eastern cities; and meantime, the nobles and their partizans revelled in wasteful pomp.

Scholar as he was, Dr. Bennet was not familiar enough with Parisian ways not to be very grateful for aid from Esclairmonde in some of his conferences, and for her explanations of the different tastes and needs of French and English poor.

What she saw and heard, on the other hand, gave form and purpose to her aspirations. The Dutch Sisters of St. Bega, the English Bedeswomen of St. Katharine, were sorely needed at Paris. They would gather up the sufferers, collect the outcast children, feed the hungry, follow with balm wherever a wound had been. To found a Béguinage at Paris, seemed to her the most befitting mode of devoting her wealth;

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and her little admirer, Alice, gave up her longing desire that the foundation should be in England, when she learned that, as the wife of Nevil, her abode was likely to be in France as long as that country required English garrisons.

To the young heiress of Salisbury, her own marriage, though close at hand, seemed a mere ordinary matter compared with Esclairmonde's Béguinage, to her the real romance. Never did she see a beggar crouching at the church door, without a whisper to herself that there was a subject for the Béguines; and tender-hearted as she was, she quite looked gratified at any lamentable tale which told the need.

If Esclairmonde had a climax to her visions of her brown robed messengers of mercy, it was that the holy Canon of St. Agnes should be induced to come and act the part of master to her bedeswomen, as did Master Kedbesby at home.

She had even dared to murmur her design to Dr. Bennet; and when he, under strict seal of secresy, had sounded King Henry, the present real master of Paris, he reported that the tears had stood in the King's eyes for a moment, as he said, 'Blessings on the maiden! Should she be able to do this for this city, I shall know that Heaven hath indeed sent a blessing by my arms!'

For one brief week, Esclairmonde and Alice were very happy in this secret hope; but at the end of that time the Bishop of Thérouenne appeared. Esclairmonde had ventured to hope that the King's influence, and likewise the fact that her intention was not to enrich one of the regular monastic orders, might lead him to lend a favourable ear to her scheme; but she was by no means prepared to find him already informed of the affair of the Dance of Death, and putting his own construction on it.

'So, my fair Cousin, this is the end of your waywardness. The tokens were certainly somewhat strong; but the young gentleman's birth being equal to yours, after the spectacle you have presented, your uncle of St. Pol, and I myself, must do our utmost to obtain the consent of the Duke of Burgundy.'

'Monseigneur is mistaken,' said Esclairmonde.

'Child, we will have no more folly. You have flown after this young Scot in a manner fitted only for the foolish name your father culled for you out of his books of chivalry. You have given a lesson to the whole Court and city on the consequences of a damsel judging for herself, and running a mad course over the world, instead of submitting to her guardians.'

'The Court understands my purpose as well as you do, Monseigneur.'

'Silence, Mademoiselle. Your convent obstinacy is ended for ever now, since to send you to one would be to appear to hide a scandal.'

'I do not wish to enter a convent,' said Esclairmonde. 'My desire is to dedicate my labour and my substance to the foundation of a house here at Paris, such as are the Béguinages of our Netherlands.'

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The Bishop held up his hands. He had never heard of such lunacy; and it angered him, as such purposes are wont to anger worldly-hearted men. That a lady of Luxembourg should have such vulgar tastes as to wish to be a Béguine was bad enough; but that Netherlandish wealth should be devoted to support the factious poor of Paris was preposterous. Neither the Duke of Burgundy, nor her uncle of St. Pol, would allow a sou to pass out of their grasp for so absurd a purpose; the Pope would give no license—above all to a vain girl, who had helped a wife to run away from her husband—for new religious houses; and, unless Esclairmonde was prepared to be landless, penniless, and the scorn of everyone, for her wild behaviour, she must submit, *bon gré mal gré*, to become the wife of the Scottish prince.

'Landless and penniless then will I be, Monseigneur,' said Esclairmonde. 'Was not poverty the bride of St. Francis?'

The Bishop made a growl of contempt; but recollecting himself, and his respect for the saint, began to argue that what was possible for a man, a mere merchant's son, an inspired saint besides, was not possible to a damsel of high degree, and that it was mere presumption, vanity, and obstinacy, in her to appeal to such a precedent.

There was something in this that struck Esclairmonde, for she was conscious of a certain satisfaction in her plan of being the first to introduce a Béguinage at Paris, and that she was to a certain degree proud of her years of constancy to her high purpose; and she looked just so far abashed, that the uncle saw his advantage, and discoursed on the danger of attempting to be better than other people, and of trying to vapour in spiritual heights, to all of which she attempted no reply; till at last he broke up the interview by saying, 'There then, child; all will be well. I see you are coming to a better mind.'

'I hope I am, Monseigneur,' she replied, with lofty meekness; 'but scarcely such as you mean.'

Alice Montagu's indignation knew no bounds. What! was this noble votaress to be forced, not only to resign the glory of being the foundress of a new order of beneficence, but to be married, just like everybody else, and to that wretched little coward? 'Boëmond of Burgundy was better than that, for he at least was a man!'

'No, no, Alice,' said Esclairmonde, with a shudder; 'anyone rather than the Burgundian! It is shame even to compare the Scot!'

'He may not be so evil in himself,' said Alice; 'but with a brave man you have only his own sins, while a coward has all those other people may frighten him into.'

'He bore himself manfully in battle,' said the fair Fleming in reproof.

But Alice answered with the scorn that sits so quaintly on the gentle daughter of a bold race, 'Ay, where he would have been more afraid to run than to stand.'

'You are hard on the Scot,' said Esclairmonde. 'Maybe it is because the Nevils of Raby are Borderers,' she added, smiling; and as Alice

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likewise smiled and blushed, 'Now, if it were not for this madness, I could like the youth. I would fain have had him for a brother that I could take care of.'

'But what will you do, Esclairmonde?'

'Trust,' said she, sighing. 'Maybe, my pride ought to be broken; and I may have to lay aside all my hopes and plans, and become a mere serving sister, to learn true humility. Anyhow, I verily trust to my Heavenly Spouse to guard me for Himself. If the Duke of Burgundy still maintains Boëmond's suit, then in the dissension I see an escape.'

'And my father will defend you; and so will Sir Richard,' said Alice, with complacent certainty in their full efficiency. 'And King Harry will interfere; and we *will* have your hospital; ay, we *will*. How can you talk so lightly of abandoning it?'

'I only would know what is human pride, and what God's will,' sighed Esclairmonde.

The Duke arrived with his two sisters, his wife being left at home in bad health, and took up his abode at the Hotel de Bourgogne, whence he came at once to pay his respects to the King of England; the poor King of France, at the Hotel de St. Pol, being quite neglected.

Esclairmonde and Alice stood at a window, and watched the arrival of the magnificent cavalcade, attended by a multitude, ecstatically shouting, 'Noël! Noël! Long live Philippe le Bon! Blessings on the mighty Duke!' While seated on a tall charger, whose great dappled head, jewelled and beplumed, could alone be seen amid his sweeping housings, bowing right and left, waving his embroidered gloved hand in courtesy, was seen the stately Duke, in the prime of life, handsome faced, brilliantly coloured, dazzlingly arrayed in gemmed robes, so that Alice drew a long breath of wonder, and exclaimed, 'This Duke is a goodly man—he looks like the emperor of us all!'

But when he had entered the hall, conducted by John of Bedford and Edmund of March, had made his obeisance to Henry, and had been presented by him to King James, Alice standing close behind her queen, recollected that she had once heard Esclairmonde say, 'Till I came to England, I deemed chivalry a mere gaudy illusion.'

Duke Philippe would not bear close inspection; the striking features and full red lips, that had made so effective an appearance in the gay procession seen from a distance, seemed harsh, haughty, and sensual near at hand, and when brought into close contact with the strange bright stern purity, now refined into hectic transparency, of King Henry's face, the grand and melancholy majesty of the royal Stewart's, or even the spare, keen, irregular visage of John of Bedford. And while his robes were infinitely more costly than—and his ornaments tenfold outnumbered—all that the three island princes wore, yet no critical eye could take him for their superior, even though his tone in addressing an inferior was elaborately affable and condescending, and

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theirs was always the frankness of an equal. Where they gave the sense of pure gold, he seemed like some ruder metal gilt and decorated; as if theirs were reality, his the imitation; theirs the truth, his the display.

But in reality his birth was as princely as theirs; and no monarch in Europe, not even Henry, equalled him in material resources; he was idolized by the Parisians; and Henry was aware that France had been made over to England more by his revenge for his father's murder at Montereau, than by the victory at Agincourt. Therefore the King endured his grand talk about *our* arms and *our* intentions; and for Malcolm's sake, James submitted to a sort of patronage, as if meant to imply that if Philippe the Magnificent chose to espouse the cause of a captive king, his ransom would be the merest trifle.

When Henry bade him to the Pentecostal banquet, 'when kings keep state,' he graciously accepted the invitation for himself and his two sisters, Marguerite, widow of the second short-lived dauphin, and Anne, still unmarried; but when Henry further explained his plan of feasting merely with the orderly, and apportioning the food in real alms, the Duke by no means approved.

'Feed those miserables!' he said. 'One gains nothing thereby! They make no noise; whereas if you affront the others, who know how to cry out, they will revile you like dogs!'

'I will not be a slave to the rascaille,' said Henry.

'Ah, my fair Lord, you, a victor, may dispense with these cares; but for a poor little prince like me, it is better to reign on men's hearts than their necks.'

'In the hearts of honest men—on the necks of knaves,' said Henry.

Philippe shrugged his shoulders. He was wise in his own generation; for he had all the audible voices in Paris on his side, while the cavils at Henry's economy have descended to the present time.

'Do you see your rival, Sir?' said the voice of the Bishop of Therouenne in Malcolm's ear, just as the Duke had begun to rise to take leave; and he pointed out a knight of some thirty years, glittering with gay devices from head to foot, and showing a bold proud visage, exaggerating the harshness of the Burgundian lineaments.

Malcolm shuddered, and murmured, 'Such a pearl to such a hog!'

And meanwhile, King James, stepping forward, intimated to the Duke that he would be glad of an interview with him.

Philippe made some ostentation of his numerous engagements with men of Church and State; but ended by inviting the King of Scotland to sup with him that evening, if his Grace would forgive travellers' fare and a simple reception.

Thither, accordingly, James repaired on foot, attended only by Sir Nigel and Malcolm, with a few archers of the royal guard, in case torches should be wanted on the way home.

How magnificent were the surroundings of the great Duke, it would be wearisome to tell. The retainers in the court of the hotel looked, as

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James said, as if honest steel and good cloth were reckoned as churls, and as if this were the very land of Cockaigne, as Sir Richard Whittington had dreamt it. Neither he nor St. Andrew himself would know their own saltire made in cloth of silver, 'the very metal to tarnish!'

Sir Nigel had to tell their rank, ere the porters admitted the small company: but the seneschal marshalled them forward in full state. And James never looked more the king than when, in simple crimson robe, the pure white cross on his breast, his auburn hair parted back from his noble brow, he stood towering above all heads, passively receiving the Duke of Burgundy's elaborate courtesies and greetings, nor seeming to note the lavish display of gold and silver, meant to amaze the poorest king in Europe.

Exceeding was the politeness shewn to him—even to the omission of the seneschal's tasting each dish presented to the Duke, a recognition of the presence of a sovereign, that the two Scots scarcely understood enough for gratitude.

Malcolm was the best off of the two at the supper; for James had of course to be cavalier to the sickly fretful-looking Dauphiness, while Malcolm fell to the lot of the Lady Anne, who though not beautiful, had a kindly hearty countenance and manner, and won his heart by asking whether the Demoiselle de Luxemburg were still in the suite of Madame of Hainault; and then it appeared that she had been her convent mate and warmest friend and admirer in their girlish days at Dijon, and was now longing to see her. Was she as much set as ever on being a nun?

Meantime, the Duke was pompously making way for the King of Scots to enter his cabinet, where—with a gold cup before each, a dish of comfits and a stoup of wine between them—their interview was to take place.

'These dainties accord with a matter of ladies' love,' said James, as the Duke handed him a sugar heart transfixed by an arrow.

'Good, good,' said Philippe. 'The alliance is noble; and our crowns and influence might be a good check in the north to your mighty neighbour; nor would I be hard as to her dowry. Send me five score yearly of such knaves as came with Buchan, and I could fight the devil himself. A morning gift might be specified for the name of the thing—but we understand one another.'

'I am not certain of that, Sir,' said James, smiling; 'though I see you mean me kindly.'

'Nay, now,' continued Philippe, 'I know how to honour royalty, even in durance; nor will I even press Madame la Dauphine on you instead of Anne, though it were better for us all if she could have her wish and become a queen, and you would have her jointure—if you or anyone else can get it.'

'Stay, my Lord Duke,' said James, with dignity, 'I spake not of myself, deeming that it was well known that my troth is plighted.'

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'How?' said Burgundy, amazed, but not offended. 'Methought the House of Somerset was a mere bastard slip, with which even King Henry with all his insolence could not expect you to wed in earnest. However, we may keep our intentions secret awhile; and then with your lances and my resources, English displeasure need concern you little.'

James, who had learned self-control in captivity, began politely to express himself highly honoured and obliged.

'Do not mention it. Royal blood thus shamefully oppressed, must command the aid of all that is chivalrous. Speak, and your ransom is at your service.'

The hot blood rushed into James's cheek at this tone of condescension; but he answered, with courteous haughtiness, 'Of myself, Sir Duke, there is no question. My ransom waits England's willingness to accept it; and my hand is not free, even for the prize you have the goodness to offer. I came not to speak of myself.'

'Not to make suit for my sister, nor my intercession!' exclaimed Philippe.

'I make suit to no man,' said James; then recollecting himself, 'if I did so, no readier friend than the Duke of Burgundy could be found. I did in effect come to propose an alliance between one of my own house and a fair vassal of yours.'

'Ha! the runaway jade of Luxemburg!' cried Burgundy; 'the most headstrong girl who lives! She dared to plead her foolish vows against my brother Boëmond, fled with that other hoyden of Hainault, and now defies me by coming here. I'll have her, and make her over to Boëmond to tame her pride, were she in the great Satan's camp instead of King Henry's.'

And this is the mirror of chivalry! thought James. But he persevered in his explanation of his arrangement for permitting the estates of Esclairmonde de Luxemburg to be purchased from her and her husband, should that husband be Malcolm Stewart of Glenuskie; and he soon found that these terms would be as acceptable to the Duke as they had already proved to her guardian, Monseigneur de Thérouenne. Money was nothing to Philippe; but his policy was to absorb the little seignoralties that lay so thick in these border lands of the Empire; and what he desired above all, was to keep them from either passing into the hands of the Church, or from consolidating into some powerful principality, as would have been the case had Esclairmonde either entered a convent, or married young Waleran de Luxemburg, her cousin. Therefore he had striven to force on her his half-brother, who would certainly never unite any inheritance to hers; but he much preferred the purchase of her Hainault lands; and had no compunction in throwing over Boëmond, except for a certain lurking desire that the lady's contumacy should be chastised by a lord who would beat her well into subjection. He would willingly have made a great show of generosity, and have laid James under an obligation; and yet by the

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King's dignified tone of courtesy, he was always reduced to the air of one soliciting rather than conferring a favour.

Finally, Malcolm was called in, and presented to the Duke, making his own promise on his word of honour as a prince, and giving a written bond, that so soon as he obtained the hand of the Demoiselle de Luxemburg, he would resign her Hainault estates to the Duke of Burgundy for a sum of money, to be fixed by persons chosen for the purpose.

This was more like earnest than anything Malcolm had yet obtained; and he went home exulting and exalted, his doubts as to Esclairmonde's consent almost silenced when he counted up the forces that were about to bear upon her.

And they did descend upon her. Countess Jaqueline had been joined by other and more congenial Flemish dames, and was weary of her grave monitress; and she continually scolded at Esclairmonde for perverseness and obstinacy in not accepting the only male thing she had ever favoured. The Bishop of Thérouenne threatened and argued; and the Duke of Burgundy himself came to enforce his commands to his refractory vassal, and on finding her still unsubmissive, flew into a rage, and rated her, as few *could* have done, save Philippe, called the Good.

All she attempted to answer was, that they were welcome to her lands, so they would leave her person free; her vows were not to man, but to God, and God would protect her.

It was an answer that seemed specially to enrage her persecutors, who retorted by telling her that such protection was only extended to those who obeyed lawful authority; and hints were thrown out, that if she did not submit willingly, she might find herself married forcibly, for a bishop could afford to disregard the resistance of a bride.

Would Malcolm—would his King—consent to her being thus treated?

As to Malcolm, he seemed to her too much changed for her to reckon on what remnant of good feeling there might be to appeal to in him. And James, though he was certain not to permit palpable coercion in his presence, or even if he were aware that it was contemplated, seemed to have left the whole management of the affair to Esclairmonde's own guardians; and they would probably avoid driving matters to extremities that would revolt him, while he was near enough for an appeal. And Esclairmonde was too uncertain whether her guardians would resort to such lengths, or whether it were not a vain threat of the giddy Countess to compromise her dignity, by crying out before she was hurt; and she had no security, save that she was certain that in the English household of King Henry such violence would not be attempted; and out of reach of that protection she never ventured.

Once she said to Henry, 'My only hope is in God and in you, my Lord.'

And Henry bent his head, saying, 'Noble Lady, I cannot interfere; but while you are in my house, nothing can be done with you against your will.'

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Yet even Henry was scarcely what he had been in all-pervading vigilance and readiness. Like all real kings of men, he had been his own prime minister, commander-in-chief, and private secretary, transacting a marvellous amount of business with prompt completeness; and when, in the midst of shattered health which he would not avow, the cares of two kingdoms, and the generalship of an army, with all its garrisons, rested on him, his work would hardly have been accomplished but for his brother's aid. It was never acknowledged—often angrily disdained. But when John of Bedford had watched the terrible lassitude and lethargy that weighed on the King at times in the midst of his cabinet work, he was constantly on the watch to relieve him; and his hand and style so closely resembled Henry's, that the difference could scarce be detected; and he could do what none other durst attempt. Many a time would Henry, whose temper had grown most uncertain, fiercely rate him for intermeddling; but John knew and loved him too well to heed; and his tact and unobtrusiveness made Henry rely on him more and more.

If the illness had only been confessed, those who watched the King anxiously would have had more hope; but he was hotly angered at any hint of his needing care; and though he sometimes relieved oppression by causing himself to be bled by a servant, he never allowed that anything ailed him; it was always the hot weather, the anxious tidings, the long pageant, that wearied him—things that were wont to be like gnats on a lion's mane.

Those solemn banquets and festivals—lasting from forenoon to eventide, with their endless relays of allegorical subtilties, their long-winded harangues, noisy music, interludes of giants, sylvan men, distressed damsels, knights-errant on horseback, ships and forests coming in upon wheels, and fulsome compliments that must be answered—had been always his aversion; and were now so heavy an oppression, that Bedford would have persuaded the Queen to curtail them. But to the fair Catherine this appeared an unkind endeavour of her disagreeable brother-in-law, to prevent her from shining in her native city, and eclipsing the Burgundian pomp; and she opened her soft brown eyes in dignified displeasure, answering that she saw nothing amiss with the King; and she likewise complained to her husband of his brother's jealousy of her welcome from her own people, bringing on him one of Henry's most bitter sentences.

Henry would only have had her abate somewhat of the splendour that gratified her, because he did not think it becoming to outshine her parents; but Catherine scorned the notion. Her old father would know nothing, or would smile in his foolish way to see her so brave; and for her mother, she recked not so long as she had a larded capon before her; nor was it possible to make her understand that this fatuity and feebleness were the very reasons for deferring to them.

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The ordering of the feast fell to Catherine and her train; and its splendours on successive days had their full development, greatly to the constraint and weariness, among others, of Esclairmonde, who was always assigned to Malcolm Stewart, and throughout these long days had to be constantly repressing him; not that he often durst make her any direct compliment, for he was usually quelled into anxious wistful silence, and merely eyed her earnestly, paying her every attention in his power. And such a silent tedious meal was sure to be remarked, either with laughing rudeness by Countess Jaqueline, or with severe reproof by the Bishop of Thérouenne, both of whom assured her that she had better lay aside her airs, and resign herself in good part, for there was no escape for her.

One day, however, when the feast was at the Hotel de Bourgogne, and there were some slight differences in the order of the guests, the Duke of Bedford put himself forward as the Lady Esclairmonde's cavalier, so much to her relief, that her countenance, usually so guarded, relaxed into the bright sweet smile of cheerfulness that was most natural to her. Isolated as the pairs at the table were, and with music braying in a gallery just above, there was plenty of scope for conversation; and once again Esclairmonde was talking freely of the matters regarding the distress in Paris, that Bedford had consulted her upon before he became so much engrossed with his brother's affairs, or she so beset by her persecutors.

Towards the evening, when the feast had still some mortal hours to last, there fell a silence on the Duke; and at length, when the music was at the loudest, he said, 'Lady, I have watched for this moment. You are persecuted. Look not on me as one of your persecutors; but if no other refuge be open to you, here is one who might know better how to esteem you than that malapert young Scot.'

'How, Sir?' exclaimed Esclairmonde, amazed at these words from the woman-hating Bedford.

'Make no sudden reply,' said John. 'I had never thought of you save as one consecrate, till, when I see you like to be hunted down into the hands of yon silly lad, I cannot but thrust between. My brother would willingly consent: and if I may but win your leave to love you, Lady, it will be with a heart that has yearned to no other woman.'

He spoke low and steadily, looking straight before him, with no visible emotion, save a little quiver in the last sentence, a slight dilating of the delicately cut nostril; and then he was silent, until having recovered the self-restraint that had been failing him, he prevented the words she was trying to form, by saying, 'Not in haste, Lady. There is time yet before you to bethink yourself whether you can be free in will and conscience. If so, I will bear you through all.'

How invitingly the words fell on the lonely heart, so long left to fight its own battles! There came for the first time the full sense of what life

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might be, the shielding tenderness, the sure reliance, the pure affection, such as she saw Henry lavish on the shallow queen, but which she could meet and requite in John. The brutal Boëmond, the childish Malcolm, had aroused no feeling in her but dislike or pity, and to them a convent was infinitely preferable; but Bedford—the religious, manly, brave, unselfish Bedford—opened to her the view of all that could content a high-souled woman's heart, backed moreover by the wonder of having been the first to touch such a spirit.

It would not have been a *mésalliance*. Her family was one of the grandest of the Netherlands; the saintly Emperor, Henry of Luxemburg, was her ancestor; and Bedford's proposal was not a condescension, such as to rouse her sense of dignity. His rank did not strike her, as did his lofty stainless character; the like of which she had never known to exist in the world of active life till she saw the brothers of England, who came more near to the armed saints and holy warriors of Church legend, than her fancy had thought mortal man could do, bred as she had been in the sensual, violent, and glittering Burgundy of the fifteenth century. In truth, as Malcolm had thought the cloister the only refuge from the harshness and barbarism of Scotland, so Esclairmonde had thought piety and purity to be found nowhere else; and both had found the court of Henry V. an infinitely better world than they had supposed possible; but until the present moment, Esclairmonde had never felt the slightest call to take a permanent place there. Now, however, the cloister, even if it were open to her, presented a gloomy cheerless life of austerity, in comparison with human affection and matronly duty. And most vivid of all at the moment, was the desire to awaken the tender sweetness that slept in those steady grey eyes, to see the grave wise visage gleam with smiling affection, and to rest in having one to take thought for her, and finish this long term of tossing about and self-defence. Was not the patience with which he kept his eyes away from her already a proof of his consideration and delicate kindness?

But deep in Esclairmonde's soul lay the sense that her dedication was sacred, and her power over herself gone. She had always felt a wife's allegiance due to Him whom she received as her spiritual Spouse; and though the sense at this moment only brought her disappointment and self reproach, her will was loyal. The bond was cutting into her very flesh, but she never even thought of breaking it; and all she waited for was the power of restraining her grateful tears. In this she was assisted, by observing that Bedford's attention had been attracted towards his brother, who was looking wan and weary, scarcely tasting what was set before him; and after fitfully trying to converse with Marguerite of Burgundy, at last had taken advantage of an endless harangue from all the Virtues, and had dropped asleep. The Lady Anne was seen making a sign to her sister not to disturb him; and Bedford murmured, with a sigh, 'There is for once a discreet woman.' Then, as if recalled to a sense of what was passing, he turned on Esclairmonde

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his full earnest look, saying, 'You will teach the Queen how *he* should be cared for. You will help me.'

'Sir,' said Esclairmonde, feeling it most difficult not to falter, 'this is a great grace, but it cannot be.'

'Can not,' said Bedford slowly. 'You have taken thought.'

'Sir, it is not the part of a betrothed spouse to take thought. My vows were renewed of my own free will; and it were sacrilege to try to recall them for the first real temptation.'

She spoke steadily, but the effort ached through her whole frame, especially when the last word illumined John Plantagenet's face with strange sweet light, quenched as his lip trembled, his nostril quivered, his eye even moistened, as he said, 'It is enough, Lady; I will no more vex one who is vexed enough already; and you will so far trust me as to regard me as your protector, if you should be in need?'

'Indeed I will,' said Esclairmonde, hardly restraining her tears.

'That is well,' said Bedford. And he neither looked at her nor spoke to her again, till, as he led her away in the procession from the hall, he held her hand fast, and murmured, 'There then it rests, sweet Lady; unless, having taken counsel with your own heart, you should change your decree, and consult some holy priest. If so, make but a sign of the hand, and I am yours; for verily you are the only maiden I could ever have loved.'

She was still in utter confusion, in the chamber where the ladies were cloaking for their return, when her hands were grasped on either side by the two Burgundian princesses.

'Sweet runaway, we have caught you at last! Here, into Anne's chamber. See you we must! How is it with you? Like you the limping Scot better than Boëmond?' laughed the Dauphiness, her company dignity laid aside for school-girl chatter.

'If you cannot hold out,' said Anne, 'the Scot seems a gentle youth; and at least, you are quit of Boëmond.'

'Yes,' said Marguerite, 'his last prank was too strong for the Duke: quartering a dozen men-at-arms on a sulky Cambrai weaver till he paid him 2000 crowns. Besides, it would be well to get the Scottish king for an ally. Do you know what we two are here for, Clairette? We are both to be betrothed; one to the handsome captive with the gold locks; the other to your hawk-nosed neighbour, who seemed to have not a word to say.'

'But,' said Esclairmonde, replying to the easiest part of the disclosure, 'the King of Scots is in love with the Demoiselle of Somerset.'

'What matters that, silly maid?' said Marguerite; 'he does not displease me; and Anne is welcome to that melancholy duke.'

'O Lady Anne!' exclaimed Esclairmonde, 'if such be your lot, it would be well indeed.'

'What, the surly brother, of whom Catherine tells such tales!' continued Marguerite.

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'Credit them not,' said Esclairmonde. 'He never crosses her but when he would open her eyes to his brother's failing health.'

'Yes,' interrupted Marguerite; 'my lord brother swears that this king will not live a year; and if Catherine have no better luck with her child than poor Michelle, then there will be another good Queen Anne in England.'

'If so,' said Esclairmonde, looking at her friend with swimming eyes, 'she will have the best of husbands—as good as even she deserves!'

Anne held her hand fast, and would have said many tender words on Esclairmonde's own troubles; but the other ladies were arrayed, and Esclairmonde would not for worlds have been left behind in the Hotel de Bourgogne.

Privacy was not an attainable luxury; and Esclairmonde could not commune with her throbbing heart, or find peace for her aching head, till night. This must be a matter unconfided to any, even Alice Montagu. And while the maiden lay smiling in her quiet sleep, after having fondly told her friend that Sir Richard Nevil had really noticed her new silken kirtle, she knelt on beneath the crucifix, mechanically reciting her prayers, and, as the beads dropped from her fingers, fighting out the fight with her own heart.

Her mind was made up; but her sense of the loss, her craving for the worthy affection which lay within her grasp—these dismayed her. The life she had sighed for had become a blank; and she passionately detested the obligation that held her back from affection, usefulness, joy, and excellence. Not ambition, for the greatest help to her lay in Bedford's position, his exalted rank, and nearness to the crown; but she really dreaded and loathed worldly pomp so much, that the temptation would have been greater had he not been a prince.

It was this sense of renunciation that came to her aid. She had at least a *real* sacrifice to offer; till now, as she became aware, she had made none. She folded her hands, and laid her offering to be hallowed by the One all-sufficient Sacrifice. She offered all those capacities for love that had been newly revealed to her; she offered up the bliss, whose golden dawn she had seen; she tried to tear out the earthliness of her heart and affections by the roots, and lay them on the altar, entreating that, come what might, her spirit might never stray from the Heavenly Spouse of her betrothal.

Therewith came a sense of His perfect sufficiency—of rest, peace, support, ineffable love, that kept her kneeling in a calm, almost ecstatic state, in which common hopes, fears, and affections had melted away.

(To be continued.)

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LENA'S SEVEN BIRTH-DAYS.

CHAPTER V.

I AM eighteen to-day. Am I different to what I was when I first began to write in this book, four years ago? Perhaps others would say that I am; but I don't feel so. I am myself, the same that I ever was, only a little older, with a little more knowledge of this life, and of men and manners; and I hope, with a little deeper insight into the wonders of the world unseen and eternal.

I rather shrink from the idea of coming out; and yet I am standing on the very edge of the precipice now; for to-night, this very night, Edith and I make our début. Papa—in honour of us two girls, and to please Herbert, who had planned and set his heart upon the plan—gives a ball to-night, and Herbert and I are to open it. So the torch will be fired; the first step taken. And the second step succeeds very very quickly; for the day after to-morrow Lord Baynard gives another ball, in honour of his eldest son's, Lord Bandon's, coming of age. Charley and Herbert both come to-day, to be present at these two balls; for Lord Baynard and Lord Bandon were here yesterday, and made Papa promise that he would come, and bring us four, that is to say, Edith and me, Herbert and Charley.

Papa talks of going up to London for six weeks almost immediately, before the weather gets too hot, for this is the 26th of May, and surely never never was there a more lovely day. One can hardly enjoy it enough; the trees with 'their new leaves dressed,' and the sky one 'cloudless lake of blue;' and then the birds—the sweet chorus of birds, and just now the scent from the flowering shrubs, and from the grass which they are mowing under my window—in fact, the altogether. There is a wonderful feeling of happiness over me—a feeling that won't let me write quietly on here much longer. I must be out—out into that sweet fresh free air. And hark! there is Edith singing as merrily as a birdie under the great beech tree. My dressing-table is strewn over with cases of jewelry, all given me to-day; and in some of them I am to array myself this evening. My sweet little Agnes came tripping in quite early this morning, and in her hand was a basket of the loveliest flowers, and in the midst of the flowers lay concealed a gold pencil-case—her gift; though, as she said whilst giving me her hundred kisses, 'It is all my own present, only bought with Mamma's money; because I have only got three pennies, and Mamma said I must keep them for a poor man.' Darling little thing—she and her flowers and her pencil-case were all lovely together. She is so pleased with the preparations for to-night, and has been walking up and down the great empty rooms, like a tiny princess.

One line I must write to-day—one line to note down my great

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happiness—my crowning joy—my life's great hope—for I am engaged to my cousin Charley Grey. Yes, I am his chosen wife, his own beloved one. Last evening—the evening of my eighteenth birth-day—he told me of his love, and that it had been the wish of his heart for years that I should be his wife. But how could I write all he said to me, and all he drew forth from me? No, impossible; I neither can nor will. There was a something in his manner which struck me on his arrival yesterday; an indefinable change seemed to me to have come over him. I soon explained this to myself when I heard he had received the order to join his regiment at Gibraltar. Yes, and he is going too! and poor me! I shall have to be left, and to be parted from him so soon! four more days, and then—blank. He came determined to ascertain what hope he had before he left England, otherwise he would not have spoken out yet—not till I was older; but last evening, as we walked up and down the terrace watching the sunlight die out, he told me all. Dearest Mother saw us walking, and guessed what he was talking to me about; (it seems that she had long known of his attachment, otherwise than as a cousin, to me;) and when I went up to her room, after we two parted, she folded me in her arms, and told me she knew all, and that there was no one on earth she would rather give me to than to Charley. That evening, between the dances, he put on my finger a most beautiful ring, one deep blue sapphire stone, embedded in thick gold—my engagement ring.

Papa was told this morning. I am not so sure whether he is equally pleased. Not that he does not like Charley, for that would be impossible; but he says I am over young to be engaged—that I don't know my own mind—that he fancies I might do much better—just as though I could. Have I not got the best? And can there be anything better than the best? Dearest Mother said, had we been first cousins she would never have consented; but we are second cousins, and so she can see no objection. However, nothing can part us now, though we are not to be married till I am twenty; and then not except Charley has enough (what Papa considers enough) for us to marry on. I did not know till this morning, that when I am of age, three years to come, I shall have some money of my own—a thousand a-year—left me by my grandmother; and eventually, Charley will have much about the same, so we shall have enough; though Papa says we shall be beggars; but then, before he was three-and-twenty he came into a property worth twenty thousand a year. No wonder he talks in this way. I feel changed already; having had all this said to me, and having been obliged to look at my happiness in this business point of view; and to hear it all discussed; and to see how much importance Papa—and even Mamma and Herbert, boy as he is—attach to the money question. Well, I don't care; and I will write no more, but go down to him who is waiting for me, and whose love is mine—my own. And am I not happy?

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Charley is gone. When we may meet again I don't know—nor does he. I am sad, and feel as though I could settle to nothing, and think of nothing but him. He says I am to read and study and practise, especially singing, as busily as I can, and not fret, nor waste my time. Once a-week we shall write to each other. Mamma made us promise not to write oftener: it seems cruel; but she made such a point of it, that we yielded.

We go to London next week. Papa says it will do Mamma good, and me too; though he calls me a great goose for having bound myself so early in life to my Charley. But would I be free? No, no, no. Of one thing I am very glad, which is, he has asked Edith to come to London with us. He has taken a house in Park Lane for six weeks. Aunt Trevor is very anxious to have Edith back again with her, now that masters and lessons are at an end. I suppose we must let her go, as Aunt Trevor really does want her. She has been so weak and delicate of late; and she has been like a mother to Charley and Edith since their own mother died. So when we return from London, Edith goes to Aunt Trevor, and I shall miss her dreadfully; for though she will only be two miles off, it won't be the same thing as having her in the house.

What a wonderful place London is! and how much there is to see, and how much there is to interest one; and how gay and bright and pleasant the Parks are! I did not expect to enjoy London nearly as much as I have been enjoying it. Though I am not sorry that we are nearly come to the end of our individual season, and are to return home next week. Dearest Mother has gone out a great deal, for her, and done her best to make it pleasant for us two girls; and Papa too has been very kind and very generous, for he has taken us to the opera every week, and to many concerts, and flower-shows, and breakfasts, &c. I wrote and told Charley of all our gay doings; and he seemed pleased to think that we have been so much amused, and had a peep into London life; but I am sure I should grow dreadfully weary of it if it were to go on for ever. Edith says that she has just the same feeling about it, and has no wish that her lot should be cast in London.

Sometimes I think that Lord Bandon likes Edith; he comes to our house very often. I don't wonder at his liking her; but I hope she won't like him; he is so namby-pamby, and so meagre. I have never mentioned his name to her, because I have a sort of fear lest Papa and Aunt Trevor should urge her to think of him if my suspicions are right. I know one day Herbert said to me, that I had been a down-right fool to engage myself to Charley, when there was Lord Bandon to be had. I know when I was quite a young girl, Lord Bandon used to say all sorts of foolish things to me, but that was merely because he was a boy; and I never liked him, and always kept away from him when I could. And now, woman as I am, and feel myself to be, I dislike him; but Edith may not do so, and therefore I must be silent. She is fit for any position, and would be a grand creature to be rich, she is so generous

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and good. But what is money and position without love? Charley is my wealth; and I wish for no other.

Last Saturday we went to the Zoological Gardens, and Agnes went with us, and another little child, a Willie Stoner; he and Agnes are great friends, and about the same age. When we went into the serpent room, Mr. Stoner, Willie's papa, who went with us, lifted the two little ones up to see the boa-constrictor coiled in its flannel; and Willie looked so terrified at the dreadful animal, and said in a low voice to his papa, 'O Papa, is that the devil?' We could not help laughing; and Mr. Stoner could scarcely keep his countenance; the child's look was one of such horror, and the question so real and earnest. His mother had been shewing him some Bible pictures last Sunday, and amongst others, one, namely, Satan as a serpent tempting Eve; and it was this picture which was in his thoughts when he asked if the boa-constrictor was the devil. But children certainly do make most extraordinary remarks. I know little Agnes often astonishes me by her keen observations, and her quick perceptions of matters one would think quite above her ken.

Home again! Yes, we are once more in the fresh and beautiful country, and with such roses to greet us, and such strawberries to refresh us, as London never sees, or tastes, or imagines.

I had some singing lessons whilst I was in London; and Mamma has engaged a very nice young Italian lady to come and stay here for two or three months, on purpose to sing with me and with Edith, who will come here as often as Aunt Trevor can spare her, to practise with the Signorina and me.

Charley sends me a list of books he wants me to read; and he is anxious that I should try and sketch from nature; and I think that I may perhaps do something in this way, for I have a natural love for it—and anything to please Charley. It seems so long since I have seen him, and yet it is only two months ago that he left England. He says that probably his regiment will be ordered home next year; but he does not know when, or whether it will be before September.

The twenty-ninth day of September in next year Herbert comes of age; and Papa begins already to talk about the great rejoicings and feastings then to come off, and there are fourteen months yet to run before that time. I don't quite like it; perhaps I am superstitious; but it always rather frightens me to hear people say what they will and intend to do this time next year. or this time two years: I mean, that I don't think people should speak too certainly of the future; it is better to leave it, or to qualify it by a reference to a higher will and a higher power than our own. My book won't call me old-fashioned and moody and ridiculous, for writing these things, as Herbert would if I were foolish enough (as I sometimes am) to say them in his hearing. And I have no Charley to talk to now.

September is come, and the summer is passing away; and before it

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ceases to be warm, we are going to leave home again, and go to the Isle of Wight, to the back of the island, where there is real open sea, and clouds, and cliffs and downs. Papa is not well. A few weeks ago, he had a fall from his horse, and though he did not seem to be much injured at the time, he has never been right since. Sometimes he fears, and the doctor won't say that it is quite a groundless fear, that he must have received some internal injury, which cannot be detected. He is obliged to keep very quiet; and he is certainly very much altered. Even Herbert's presence does not raise his spirits as it used to do. I hope the sea air and the change will do him good; it is sad to see him so low and depressed. As he lay on the sofa, last evening, little Agnes came in to say good night, and to kiss us all before she went to bed; and she took his hand so gently, and kissed it, and said, 'Dear Papa, would it comfort you to hear me say my psalm? I have just learnt it; it begins, "The Lord is my Shepherd."' Unfortunately, the wee one's eyes caught sight of Herbert, who could not keep himself from laughing at the very grave way in which the merry child had said, 'would it comfort you?' to Papa. And she was very much offended at Herbert's laughing at her, and turned round sharp, and said, 'Be quiet, you naughty boy: it is very wicked of you to laugh at me. Mamma often says it is a comfort to her to hear me say my hymns and psalms; and I won't be laughed at, Sir.' 'Never mind Herbert,' said Papa; 'but go on, my wee maiden.' But no, her spirit was grieved, and her back was up, and she answered, 'I won't say anything while Herbert is in the room; he always laughs at me, and teazes me, and he is a bad boy.' 'Hush, my darling, hush!' said Mamma, 'and come here to me.' She was crying, and so completely upset, that Mother took her out of the room, and we had no psalm. When Mother returned she went up to Herbert, and laying her hands on his shoulders, she said, 'Mother has in her heart a picture of a little golden-haired boy, with bright clear eyes, and with a black velvet tunic on, and a falling lace collar—a sweet sweet child, who used to kneel at her knee and say holy words of prayer after her, and to her; and then that child would rise and stand up, and with hands clasped in hers, would repeat hymns and psalms, and would listen to all she had to say to him as though his young heart loved his mother's words and felt them to be true. Where is that child now, Herbert? is there no link to bind him and the young man together—no echo of past days in his heart? I believe there is, my boy; and that some day the same sweet tones will be heard again.' Herbert was touched, I could see, by Mother's manner; he said nothing, but he kissed her hand and left the room. Papa, who was too far off to hear Mamma's low voice, said to her, 'Mamma, what were you saying to Herbert? why has he left the room? Surely you don't attach any importance to the fuss made by your little daughter because he chanced to laugh at her.' 'None whatever,' said Mother in reply; 'but I had a word for my son's own ear and own heart, which I said to him—a word

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which will do him no harm, dear Papa, nor make him love his mother less.' And no more was said, for Uncle Trevor and Edith came in, and we had some music, and Papa cheered up and seemed better.

To-morrow we start for our sea-side trip. I am rejoiced at the thought that Uncle and Aunt Trevor have taken a house within a walk of ours; so Edith and I can see each other daily. And Herbert is pleased at this too; he certainly appreciates Edith more than he used to do, though he is rather chary of his praise—it never comes except by driblets. I have been made dreadfully unhappy to-day by Tennyson's new poem, Enoch Arden. Edgar Lee, who has just got it, came up this morning on purpose to read it to Mother and me; and though he had read it before to himself and knew what was coming, still he could scarcely get through it. I am not sure whether I like such a sad story. It was so real and simple, too, in its sadness, which makes it all the more touching. I am wanted to read to Papa, so must cease writing.

Christmas Day.—It is nearly four months since I have written down anything in this book of mine; but very little of uncommon interest has happened to us these four months—we have gone on much as usual. To-day I must say I do feel a longing desire that Charley was here. It is the first Christmas Day that I can remember passing without seeing him; but perhaps it may also be the last, for he is nearly sure, he tells me, to be at home next summer: and moreover, though I do miss him sometimes very very much, I am not habitually unhappy or sad, but quite the contrary. I live on hope and glad thoughts, and a happy past and a happy future. I am really anxious, and I see dear Mother is too, about Papa. The sea air seemed to do him good for awhile, but he flagged again almost immediately after our return home. Since then he has been under a first-rate London doctor, and this doctor has no doubt he got an injury in that fall he had in the summer from his horse—an injury which he fears he will feel all his life. He has been obliged to give up riding, and does not walk much, but just drives in a close carriage; he looks so pale, too, and is very thin. I am sure Herbert was very much distressed to see the change in him, when he returned from Oxford last week.

Herbert seems to lead a very merry life at Oxford, and has been hunting a good deal lately, and has no end of rich and great friends; but how much he studies, or whether at all, I don't know, for he never mentions the subject. Edgar Lee says he is quick, and reads more, perhaps, than he acknowledges, and he thinks he will manage to pull through his examinations; but he is decidedly a pleasure loving youth. Two of his friends are here with him now—pleasant young men enough; and they make the house lively, and our Christmas party gayer than if we were alone. Little Agnes is a wonderful pet with them both; and yesterday Mr. Stewart, the elder of Herbert's two friends, came in so

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exceedingly amused with the child; for she was running up and down the terrace and playing at ball with Nurse, he joined in the game, and then asked Agnes to take him to see her rabbits, whereupon she gave him her hand to lead him to the rabbit-pen, and turning round to the nursery-maid, she said with such an air, 'Walk behind us, Mary.' She has certainly a great notion of her own dignity, for Mr. Cust, whom she does not like as much as Mr. Stewart, called her 'little Agnes' the other day, upon which she turned sharp round, and looking him full in the face, said, 'Call me Miss Agnes, if you please, Sir.' Of course all the three youths, that is to say, Herbert and his two friends, burst out laughing. I saw Agnes' colour deepening and deepening, and then she walked majestically out of the room, and went up to Mother's boudoir, and told Mother 'that the young men were so rude to her she could not bear them.' Poor little pet! I do hope she won't be spoiled; but there certainly is a danger of it, for she is so attractive and so pretty: but Nurse is very firm and wise with her, and Mamma tries to be so; but Mamma is more easily moved by kisses and tears than Nurse is.

To-morrow we are to have a large Christmas party, and some private theatricals. I am rather dreading my part; but Herbert insisted on my taking a share in the performance, and so I must. Edith, on the contrary, delights in the thought of it, for she is a capital actress, and looks so magnificent in her dress, with her bright golden hair loose, and down below her waist. Mr. Stewart said yesterday, when we had a rehearsal, that Edith was splendid; and so she was. She is staying with us just now; and I am always so happy when she is here.

I have had a long long letter from my own Charley to-day. And now I must go for a walk, for Herbert is calling me.

(To be continued.)

AN IRISH LADY.

Everyone is talking of Ireland now, while few seem to know much about it. I therefore give to the public a manuscript relating to an honoured member of my own family, who spent the latter years of his life in a remote part of that country.

It gives an answer to the question which excited my curiosity for many a year, and which I heard reiterated like a lesson on emphasis—Why did he go to Ireland? *Why*, for what possible reason, did *he*, of all men in the world, go to *Ireland*, of all places in the world?

To me, first as a school-boy, and afterwards as a man glad to escape from city work and city thoughts, my dear uncle's Irish glebe, on the shore of the Atlantic, with its arbutes and hydrangias growing to the water's edge, its fuschia hedges and myrtle trees, its delicate flora and its

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rugged mountains, was always a paradise; and I should never have wondered at a man like myself escaping from the restraints of society to this beautiful retreat; but it did seem unaccountable that he, whose profound learning was his smallest merit in the sight of his equals, should leave his English parsonage, in the midst of congenial society and admiring friends, to bury himself in the wilds; still more that he should leave a congregation who fully appreciated him, to devote himself to a flock of peasants for whom he was perpetually obliged to stoop and limit his intellect. This last is not alluded to in his letter, so I may give his own brief explanation of it: 'My successor in my English parish was at least as capable as I was of occupying that place; while no one could understand or love these poor people as I do; therefore I chose to live among them.' And true it was; though, of course, they could not appreciate his learning and his intellect, they were proud of it as their own possession; they boasted that 'their Rector wrote books that nobody could understand,' and gloried in his being a real gentleman, like those that went before him; and there was always a perfect understanding between him and his people, a sympathy with full consciousness of disparity and dissimilarity, which made them as anxious to please him as he was to serve them.

Times and manners have greatly changed within the last few years, so that the picture of Irish clerical life, which may be gathered from his narrative, rather depicts what was than what is; the people do not trust and look up to those above them as they used to do, and they have nearly lost that which is the noblest trait in any character, and which formerly was remarkable in theirs, a glorying in a superior, with an admiration and reverence that sweeps self away.

An Irish democrat loses all that is most valuable in the national character. But, indeed, I have no cause to complain; for when I visited the parish, since his death, I found it full of loving recollections, and I received a cordial welcome for his sake, and was still to them the 'Master George,' for whom, in former years, boats and fishing-rods and guns were put in requisition.

My dear uncle's reticence arose partly from the shyness produced by early seclusion, and partly from a sensibility that shrunk like a sensitive plant from a rough touch; but *never* from distrust of his fellow-creatures; and he was therefore glad to put me in possession of his private history when he was no longer present to be conscious that I knew it; and therefore I do not feel that I betray his confidence in permitting others to see what is to me so interesting; there are no survivors of those concerned in it.

The manuscript, addressed to me, was found in the desk at which he habitually wrote; and which contained some relics meaningless to any but the possessor. There was also a small box, which he desired to be placed in his grave, the contents of which no one saw.

1868. G. S.

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I COMPLY, my dear nephew, with your desire to know the history of my life; and I shall employ these winter evenings in writing it for you, although I cannot let you have it until you find it among my papers after I am gone; I could not be at ease in your society if you had this key to my inner self, to unlock the past at your pleasure; I should always fear allusions to what is buried so deep in my heart; but my principal reason for withholding it is, that there is an image which I could not bear to connect in your mind with an old man like me, until death has thrown over me the softening veil which will make the association less incongruous.

You have always known me as an old parish clergyman, and I never was a young one. I do not remember at any period the freshness and lightness of early youth. My early days, from the time I lost my mother and with her my home, were devoted to study; knowledge was my aim and end, without any view to using it as a power; and the line of research which suited both my abilities and my taste (which was never youthful) required a close investigation and pursuit of truth for its own sake, with a quick and sharp detection of falsehood, which had the effect of satisfying my moral perceptions without nourishing or enlarging them. When I detected a fallacy or misrepresentation, or brought to light some fact that was hidden under exaggeration, no doubt there was so much gained on the side of truth; but truth was none the more lovely for the victory. Mine was a hard, dry, accurate mind, with here and there some poetic thought or fancy breaking forth like a fresh leaf out of the rugged brown stem; my life was monotonous and cold and selfish, yet it was rather a happy and satisfied one. The esteem in which I was held within and beyond the walls of my College was satisfactory evidence that my labours were useful, and I found among literary men as much interchange of thought and of good will as I desired. I had never been brought into contact with much of either joy or sorrow, pain or pleasure, and having no occasion either to give or receive sympathy, had formed no close or intimate friendships. I truly loved my only sister, your dear mother, but it was in a cold dry way; I would have done much for her welfare had she required it; but I cannot say I had much sympathy with her pursuits, her nursery, her gardens, or her charities; and I confess I thought the demonstrative affection of her babies an ordeal from which I was glad to escape to my den and my papers.

I had taken holy orders, as a matter of course, at a certain stage in my university career; and was quite content to bear the title of Reverend and to officiate at divine service in my turn; preaching faithfully and honestly whenever I was required to preach; without ever considering the vows I had taken to feed the flock of Christ and to fulfil to them the duties of a pastor; I had no flock to feed, no disciples to educate, though I had pupils to instruct in one branch of ecclesiastical learning; and the Ordination Office was to me a dead letter. Suddenly the excitement, then at its height, about Church principles, aroused me. I read the vows of

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Ordination with new eyes as a reality; as a reality which I had voluntarily undertaken, and wilfully neglected; I began to see the true character of the Christian ministry; and it was clear that having once pledged myself it was no longer a matter of choice, so I determined to seek some work among my fellow-creatures, and no longer to shut up my existence between the covers of a book; but there was great awkwardness and difficulty in the task. I was accustomed to teach and to influence minds through the press, and my name was known as a writer, not only in my own peculiar line of verbal and historical research, but also by that volume of poems, which had unhappily been published, and which I could not now suppress. I did not care for its being in people's hands while I was shut up, perfectly apart from it; but how could I face living men and women with these things fastened to my name, so that anybody might read my thoughts and feelings and aspirations, and compare them with myself? Perhaps it was vanity; but whatever was its source, the mortification of such a prospect was very great to a man in his fortieth year, of shy manners, reserved habits, and morbid—I would say selfish—sensitiveness; so very great that I shrunk back from several offered appointments, and at last caught at one the most unattractive to every man in my College. I heard a man say at commons, 'Will any one go to the west coast of Ireland? here is a letter from a friend of mine who is obliged to go abroad for his wife's health, and wants some one to fill his place for a few months.'

Here, I thought, I could begin my parochial life, and get away as soon as I had conquered the first difficulty. My name and my books would there be unknown, (of course they never read in Ireland!) probably there would be no work, as it was a parish stretching along the wild shore of the Atlantic, between the mountains and the ocean; but I could get accustomed to the position of a parish clergyman, (I fancied I knew its duties,) and to the sound of my own voice in a country congregation, and then—as I often repeated to myself—and then leave it for ever: so my services were offered and accepted, and I was requested to make no delay, as the rector, Mr. Mansell, must be gone before a certain Sunday, and there was not a clergyman within twenty miles who could come for a single service. It was in this brief interval I learned what would have made me draw back had it not been too late; I was to be received at the glebe by the mother and sister of the Rector, and they were to make me acquainted with the parish!

'Impossible,' I said; 'I shall go to the village inn.'

'My dear Sir, do you know the coast? there is no village, and no inn, within twenty-three miles.'

'Then I shall lodge in a farm-house.'

'Be it so,' answered my friend, smiling; 'but I advise you not to decide until you see what an Irish farm-house is like.'

'And as to showing me the parish—where are the church-wardens?'

'Perhaps there are none.'

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'Then the squire of the parish could point out the boundaries, and so on?'

'The squire, or rather the lord of the soil, has a house about ten miles from the church; but he lives in London, or at one of his English residences.'

It was too late to retract. I heard that Mr. Mansell's father had died long ago of wounds received at Waterloo; that the son, when he entered holy orders, was presented to this living by the Government, in whose gift it was, and that his mother, Lady Eleanor, and her daughter, resided with him; they were the eldest and youngest of a numerous family, several of whom had died in infancy, and the girl had been brought up from childhood in this wilderness, educated by her mother and brother; this was all I heard or cared to learn about them.

I need not describe the journey, and yet you, who travel the same ground so often, can have no idea of what it was then; what is now an ill-natured caricature of poor Ireland was then literally true; broken cars, kicking horses, rope harness, tipsy drivers, and all the rest of it; and right glad I was when, on the fourth day after leaving Oxford, the unmistakeable voice of the Atlantic told me I was near my destination.

Now I shall go minutely over the first few days; you could not otherwise understand it; and remember, dear George, that every hour is so engraven on my mind that I can call up any scene at pleasure, just as you would turn the leaves of a photographic album; so that often, when I sit silent in your presence, I am seeing forms, and hearing voices—yes, and *enjoying* conversations that exist only in my memory.

It was in this drawing-room, where I now write. I was courteously and hospitably welcomed by Lady Eleanor, who spoke of her absent son and of the benefit I conferred on them by taking his place. This was the first time I ever saw hereditary rank severed from wealth and splendour; yet nothing about Lady Eleanor ever seemed out of place or out of keeping; the Earl's daughter and the parson's mother, the lady whose early associations had been with fashion and courtly style, and the dweller in the wildest region of our empire, combined in her with perfect consistency, and a perfect dignity. It was not as if she had formerly belonged to one circle and was now reduced to another, for in the change of position she carried with her all the distinctive marks of high society, and it would have been impossible to conceive her in any circumstances that she would not adorn and elevate. She spoke of the inconveniences of my journey with regret, but without that depreciation of the manners of her country so common to Irish people when speaking to the English; she was sorry, she said, that my kindness had been tried by so much that was disagreeable, but she hoped I might enjoy the scenery; in every country, wild mountain scenery must be reached through difficulties. It was one of those gorgeous sun-sets, which you and I, dear George, love so much; the sun was sending a glorious pillar of fire down into the sea, and casting its last rays with a power beyond the noon-tide into the

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room. The door opened, and a light girlish figure entered, as it were, into those sunbeams, which seemed to circle and close around her, radiant and calm. She had not heard of my arrival, and started at the sight of a stranger; but, graciously acknowledging my presence, she passed hastily forward, and knelt down beside her mother.

I only heard the words 'burn,' and 'child,' and 'arm;' but it was evident she was relating some case of pressing want, and having received directions, she left the room with a little basket of keys. All the detail of that slight figure was stamped on my perception by a mental photography; the modest bonnet that shaded her face, the white dress, (she always wore white,) the black mantle so gracefully falling around her; then the unconsciousness of self which the whole movement expressed, and the varying looks of pity, of urgency of pleading, that passed over her features in that short moment, the unconscious action, the hands clasped, then raised, then pointing—all as if pleading for some urgent necessity of her own. I learned afterwards that she was begging permission to walk again to a distant cottage, where she had found a child burned; and, as usual, she obtained her petition, and carried and applied the remedies. When she returned, dressed for the evening, she welcomed me with graceful courtesy, and apologised for not having done so earlier, 'as someone was waiting in great distress.' I had a letter of introduction to the formidable sister, and hesitated in presenting it, saying, 'Perhaps the lady is not here;' it could scarcely be that this young girl was the person to show me the parish, and direct me in its duties, and I half expected the other to appear, so that I was relieved when she said, 'Yes, thank you, it is for me,' and having glanced over it, entered into animated conversation about the writer and the subject of the letter. My anxiety lest I should be domesticated with these ladies was set at rest, for Lady Eleanor informed me that separate apartments were arranged for me, so that I need only join them when it was my pleasure to do so; my pleasure, however, never led to one solitary meal. Strange to say, that was the first evening I ever conducted family worship; it began with a hymn, in which the ladies and servants united their voices very sweetly, and then I was asked to read a chapter, which, I observed, was not the proper Lesson.

When we separated for the night, I received a gracious invitation to breakfast next morning; but before that hour I witnessed a scene which was of daily recurrence, but which, on this first occasion, took me by surprise. I was attracted to the window by a buzz of voices, and saw—some seated on garden stools and benches, some squatted on the gravel—about twenty figures, each of which would have been invaluable to Punch as a caricature of the ragged Irish; almost all were bare-footed, and their costume was really mysterious; what had been the original shape or material of those motley garments—how the owners ever got in or could ever get out of them, were problems; some were lame, one was blind, some had no infirmity but age, one woman carried an infant on

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each arm, some girls and boys were there as messengers, and two men of less ragged appearance; many held empty cans and pitchers, and while waiting to have their various wants supplied, they were chatting and laughing as merrily and as much at their ease as if by their own fire-side, while two large dogs and a small one walked gravely among the party, as if on familiar terms with them all. Soon Miss Mansell and a servant (our faithful housekeeper, dear George,) appeared among them, and then Lady Eleanor; and the window being open, I heard as well as saw what was going on. Some wanted milk, and their cans were sent to be filled; wine, old linen; eye-water; 'a piece to mend my gown;' 'a petticoat for the child;' baby clothes; 'straw to thatch my cabin while the weather is dry;' 'a "lock of turf" because they burned it on us for a bonfire;' 'a letter from my son for Miss Ellie to read;' 'a letter to my daughter in America for Miss Ellie to write;' a request that my Lady would tell Molly somebody not to be scolding; one for 'the things for the sick man;' another only to tell 'how the child got the night;' an old piper to 'see if Miss Ellie could do anything to his bagpipes, which had gone all astray, and he expected at the wedding!' one man to beg her Ladyship would write to his landlord in London, 'to have patience about the rent;' another only to inquire what news from the Master? and had the English gentleman come yet, and what was he like at all? and then I heard a 'hush' from several voices, while the ladies and servants moved among them supplying their several demands. This levée was their only attempt to reduce their charities to system, and it was a signal failure, for though it brought all these wants at a certain hour, it did not check a continuance of applications all day long, not one of which was neglected. When all were satisfied, a bell rang for prayers, and as many of these strange visitors as pleased came in along with the household and the labourers from the fields, altogether forming a larger congregation than we now have at daily service.

I shall never forget that morning assembly; the poor Irish! they are far better off now in many respects; you do not see such rags or such beggary; but certainly you do not hear so much laughter and genuine fun and drollery, or see such rosy cheeks and dancing eyes; 'the mirth of the land has ceased.'

My first walk over these noble cliffs was with her; I had never seen the ocean in its unbroken majesty; and she said afterwards she felt as if she was going to present me to the Sovereign. I was conscious that she felt my unuttered delight, and that she guided me from point to point, with the skill of a painter and the perception of a poet; but I was struck then and always by her silence in the presence of the beautiful and the grand. She loved nature with a reverence so deep and heartfelt, that she could no more have spoken light words of praise and admiration than she could have been garrulous about her mother's love and excellence. A glance, a scarcely perceptible movement of hand or eye, directed my attention to the effect of light and shade on certain points,

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to the peculiarity of the outline, to any beauty that a stranger might pass unobserved, anything in which her familiarity with the scenery could assist my enjoyment of it; but she allowed me to see and admire for myself, never distracting my attention from one object by exclaiming at the beauty of another, never breaking one idea by the intervention of a different one. I have seen her cheek grow pale and flush again before the majesty of those waves; I have seen her gaze on the glorious sun-set or on the moon reflected in the water with eyes that spoke a homage beyond the sun or moon; I have seen those sweet eyes fill with tears of pleasure over a new-blown flower; I have seen the varied characters of nature reflected in her mood, making her gay or solemn, pensive or glad; but I have never heard her expatiate on the scenery in which she delighted, and seldom did she speak of her love of beauty or its influence on the mind; never, except long after, when in confidential intercourse she unfolded all her treasures of thought and imagination. We walked by the cliffs to the coast-guard station, where she said my accent would be like home music to the English families; and afterwards we visited a school, in which each child seemed to possess some peculiar interest of character or circumstance; it was a long low hovel, inscribed over the door, 'London Ladies Hibernian Female School;' presided over by a female teacher, who inquired would I be pleased to examine them? but when I asked a question from the Church Catechism, there was a look of blank surprise on the faces of the children, and of consternation on those of Miss Mansell and the teacher, who drew near to me and whispered, 'O Sir, I beg your Reverence's pardon, but we dare not teach them anything about the Church; they are all Roman Catholics; and their parents *put up* with the New Testament for Miss Ellie's sake; but they would never come back if we spoke of the Catechism.' I then took them in the chapters they had prepared, and was indeed astonished at the clearness and brightness of their comprehension.

Many a smile and glance of quick intelligence passed between the lady and the children, while they answered the English gentleman's questions. I had thought of a parish school only as an instrument, of which the pupils formed part of the machinery, and observed with some surprise, 'Each of these children seems an especial favourite.'

'Well,' she replied, 'each is a favourite for some reason; no one could help loving them, they are so nice.' My idea of nice was strangely in contrast with these bare legs and laughing faces and unkempt locks; she perceived it, and said gently, 'I do not mean neat or orderly; that cannot be at present, for these are very wild children, and if we annoy them by attempting too much we shall lose them altogether; we have other schools, where they are better regulated.'

But I understood her application of the word nice when, on our way homeward, a group of these little ones stood before us, flushed and panting after a race across the fields to collect the bouquets of wild flowers which they now presented to her. She sat down on a rock to

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receive and arrange them, and while I was examining with my pocket microscope one she gave to me,* I saw and heard the merry group.

'O Miss Ellie,' said a tall girl, with a deprecating glance at her torn pinafore, and her feet cased in black mud, 'I had to go ever so far into the bog for this bog-bean; won't you wear it in your hair?'

'I shall keep it in water, Maggie; it is too lovely for dress.'

'Not too beautiful for you, Miss Ellie, darling!' replied the girl, with a look of intense admiration.

'And perhaps, Maggie, I shall paint its likeness and show it to you.'

'And, Miss Ellie, I had a great race after this red milk-wort,' said another; 'won't you keep them, and think who got them for you?'

'I shall take as many as I can carry,' she replied, 'and with the rest I crown my little girl that takes such care of her poor granny;' and hastily twining the flowers into a garland, she placed it on the head of a little one who looked the poorest and most ragged of the group, and who ran away laughing, followed by the whole party, over sand-banks and rocks.

'Do you teach them botany, Miss Mansell?' I inquired in my dry way.

'Oh no, poor things!' she replied; but we want them to enjoy all the lovely things God has spread around them.'

And now we came to a hovel, sunk below the level of the path, into which, after asking me to excuse her absence for a few minutes, she dived, and was received with a yell of welcome. I heard the loud voices within, and her own gentle tones, all speaking a language unknown to me; and she soon emerged, amid clouds of peat smoke, having deposited the basket she had carried all the way; and followed by yells in the same unknown tongue, which the gesticulations of the speaker showed to be blessings and thanks.

'I beg your pardon for leaving you,' she said, 'but there is typhus fever in that house.'

'And have you no fear of infection?'

'None,' she replied; 'but if I had, there is no choice; for they are, unfortunately, such very bad people that none of their neighbours care for them, and we have to do everything. One of the men has lately been imprisoned in the county jail.'

'For what crime?' I asked.

'For burning our hay-stack and killing our sheep,' she replied, with some hesitation, and a blush as if she had done it herself.

'And would they injure you now?'

'I hope not; but they are very wicked and totally ignorant. However, there is a great improvement; they used to throw stones at me, to frighten me from going to that school, and now they send one of their own children—that pretty blue-eyed child, who gave me the milkwort.'

* In the writer's pocket-book was found a Pinguicula, carefully pressed, and inscribed, 'My first walk in Ireland.'

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'You speak their language—Gaelic?' I observed.

'Irish,' she replied, correcting me with a look, something like displeasure at any slight to her country. 'Irish; my native language.'

'Is it not very difficult to acquire?' I asked.

'Not much more difficult than German, if one had the same helps; but I found it necessary to give up German, so as to give my whole attention to it.'

'Was not that a great sacrifice?'

'I confess it was,' she replied; 'but there are hundreds here who speak no other language, and while we are ignorant of theirs we cannot be their friends and comforters; so I had no choice.'

Wherever duty spoke she always felt she had no choice, and her conception of the extent or demands of duty never was limited by her own taste or convenience. If a sacrifice was to be made she did not deny that it was a sacrifice, though she made it cheerfully and without hesitation; but, generally speaking, the master-passion of her heart, a pure and enthusiastic benevolence, caused her own inclination and preference to coincide with any effort to which she was called for the good of others; including in that idea of their good, all service, from the drawing a sinner from his evil way, or saving a life, down to relieving an old man of his burden, or turning a child from tears to smiles.

Until she knew me well enough to cease to fear me, she fancied I was too learned and too abstracted to be conscious of what was passing around me, so that while I looked at a book, or hid behind a sheet of The Times, all went on as if I were not in the room; as she afterwards said, I had the happy art of letting myself be forgotten; and thus I could observe their pleasant household ways, and hear their discursive talk, and see her innocent playfulness with her mother, unchecked by the presence of a stranger; and sometimes, when I was shut up in the study, her merry laugh, or a joyous gush of song, would reach me from the garden beneath like a breath of summer air rustling the leaves of an old book.

I see I have omitted to mention the companions of her walks and out-of-door occupations, yet I cannot recall her figure in field or garden, or on the sea-shore, without the accompaniment of her dogs, who at first caused her much care lest they should offend my evident distaste to their society; every animal seemed to love her, and in everyone she seemed to have, or rather she had, for there was no seeming in her, a peculiar interest; she studied their instincts and habits, not as a scientific naturalist, but as a friend who wished to gratify them.

I must try to describe the first Sunday. The *morning* service did not commence till *noon*; but there was a Sunday school two hours earlier, in which I was requested to take the Rector's class; it consisted of young people of both sexes, and again I was alike surprised and gratified by the intelligence and knowledge of Holy Scripture which they displayed; though I afterwards found that some of them were sorely puzzled by my

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'foreign' accent, and asked, 'Was it Welch or French the gentleman was talking?' Lady Eleanor taught about a dozen of the younger children; while her daughter's pupils were those of any age who could not read; there were in her class aged men and women, with their grandchildren on their knees, all listening with intelligent eagerness to what she told them, and putting in their own questions and observations, to which she gave respectful attention; a few of the ragged morning levée were among them, but there were many respectable and venerable figures, all looking to their young teacher with affectionate earnestness, while her whole face and manner (I did not hear her words) expressed a total oblivion of self, and intense interest in those she spoke to.

The interior of the church startled me; it was like a white-washed barn, divided into square compartments; no font, no chancel, and the pulpit placed in front of the communion table; not only was there no attempt at ornament, but it was studiously avoided; everything as plain, as dingy, and in fact as ugly, as possible. Lady Eleanor and some others never ceased to connect this bald plainness and absence of all attraction, with the idea of a spiritual worship; and I have no doubt would look with regret on the church which now replaces that unseemly building; and though Ellie's views very soon altered, and she became keenly alive to the privilege of dedicating our best to the service of the Sanctuary, yet at that time she had never perceived the deficiency; she, who so intensely appreciated natural beauty as an instrument of praise and thanksgiving; whose spirit rose in devotion with every fresh perception of created loveliness, had never associated with such feelings the harmony of form and colour produced by art; even music was to her scarcely an element of devotion; and of the significance of ecclesiastical architecture she had never thought.

I mention this, because now, when we are so fully, and perhaps too keenly, alive to all the value of artistic beauty in the service of religion, we are disposed to condemn unjustly those who do not see as we do; as though they were unwilling to consecrate of their fairest unto the Lord, whereas they do not see that it is a suitable offering; the taste or feeling requires to be educated, if not created. In Ellie's mind it was lying dormant, though capable, as was afterwards shown, of the finest cultivation, while in Lady Eleanor's it never existed.

There were two or three empty square pews, decently furnished, which belonged to the absent proprietors of the parish, and were kept sacred to their use or non-use; and the congregation, with the exception of the rector's and doctor's households and some coast-guards and policemen, consisted of yeomen and farmers with their families, and those of a yet lower grade. Most of the women wore great blue cloaks, with hoods over their white caps, and I saw, for the first time, bare feet within the walls of a church; yet, as I looked at the uplifted faces, full of intelligence, I had no fear that the dullness of my auditory would cause a difficulty in instructing their ignorance; and I had reason afterwards to

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know that not one thought was wasted on heedless ears. These people had been well instructed by their pastor, not only from the pulpit, but in his daily visitation from house to house; and I found among them as much intelligence, and more knowledge of Holy Scripture, than among any rural congregation I have since met. The Bible was their one book, and the constant subject of their study and their conversation. But I must finish that first Sunday. The afternoon service did not commence until six o'clock; and I was making some uncharitable remarks in my own mind on the long space between the hours of worship, when I discovered that, by some at least, the interval had not been wasted. The aged poor who lived at a distance, were fed at the glebe, attended by the ladies, to save the servants trouble on the day of rest, and then Miss Mansell disappeared until she took her place at the evening service; and I found she had been to read the Psalms and Lessons at a distant hamlet, where the Rector always held an afternoon service, which they had thought too much for me.

It was in the course of that first week, that I one morning shut myself up to complete a manuscript on which I was engaged; but my attention was irresistibly attracted by a boat which sailed early towards the island. There was no church there at that time, and the light-house being the only conspicuous building, I had thought of it only as a picturesque mass of rock rising abruptly out of the waves that dashed and raved around it. After some hours the boat re-appeared, and having watched its progress through those tremendous billows, (you know what the swell is even in the calmest weather,) I went to see its arrival at the landing-place, where I was surprised to find Lady Eleanor waiting, she said, to meet her daughter. I exclaimed, 'Is it possible she is in that boat! what a fearful risk!' There was some haughtiness in her tone as she replied, 'There is no danger in so calm a day as this. Miss Mansell is not imprudent; the old boatman is experienced and skilful. My maid (formerly her own nurse) accompanies her in all these expeditions.' There was nothing Lady Eleanor disliked more than being supposed to do anything uncommon, or out of the routine of society, so that my observation and evident surprise annoyed her; but in a moment, she added earnestly, 'But if there was some danger, and if there was some hardship, I would not forbid it; in the cause of charity I would see my daughter encounter difficulty, just as I saw her father go to battle. As good soldiers of Jesus Christ, we have not only to resist the enemy within our own hearts; we must contend against the misery and darkness which sin has produced around us. In this instance, however, there is no cause for anxiety.'

As she sprung from the boat on the beach she was welcomed in her mother's embrace as if after a long separation; and as they walked towards the house, I gathered from their conversation the object of the excursion.

'Were the young women at the light-house pleased with the last books?'

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'Quite interested; and they talked of what they had read, and asked for more; and the seeds are coming up nicely in that hopeless little garden between the rocks, so that they quite take pleasure in it; and they have begun to teach those poor children, and quite gladly undertook to make the orphan's clothes—they are *very* good girls.'

'Well, I hope they are improving, poor things! And the coast-guard?'

'They promise to bring the baby next Sunday for baptism, and will all come to church to hear the English gentleman;' (with a shy smile to me;) 'and, Mamma, I have promised that you and Nurse will be sponsors for the baby, as they have no friends in Ireland.'

'Were the strawberries acceptable to the sick girl?'

'Well, as she had never seen any before, I had to eat one first, to re-assure her, and she and I nearly enacted the scene of Robinson Crusoe and Friday and the salt—but she enjoyed the tea and the white loaf. I asked about oranges, but she had heard tell they were "some bad kind of a lily flower," and she would have nothing to do with them. And, Mamma, the light-house girls and the coast-guard's wife went to see her twice, and promise to be kind to her—was not that good of them?'

'Was your rope approved of?'

Here the bright face was overcast; and in a subdued tone she answered, 'O Mamma, darling! I wish I had thought of it sooner! Only yesterday, a boy was nearly killed by the cord giving way just as he reached the sea-fowl's nest, down the face of the cliff; but he clung to a projecting rock till help came; so you can imagine how glad they were to get that fine strong rope.'

'And how was the Irish Scripture-reader received?'

'If he had gone alone, they would have driven him off the island; but I begged of them (in Irish) just to let him read them a bit of the story of peace; and when I left the island, he was sitting on the rocks, reading the last chapters of St. Matthew to four fishermen; and they asked him to remain the night to finish it.'

'You will think us very wild Irish people, Mr. Barton,' said her mother, when she had left us, 'when I tell you that this expedition takes place every week in fine weather. The island is part of my son's parish; at times it is inaccessible, and no boat can cross to or from it for several days, occasionally a whole month; but when it is possible, he visits there regularly, and his sister accompanies him. During his absence, she promised to continue her part.'

'It does seem a severe life for a young girl.'

'Severe? Yes,' she repeated thoughtfully, 'severe; but not harsh or painful; never was a young creature more perfectly happy.'

It was indeed true; she seemed ever to exult in a joyous sense of existence, an overflowing vitality and happiness, that communicated itself to all around her. Every eye brightened as it met hers; and all kindly

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and pleasant emotions seemed to flow forth to greet her; and her life was a thanksgiving to Him who had given her 'all things richly to enjoy.'

I was disposed to regard this island mission as a great event, something she might be proud or humble about, and was prepared to receive her as a heroine or a devotee; but when she joined us in her pretty evening dress, there was nothing to remind us that her morning had not been spent among her flowers, except that her colour was heightened by the sea-breeze, and her eyes were sparkling with that peculiar gladness, which they seemed to catch from the waves in sunshine, bright and blue; and no allusion was made to the island, except that she was rejoicing over some shells and sea-weeds she had gathered there.

Another parish scene comes vividly before my mind, as it first struck me; though now it is a common one to me and to you.

It was the first cottage lecture, to conduct which Lady Eleanor asked me with some hesitation; and her daughter added, 'I am sure you would like it, if you were once there.' They were in some awe of the extreme civilization (!) of all my ideas; (*alias* the narrowness and hardness;) and I think she was unused to the propriety of my clerical costume; as, afterwards, she told me her own apprehensions reminded her of the poor man who feared the mountains must be offensive to a lady, they were so big and rough!

However, we all set off on the outside jaunting-car; and turning inland, got upon that bog road, with its occasional rugged stone dykes on either hand, and its frequent morasses and bog-holes, into which a false step of the horse must have thrown us. After about five miles of very rough travelling, we were suddenly stopped by a group of men, just returning from their day's labour: the car could go no farther, and we all proceeded to walk across some fields of heather and gorse. Poor Lady Eleanor, who had come to do me honour, was conducted by one man, the horse led by another, (the car being left on the roadside,) while Miss Mansell went before her mother as pioneer, one of the people observing, 'It's Miss Ellie that knows every dry spot, and every tussock, as well as the hares; and sure it's like a hare she goes over them, and did from a child.' All the other men devoted themselves to my Reverence; and entered into conversation, first on my journey, which they feared had been a long one—Oxford was such an out-of-the-way place, worse than London itself; and then, to my amazement, entered on politics, expressing a lively interest in the slave question, then reaching its culmination, and taking a strong Conservative or rather old Tory, view of every subject. They were all too polite to express a doubt of my powers of bog-trotting; but I observed an anxious glance from Ellie when I was in danger of a slip, to which my attendants answered, 'Never fear, Miss Ellie, darling; we'll guide his honour's Reverence safe and dry-shod.'

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Dear Lady Eleanor! even on that wild morass, she looked so composed, and self-possessed, as if it were the habit of all ladies to traverse the same ground; even her dress preserving its air of drawing-room elegance.

At last, we reached the cottage; a long low mud edifice, thatched with straw, very different from the substantial house, with its slate roof, which you know now occupies its place. About twenty people, of all ages, were assembled, the members of our Church, who, living in that remote region, required especial and peculiar pastoral care, and who, if neglected, would have sunk into a state of godless indifference, if their Protestant prepossessions had saved them from the surrounding idolatry: the fact is, a neglected Protestant is in the very worst position, for he has not even superstition to recall him to a sense of the supernatural; and as you know, this well-cared for settlement still shows the good fruit of Mr. Mansell's kindly vigilance. They had reserved the three chairs for us, and seated themselves in all sort of odd positions; but I soon forgot all the trifling peculiarities; even the cow, which occupied one end of the cabin, and was in due time joined there by our horse, and the poultry, which were at roost over our heads. Every man, woman, and child, had a testament, and read the alternate verses well, and answered with intelligence every question I put to them, and asked many in their turn, as their minister had encouraged them to do. Lady Eleanor and her daughter were not there as teachers or spectators, but as parts of the congregation; and Ellie answered any questions I addressed to her with the docility of a little child; while one of her old admirers exclaimed, 'It's Miss Ellie that can tell the rights of it, your Reverence, and give you her answer as well as the Rector himself—God bless him!—and could since she was the height of my knee!'

Darkness added to the difficulties of our return; but our way over the bog, and as far as the road, was enlightened by torches of blazing bog fir, carried by the men; and a pretty and picturesque procession it formed, wild and strange, with those two gentle ladies in the midst of such a scene.

She would have been incredulous, had she heard it recorded that her whole strength was devoted to acts of charity; yet such was the fact; not as a rule, but because she yielded herself to every claim of the needy, and they did claim all she possessed. It was not that as a matter of stern duty she dedicated so many hours of each day to the poor as a class, but that the individuals around her had some want—to be clothed, to be fed, or nursed, or cheered, or comforted, or visited—and she never thought of turning away her face; she never closed her eyes to the sight, or her ears to the cry, of distress, or passed by with indifference any want it was in her power to relieve. Political economy would frown on her want of system, or even method; but I am only telling what was, not what might have been. Her life of ceaseless benevolence was the outflowing of a spirit of grateful love; each separate

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act was a spontaneous impulse; she lived so entirely in and for others, and was so thoroughly imbued with the love of Him who went about doing good, that it became a difficult question how far she was exercising self-denial; and in the study of her life, I learned that where there is a real abnegation of self, a real leaving of self behind, there is little room for that sort of petty conflict between inclination and duty, which is often exalted into a virtue, and regarded as the highest attainment. Truly beautiful it was to see her just when in full intellectual enjoyment—just when reading a passage of poetry, that made her eye kindle and her lip quiver, just when grasping a thought at which her mind had been aiming vaguely—suddenly break off, and with childlike simplicity attend to some trifling arrangement for her mother's accommodation, or start up at the frequent call, 'Miss Ellie, one wants you.'

I have seen her performing the most painful offices for the sick and helpless, dressing wounds, at which her cheek grew pale, and in a few minutes return with unbroken interest to resume the study or conversation. The first time I accidentally found her thus engaged, she was kneeling on the flags, bathing a swollen limb; she mistook my cold scrutiny for disapprobation, and answered it with a deep blush, and the words, uttered very low and very reverently, 'Ye also ought to wash one another's feet.' There was nothing abrupt in these transitions; the playfulness of a merry child, the deep feeling of a thoughtful woman, the practical energy of a philanthropist, the earnestness of a being thoroughly imbued with the perception and the love of truth, blended into each other, so that there was 'nothing sudden, nothing single.' Her idiosyncracy was one—a perfect whole, though composed of ceaseless variety; and she was none the less firmly rooted and grounded in fixed principle, because she was flexible to every touch of human sympathy, and changeful in the reflection of every light and shadow. There was nothing inconsistent between that 'exulting outside look of youth,' and the exquisite pathos of her eyes, and the quick sensitive expression of lip and brow; nor was there anything that took you by surprise in the depth of thought and intensity of intellectual pursuit which lay beneath, or rather mingled with her simplicity and playfulness: it was like the beauty of the clouds, where the most intense and gorgeous colouring glides imperceptibly into the tender and delicate tints of nameless hue, and all combine to form one canopy, one sky.

She had naturally a noble thirst for knowledge; and her mind had just reached the point where the receptiveness of childhood changes to the active inquiry of maturity: she was full of questionings, though never of doubts and scruples, for her faith was steadfast, and her conscience healthful; she had read a great deal, and had thought deeply, and just what she wanted to meet the cravings of an intellect, was contact with another mind that had gone before and beyond her own.

I was able to teach her much; to direct her exertions for self-cultivation, and to clear up much that had been obscure; to help her

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to see things in their just proportions; and all the while that I was learning from her the lessons which have formed my life since, she was looking up to me with the enthusiastic reverence, with which the philosophers of Greece were regarded by their disciples. That volume of poems had long been her favourite companion, though, with her exquisite tact, she concealed this from me until our confidence had gone beyond my natural reserve and awkwardness: she did not even speak when Lady Eleanor inquired, Was I related to the author? evidently thinking it impossible I could myself be a poet!

She was well supplied with books, though there was not a bookseller's shop within a hundred miles, or any of the facilities that now exist for those who wish to read; and she had reflected much and deeply. Strange it was, but true, that the very questions which then occupied and absorbed the deepest thinkers in England, had been stirring the mind of this young girl, in her lonely rambles attended by her dogs, or her lonely sittings beside the waves. Difficulties never troubled or perplexed her; the great facts, which are the foundations of our most holy faith, being immoveable, she was not *disturbed* by the consciousness of her own ignorance and narrowness of perception, while she waited at the source of Light for further instruction, and thankfully availed herself of every opportunity. Even in lighter things too, I was able to meet her thirst for knowledge, and a brightness and refreshing came over my own observations in communicating them to her: the picture galleries which I had traversed and examined as a hard critic, seemed almost vivified as I described them, and saw her appreciation of the ideas conveyed by an art she had never seen; and so it was with everything. My old hard nature seemed in her presence to burgeon and bloom.

I believe that, had I never seen her after the first evening, there would have been an indelible impression on my whole existence; I think she entered my heart almost as she entered this room. It was not an excited sense of admiration; it was simply that *she*, such as she was, became a part of my inner life, which could never by weal or woe be detached from it. I used to please myself with the thought, that it was like a child coming into a dull and silent house; the windows are thrown open, sunshine and air are admitted, chambers are searched that had been locked and forgotten, the old walls echo to sounds of gladness; light and voice have come. I loved her at once, though I loved her increasingly. Very soon I began to regard as sacred whatever she had touched or used, almost as I do now: if I saw a careless hand approach a book or flower of hers, I felt—somewhat as I did the other day, when I so hastily and rudely removed your whip and gloves from that little table in the window, which was once her work-table: I had a mysterious consciousness of her presence, even if I did not see her; an indescribable consciousness, too, of her unspoken thoughts. I never deceived myself by calling it mere friendship; I knew that I loved as man or woman

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can love but once. The first love of youth is fervent and beautiful; but the power and majesty of the passion is only known where it enters the heart of a strong man. I did thus love her, yet without one selfish feeling; to see her, to hear her, to share her interests as I did—in fact, to know that she existed—was so much to me, that I never was tempted to look beyond the present. I knew perfectly that what I felt for her she never could feel for me, that no visions of a mutual future must ever be cherished; and at that time there was no pain in the conviction, so entirely had self disappeared while I lived in her: but the awakening came.

You know, even now, the effect of the cry of 'Puseyism;' it was at that time more vehement, as it was more ignorant and unreasonable; it was regarded as some mysterious evil, embracing every shade of error, however opposite and incompatible; and those who uttered and those who echoed the accusation of 'Puseyism,' only meant something very dreadful, with little definite meaning.

I had taken the Church Catechism as the subject of my Sunday evening lectures, not in truth with any controversial tendency, or with any intention of contradicting the teaching of my brother clergymen, but simply because I found the people, so well taught in other things, very ignorant in this; as Lady Eleanor observed, 'It is so difficult to make them understand that the words do not mean what they appear to express.'

Some of these lectures were heard and disapproved by visitors, attracted to the church by curiosity; and the observance of one of the festivals, which I was not aware was usually neglected in Ireland, (All Saints' Day,) was the occasion of raising the cry of 'Puseyism' against me; and then my dress, my manner, and my doctrine, apparently the least important of the three, were brought up in confirmation of the charge. I received a formal request from the Bishop that I would at once resign the temporary care of the parish, for which he would himself provide during the Rector's absence, as even the discussion of the accusations brought against me would excite painful disturbance in his diocese. The very principles which his Lordship condemned, obliged me to yield instant obedience; indeed, as I held the appointment only by his permission, I doubt whether I could have resisted had I been so minded. But while my resignation was passing through the post-office, there came an official order, given at the request of the neighbouring clergy, that I should not again perform service in the parish: the Bishop was a very old man, and these clergymen thought they were doing right; they were pious and active men, and a few years later many of them discovered that the doctrines they then condemned were in their Bibles, and the practices in their Prayer-books. The congregation were actually gathered for a week-day service, and I had to dismiss them.

The keen and indignant sense of wrong which belongs to her country was very strong in her nature; and it rose at this insult to her friend. For the first time she waited for me in the aisle, and for the first time

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she volunteered to take my arm; and her whole figure assumed an air of dignity and pride, at which I could not but smile, as she walked through the little assembly, thus making conspicuous the honour and veneration in which she held me.

Once more I was to stand beside her in that aisle—once more to pass with her through that churchyard—but not to see her there ever again.

Then came the separation; after six months of a communion as perfect—a love on the one side, and a friendship on the other—as pure and as true as ever blessed the human heart.

The evening previous to my departure, Lady Eleanor was confined to her own apartment by slight illness, and we were alone. She brought me as a parting gift a little set of sketches, which you will find with this: the coast-guard station we first visited; the church; the island, where I had often been with her; the half built school-house, which I had begun as a gift to the parish; a view of the cliffs from the water, and of the mountains from her flower-garden. In the first page there is a wreath of violets, surrounding the words,

'Thoughts of good together done.'

She pointed to the two verses thus referred to in the 'Christian Year,' then quite recently published, with which I had made her acquainted; and repeated in a low voice,

'O joys, that sweetest in decay,
Fall not like withered leaves away;
But, with the silent breath
Of violets dropping one by one,
Soon as their fragrant task is done,
Are wafted high in death.'

She raised her eyes to my face, and read there the depth of sorrow I had intended to conceal. In a startled tone she said, 'I thought you would be glad to return to England; are you so *very* sorry?'

I answered, and the words sounded hard and distant, and beat on my ear as if spoken by another: 'I did not know the human heart was capable of such anguish.'

She looked at me with those earnest eyes. 'Why? is it about the Bishop? will it injure you in England?'

I answered, 'You, Ellie—leaving you.'

'Me!' she exclaimed, with unfeigned astonishment and terror. 'You have been so good to me—but—'

And then I spoke; I told her all that was in my heart. She stood before me with folded hands and downcast eyes, like a child hearkening to severe rebuke. I begged of her to remember our happy intercourse, when I had returned to my solitary home.

After a long pause, she repeated the word, 'Solitary. Have I helped to make it solitary? Surely you will find a companionship more worthy of you than mine.'

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I besought her not to say that; and I told her the plain fact, that I had never thought of marriage, because I had never thought of love, and that I would never think of it again.'

'And I have doomed you to a solitary home—perhaps to a desolate old age,' she said, slowly and thoughtfully; 'it is very very dreadful.'

My journey commenced early; and in the dim twilight of a December morning, I found her in the breakfast-room: the blight of an intense mental conflict was in her face; her hands were clasped with a nervous intensity; she seemed to shiver in the chilly air; and there was an expression of submissive endurance, as if she had suffered for years.

She began at once, in a low calm voice, as if rehearsing a prepared speech: 'My dear kind friend, I have wronged you grievously; I did not intend it, but I must have tried to appear better than I am, or you could never never have thought so of me. I was so proud of your approbation, I tried to win it in everything; and now—oh, do not interrupt me! let me say it all! I have never felt what that love is; I have only an ideal to sacrifice, an ideal that might never be realized; and I will make the sacrifice if you will accept it.'

It is said by those who have recovered from drowning, that in the moment when they hung between life and death, their whole past seemed to stand before them as a present vision; and so it was with me when she had spoken those words. In that moment, a future with her, a future placed within my grasp, was unrolled before me; thoughts and hopes that had never lived before sprang up in vigour; I saw a home in which she presided; I even thought of the position I could give her; I saw her as my own, my wife; but true love crushed the selfish imagination. The conflict was fearful, but it was brief; a conflict that curdled the struggles of years into a moment; a conflict in which the good and evil within strained every power for the mastery; but true love prevailed, pure and triumphant; and her mother's heart could not have folded round her more tenderly than mine to shield her from such a sacrifice.

Poor child! her gratitude, when I refused to accept it, found vent in floods of tears; and she actually knelt down, and kissed my hand, as though it had broken the chain that bound the victim to the stake. When her composure was restored, I told her what was the return I would accept for all the love I bore her: it was, that she would never believe or desire that I could change, and that she would never be startled into withdrawing the confidence of friendship by the fear that I might ever seek for more.

She looked at me again with those honest truthful eyes. 'But if on trial you find yourself desolate; if I have indeed blighted your life, you must allow me to make all the compensation I can.' And again there was that shudder of quivering pain, that expression of self-immolation; but she repeated, 'I am quite sincere; and I would be faithful and dutiful and grateful—oh, most grateful always.'

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At length I persuaded her that I could never find my happiness in any sacrifice of hers: and so we parted.

If she had trifled with my peace, if she had been cold or indifferent to my grief, if my conscience had been forced to accuse her of any fault, I should have been desolate indeed; but my esteem was only deepened; I could study and admire and honour her unfolding excellence, and my love remained my own, unsullied in its purity, strengthened in its power.

'There is a comfort in the strength of love;
It makes a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain or break the heart.'

And in this comfort my life has abounded. I have never—never except for one short interval—been solitary since I knew her; I have felt her life so influencing mine; I can so refer to her judgement; I know so well how she would act under every circumstance and view every subject—not to speak of that deeper and holier communion with which a stranger intermeddles not—that I cannot be alone—I speak in the present, as if she were still on earth; for there was that which could not die, and there *is* that which lives with a more close communion; the forms and modes of existence may alter, but the character they express changes not. Into my external life, too, into my relation with my fellow-creatures, she had brought vitality; other objects never were darkened by contrast with her brilliancy; her light was diffusive, and gave an interest to all around her. Hitherto I had regarded mankind in masses, and all my ideas for their good were fixed on extensive plans, on the machinery of benevolence; she taught me, without narrowing those views, to individualize; she brought into my existence the feminine element in which persons are regarded rather than things or ideas. I immediately entered on the duties of a parish, near my college, where I was kindly welcomed and congratulated on my return from my Irish exile; and in my parishioners I found the happy interest which arises from personal sympathy.

You were a baby-boy then, my dear George, and I wondered how you had become so lovely and attractive, but your mother assured me the change was not in you, but in my own perceptions; my heart and my eyes were opened. The effect was felt in my ministry; the sick and the solitary and the mourner were drawn to me; the children were so attached to me as to receive my instruction gladly; all—the young and the glad, as well as the aged and the sorrowful—came to love their minister, and I loved them, and daily discerned fresh points of assimilation between us.

Anyone to hear her speak would imagine she had lived among the most interesting people in the world; you would long to be acquainted with anyone she mentioned; no person or thing remained common-place or insignificant under her touch. I thought this was a charm peculiar to herself; but in absence I found it was just the power of truth and love that dwelt in her; it was not that she called evil good, or that she exaggerated the virtues she spoke of, but she discerned what was

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interesting in every human being, as the botanist discerns the most exquisite beauty in plants that would not attract the common eye. There is a beauty and an idiosyncrasy in every creature of God, that is full of interest; and we are blind to it because we have so little love; she had taught me to love, not herself alone, but all with whom His Providence connected me. No—I never again had a solitary heart; my heart never again had to 'eat itself;' it is a blessed thing to be beloved, but better still it is to love, as your favourite poet has since expressed it—

'God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off—and love is left alone.'

But though love was in one sense left alone, in another and higher it can never be alone. I say all this to you, dear George, lest you should reproach her, as she reproached herself, for my solitary life.

At first her letters, for she became at once a regular correspondent, were grave and constrained, like those of a child who had done wrong; but gradually, as I wrote of common subjects and daily interests, this wore off, and she became herself; and those letters present a better picture than I could draw of the ever varying yet ever consistent character of her nature; but I cannot let you read them: they are in the sandal-wood box, which I have directed to be placed in my coffin.

This went on for years; the development and strengthening of intellect, and the growth in deep and earnest piety, were unconsciously revealed, so that no link in her life was lost to me. At length a name was mentioned as a guest at the glebe; I observed a stronger expression of her affection and esteem for myself, a stronger assurance that she could never forget all my kindness; then came a wish that Mr. Lyndsey could know me, and that I could know him; he could appreciate me; he would be worthy of my friendship. I knew what was coming, and felt no pain when a long letter from dear Lady Eleanor, and a short one from herself, announced her approaching marriage. I knew Arthur Lyndsey by character; he had been a distinguished scholar in my University; and my brother, who was quartered in the Cathedral town in Ireland where he was curate, had frequently mentioned the zeal and devotedness of the eloquent young Oxonian.

I do believe he was worthy of her; I do believe that under his moulding hand she attained her highest perfection both of excellence and happiness. They walked as heirs together of the grace of life, having one aim, one hope, one aspiration; it seemed the fulfilled idea of Christian marriage. At first she seemed afraid to give utterance to the fullness of her heart; but I besought her to write to me freely, as she had been used to do, and then her felicity flowed out in every expression. She looked up to him and admired him so profoundly, and was so perfectly satisfied of his superiority to herself in every respect; she gloried in his worth and genius; she regarded him with a love and

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reverence that absorbed all thought of self; she thought herself so honoured in being his chosen wife, so raised above herself, that her identity seemed almost lost in his. His views, his thoughts, his words, and his deeds, filled every letter, not intentionally, for she often introduced herself in a postscript, but because he filled all space in her world; yet underlying all this self-forgetting there lay the dear home consciousness, the soft tender confidence that she was in his eyes as precious as he was in hers; the sweet companionship, the equality which love wrought out despite her intense conviction of her own inferiority.

I had come to live in their happiness, and to feel their bright life the sunshine of my own, for the conflict had been long past, and every selfish wound long healed; their parochial work and mine ran parallel, each availing themselves of suggestions from the other: while she continued to give me such a detail as enabled me to enter into and share their daily interests; he frequently appealed to me for the solution of difficulties, for information of which years had increased my store beyond his, or on questions of verbal criticism, and often said that his discourses were indebted to me for their most solid thoughts, so that they made me feel that I added something to their life. Suddenly, while I thought of them in perfect enjoyment and blooming health, I saw in a newspaper the announcement of his death, with the addition so frequent in the obituary of the Irish clergy, 'of typhus fever, caught in the discharge of his duty among the poor.' In the local newspapers columns were filled with lamentation, and testimonies to his value, with many respectful allusions to the young widow; she was childless too. I did not dare to write to her, and remained in suspense as to her state, until, by her own desire, her brother informed me of all that was to be told; the illness had been brief, and from the first hopeless; his mind had been clear, so that he had been able to comfort and strengthen her to the last. She was 'cast down, but not in despair;' 'despair dwells not in beams of everlasting love.' And now there was a new phase in her existence; it did seem strange, woefully strange, that she was a mourner, that she who was the consoler, she who was such a reservoir of joy and gladness that bright beams sparkled all around her; that she—with her merry eyes and gleesome laugh—was now a childless widow—Ellie herself the mourner.

I heard of her continually, and from her occasionally. That was the darkest period of my life; for not having known him, I was estranged from her. I deeply regretted the morbid feeling which had from time to time caused me to delay accepting his cordial invitations; had I been his friend, had I known their home, I might have shared and soothed her sorrow; now I could feel for her, but not with her, and the very servants who had loved their master were nearer to her than I was; could speak to her heart as I could not. And my heart was very lonely; but gradually as she arose from the dullness of a sudden blow so crushing, there appeared in her letters an elevation of the whole being, a sanctity, a sublime humility; and I found myself again a learner in that which

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Bishop Butler says is the whole of religion—'Resignation to the Divine Will;' while she, precious child! expressed to me all the depth of her bereavement, and all the depth and height of her consolation.

Another grief quickly followed in the death of her dear mother, and she was alone. Her brother and his wife urged her to make this glebe again her residence, but she decided on remaining in the place where he whom she had loved had laid down his life for his brethren, and she said, 'I shall not be desolate if I can feel his life prolonged in mine by carrying on his work among the afflicted.'

At length I determined to see her once again; and as I had a friend near the town, I went to his house and asked her to appoint an hour to receive me. It was eleven years since we had met. All that morning a scene floated before my eyes of which I had seldom thought in the interval; it was her romantic garden among the rocks after a summer gale from the west which had strewn the blossoms of yesterday over the ground, and had torn and beaten to the earth many of her favourite plants; and I seemed once more to see her, raising and binding them up with looks of tender pity as if the flowers could feel. I do not know why or how it was, but instead of being absorbed in the great reality of her bereavement, I seemed that day alive to every external change, even the most trifling. I was prepared for change, but not for such a contrast; for the vast ocean and her loved mountains, there was the narrow street with no view except the Cathedral which terminated it, where I knew her husband lay buried; for the white dress and gay blue ribbons fluttering in the breeze, there was the heavy mourning garb; for the ringlets that had used to glitter in the sun and toss in the wind, and shade her laughing eyes, there was that awful widow's cap binding her pale brow. I gazed a moment in silence; she raised her eyes to my face, and I saw Ellie once more; all the goodness and truth which made the loveliness of the bright girl spoke through the holy smile of the earth-stricken woman.

Oh, Ellie, Ellie! if I loved you well in your gladness and mirth, how did my very soul melt before the presence of your sorrow; how willingly would I have laid down life, or even reason; how gladly would I have passed for ever out of her memory, if I might thus have brought back her husband. I think she read it all in my face, for she answered my thought.

'Yes, I wish you had known him, for then you would not think my lot so sad; you would understand that I enjoy a companionship in the thought of him, that I am happier in having belonged to him than in all earth could have given; and there is a hope full of immortality.'

That first interview was very painful. There is something awful in a great and sublime sorrow that seems to place the mourner in another sphere of existence; sometimes I felt as if speaking to one who had passed out of this life altogether; sometimes it seemed as if she were encased in crystal—unapproachable; I felt as if I were looking at her image in a mirror, not at her real self; I thought of Wordsworth's expression, 'awfully impenetrable.' I left her that day, feeling cold and

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far off, and with a most painful sense of inferiority; but her exquisite tact perceived the cause of my pain; she had a too true sympathy to imagine that a sufferer spares the feelings of a friend by concealing his own; by such suppression we do indeed spare our acquaintances an assumed sympathy, but to a real friend it is chilling and painful just in proportion to their tenderness: she felt this, and at our next meeting she let me see her as she was, crushed, yet sustained by hope; earth desolate, though heaven comforted; her tears flowed freely, and the dimness of heart-agony was expressed; she allowed me to see somewhat of the lowly desolation to which Divine support was vouchsafed; and she said it comforted her thus to 'let herself go,' instead of trying to appear composed. She spoke of her own life as ended, the world closed for her; and as if, in her interest for others, she could care only for what concerned eternity. 'It is so now,' she said, 'but it is not right; it must not last; their earthly joys and sorrows are not ended like mine; and I think in the light of eternity we learn more of the true import of these things instead of having them obscured or obliterated; only at first one is dazzled by so near a view of the better land; and one has to learn the proportions and influences of this life and that.' And then she said so pathetically, 'But oh, I must for a while lie crushed; I feel as if I was the one to be pitied now; as if I had a right almost to all my own pity; and my compassionate Saviour knows it; He will not break the bruised reed, but will in due time tune it to His praise.' Again she said, 'How merciful it is that we may for a season be in heaviness, that we have time to submit before we rejoice; that we may be very still while lying down under His mighty hand.'

When I saw her again, the following year, I found her no longer absorbed in her own sorrow or her own consolation; she had risen up to feel for the joys and hopes as well as for the sorrows of her fellow-creatures; her sympathy flowed fresh and free as of old, but its channel was deepened; she said, 'We must *know* suffering in order to sympathize; we must *need* His consolation before we can comfort others with the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God; and this is one of the sweet uses of adversity.' I reminded her how, even in her joyous girlhood, her sympathy had been true and acute. 'Yes,' she said, 'I did feel for all I perceived, but it was a shallow pity; I did not know that the human heart was capable of such anguish.'

The words thrilled on my ear, an echo from the dead past, and I started; she was too truthful to affect unconsciousness, and blushed as she said gently, 'I beg your pardon; those words rung on my ear for years as the refrain of a very sorrowful song, and they came as a natural expression to my lips. For years I reproached myself, thinking how much happier you would have been if you had never met me, and I used to wish you could forget or hate me, because then I knew nothing; but when I learned that it is better to love than even to be beloved (words I did not understand when you used them) I learned to believe you; and now I *know*

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how much better is bereavement by death or separation than the calm of dormant or stunted affections—the peace of having nothing to lose.'

'Nothing true ever is lost,' I replied; 'it only takes another form of existence.'

'I know that now,' she said; 'and before we leave this old story for ever,' (there was a gentle but firm emphasis on that *for ever*, which no ear less keen would have perceived) I wish to tell you that my husband honoured and blessed you for your rejection of a sacrifice that was due to you.'

A sacrifice indeed it would have been; and now I rejoiced that I had not selfishly grasped the unopened bud; it would not have withered in my bosom; but it would never have developed into the perfect flower which crowned even her widowhood with glory.

This visit cemented our friendship in many ways. Her whole character, intellect and feelings, was now fully formed, and our converse was no longer that of teacher and disciple, though she never forgot that relationship, and often said that had not I formed and educated her mind at that early period, she would never have been a fit companion for her husband. I carried back to my English parish many precious thoughts, many suggestions for others, many high aspirations for myself, of which she was the author; above all, I had caught from her the vivid perception of things invisible, so that this life was not separated by the river of death from the better life, but a part of the same; and thus my solitude never seemed lonely.

I saw her twice afterwards at long intervals, and found her each year a more lovely specimen of a Christian lady, wielding an influence over every class of mind with which she came in contact; her sympathy entering into every form of human life and every phase of human feeling, its hopes, its fears, its perplexities, its wants; she seemed to be the chosen depositary of every sort of confidence, from that of the learned and intellectual sceptic, for whom her quick intuition found the thread of truth in many a labyrinth of reasoning, down to the inhabitants of the county gaol, whose hardened brows often bowed and blushed before the purity of her kindness. She might have said with Job, 'I sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners,' for hers was indeed the royal prerogative of mercy; and it seems wonderful how one young and unassuming woman could have exercised an influence so deep and powerful, or scattered so widely the seeds of peace and love. She lived apart, so far as general society was concerned, yet never so as to hide herself from the claims of human sympathy; and many who are now workers in this and other lands were trained by her, first to give themselves to the Lord, and then to the work He set before them. There was no need for her to guard against the small artillery of gossip or slander; no one could ever think of her in any character but that of Arthur Lyndsey's widow; no word or look of presumptuous admiration ever reached her; even in girlhood there was ever around her 'the wild sweet briery fence' that made familiarity impossible, and

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now there was the halo of a sanctified sorrow around her every movement: that was my last vision of her, and often I thought of the first, in which the glories of the setting sun seemed to enclose her. Dear George, you do not appreciate the Christian Year, yet I wish you would look at the poem on St. Barnabas' Day as her portrait at this period, in which 'suffering had forgot the sense of pain,' and she unconsciously shed around her consolation and peace—holy peace—as she formerly diffused smiles and gladness.

I had returned from my last visit in 1846, and was deeply engaged in parochial and literary work, when that fearful blight fell on the fields of Ireland, followed almost immediately by famine and pestilence. There was at that time no legal provision for the poor, no arrangement whatever to avert or to meet the calamity; the food of the people perished; there was not enough in the country to feed them, even if they had money to buy it, nor did they know how to prepare or use any kind of food but the root to which they were accustomed; there was no machinery of systematic beneficence; everything was experiment or expedient; all must be done by individual effort. She at once returned to her brother's parish, (this parish,) where, as in all portions of the coast lying between the mountains and the sea, the calamity had fallen with peculiar severity; thousands of people, especially women and children, came down from the hills where they had existed on the fruits of their potato gardens, and filled every hut and hovel and way-side that would bring them within reach of help; while hundreds of those who formerly helped to feed the very poorest, were themselves reduced to the same class, so largely did the farmers and the gentry suffer by the same failure. Dreadful as was the first idea of the food of a nation being blighted and gone, yet we had no true conception of what it would be, as each account deepened into more profound wretchedness. Her letters to me never entered into the shocking details; she said, 'It is such a relief to have your help without entering into those fearful descriptions which double our miserable work when we might have an hour's rest, but which are necessary to excite the interest of strangers.' But I afterwards saw her letters to others, and then I found how dull, how heartless I had been not to perceive that personal help was as much needed as the money and supplies which I busied myself in sending. To say the truth, I lived in hope of an invitation, feeling it so great a privilege to work with them, that I dared not to propose it; thus I was withheld by selfishness—that sensitive selfishness which had hindered me from witnessing her happiness and becoming her husband's friend, now kept me back from aiding her in her distress. Very early in the spring, with an acknowledgement of a sum of money, the invitation came. She wrote these words: 'Can you come and help us? two of the farmers who helped us are dead of fever, and the only woman who did so is in a lunatic asylum. My brother is worn out; it is too much for him. You have ever been my best friend, and I turn to you in our extremity. The people will starve if our efforts are relaxed. Come.'

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The letter had been delayed; five days had elapsed before it reached me; but, thank God! not a moment was lost after. I heard again the roar of the Atlantic as on that first arrival; and, mingled with its awful voice, there arose a wail of human sorrow. I came to the church; a clergyman, robed in his surplice, was leaning against the pillar of the gate, his head bowed on his folded arms; that cry, feeble and of unutterable sadness, rose again; but the turn of the road prevented me from seeing—the sexton stopped me, and besought me to 'help the master; it will kill him;' not another word, but I knew all. The man spoke to him, and with a look that even at that moment struck my heart, he said, 'God bless you for this;' and they put on me a surplice, and placed the book in my hands; and there I stood to bid her welcome to her rest. Blessed be God for that service for the burial of the dead! my soul could not cleave to the dust, I could not think of the gloomy grave, while I pronounced the Redeemer's words, 'I Am the Resurrection and the Life,' and knew that they were true! while I gave Him thanks that she was *now* in joy and felicity, and knew that so it was. There was only one moment when human anguish had the mastery—that moment which stands apart from every other period of the bereavement—and just then a sunbeam struggling through the clouds glittered on the name like her parting smile; then I continued the Service unbroken by one sob; and when I ceased, a woman, with a cry like a wounded animal, rushed forward, and kneeling over the open grave, covered the coffin lid with early spring flowers, primroses and violets wreathed with ivy, uttering all the while as she strewed them carefully, the low low wail, 'Miss Ellie! Miss Ellie!' It was the same, who years before on that first walk, brought her the flowers, and said, 'Not too beautiful for you, Miss Ellie, darling.'

The utter desolation of all gave me strength; I was there as her friend to comfort others; even then, as the cry arose, I was struck by the feebleness of the tone. Large men seemed unable to place the sods; *I did it;* I covered her; I arranged all; and then I looked for her brother. He had sunk on a tomb-stone; and, relieved from the task to which he had nerved himself, he was weeping like a helpless child; his wife trying to soothe him. But as the people began to disperse, he suddenly rose, saying, 'These people are starving,' and with rapid steps led the way to the place where food was distributed, and where I followed when I had completed my task. It was their hour for feeding, and a dense mass of human creatures surrounded the door, in every stage of wretchedness, from the eager hunger which clutched the food and devoured it, to the apathetic state of famine in which it was necessary to rouse and to feed them: there were aged people and little children who required the food to be put into their mouths; and half maniacs, whom it was necessary to hold back, or they would have seized the portion of others. Rags, dirt, effluvia, disease, the most degraded forms of human suffering, together with that pale and patient endurance that told of former decency—all were concentrated in and around this building: men,

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women, and children, in the lowest state of animal misery: and there I stood, where she had stood six days before, measuring the portions, seeing that none were overlooked, guarding the weak, soothing the angry, and putting food into lips that could scarcely open; while her brother, with his coat off and his arms bare up to the elbow, stood over the steaming cauldron, working to his utmost power of manual labour till all were supplied. Then to each was given a portion for the evening meal, and then the crowd dispersed. The prayers and thanks and blessings of many mingled with the curses and murmurs of a few, while many a voice too weak to speak before, took up the cry, 'Miss Ellie! Miss Ellie! our darling lady;' and there seemed a rivalry among them who owed her most gratitude.

The first words her brother spoke were of the present scene, 'Those who helped us have sunk one by one; none left. I thank God you are come.' It was not till we reached the house that I heard more. A few broken sentences told me that the day after she wrote to me she was engaged, as usual, in the soup-kitchen, as we had just been; and then, as she did every day, she rode up the mountain with a basket of food in search of any who had been unable to come for it. She found an infant at the breast of a dead mother; she took it and warmed it in her bosom! and while she was trying to feed it the baby died; she had to leave them there, and there was none to bury them. That evening, while writing, as usual, details of their wants and expenditure, she fell asleep; when placed in bed, her mind wandered a little; she spoke of the green pastures and the river of the water of life as if she saw them; she spoke to her husband as if he were beside her; and then, with uplifted hands and eyes, and an expression of profound satisfaction, she thrice repeated the holy Name of our Redeemer, 'that Name which is above every name,' and then she fell asleep, and awoke no more in this world. She died, exhausted by her struggle against human misery; beaten to death by the waves of a calamity beyond her power to surmount.

Poor Nurse had preserved for me one long ringlet.

I took up her work, and remained with her dear brother; no words can tell how dear he became to me! I resigned my parish to devote myself to him and his. He had her generous and devoted spirit, with less natural energy and power; he had her eyes in a rougher setting, the deep grey eyes, formed to express every emotion of the spirit, and the defined brow, and the long long lash, which was the peculiarity of her face. Those eyes became larger and more brilliant, as the cheek sunk, and the voice became hollow. The misery of his people was relieved by sacrifices (by which you are the chief loser) which the emergency demanded; so that *his* last months were not tortured by the sight of wretchedness he could not relieve; and he went down to the grave in perfect peace, rejoicing in hope; and I saw him laid beside his sister, and I spoke again at her side the words of triumph, the victory of faith. 'Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy sting?

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O Grave, where is thy victory? the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the Law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

At his request this parish was given to me, and I rejoiced in the charge; and here it is, my dear nephew, you have enjoyed your summer holidays beside the grand Atlantic, and here you will come to see your old uncle every year while he lives; and then you will receive this manuscript, and learn to know more of him than anyone has ever known before.

Her grave has never been without fresh flowers; you have often wondered who could place them there so early in the morning. Try to arrange with my successor that this may be continued. I know you will be kind to Nurse.

TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

IV.

NORTH TIROL—UNTERINNTHAL.

(RIGHT INN-BANK.)

ZILLERTHAL CUSTOMS—GAMES—SPIRITS PLAY WITH GOLD SKITTLES—PEDLAR OF STARKENBERG—DANCES: SCHNODAHÜPFL: HOSENNAGLER—COW-FIGHTS—KIRCHTAG—PRIMIZEN AND SEKUNDIZEN—CARNIVAL—CHRISTNACHT—KLOUBABROD—STERNSINGEN—GOMACHT—WEDDINGS—ZUTRINKEN—CUSTOMS OF OTHER VALLEYS—THE CAT PATRON OF COURTSHIP.

'Deep secret springs lie buried in man's heart,
Which Nature's varied aspect works at will;
Whether bright hues or shadows she impart,
Or fragrant odours from her breath distil,
Or the clear air with sounds melodious fill;
She speaks a language with instruction fraught,
And Art from Nature steals her mimic skill,
Whose birds, whose rills, whose sighing winds first taught
That sound can charm the soul, and rouse each noble thought.'

Lady Charlotte Bury.

We had parted from the Zillerthal, and had once more taken our places in the railway carriage for a short stage to reach Kundl, as a base of operations for visiting the Wildschönau, as well as the country on the other side of the Inn. The entry was effected with the haste usual at small stations, where the advent of a traveller, much more of a party of tourists, is an exceptional event. The adjustment of our bags and rugs

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was greatly facilitated by the assistance of the only occupant of the compartment into which we were thrust; and when we had settled down and expressed our thanks for his urbanity, I observed that he eyed us with an amused but not unpleasant scrutiny. At last his curiosity overcame his reticence. 'I have frequent occasion to travel this way to Munich and Vienna,' he said, 'and I do not remember ever to have fallen in with any strangers starting from Jenbach.'

The conversation so opened soon revealed that our new friend, though spending most of his time in the Bavarian and Austrian capitals, nevertheless retained all a mountaineer's fondness for the Tirolese land, which had given him birth some seventy years before. He was greatly interested in our exploration of the Zillerthal, but much annoyed that we were leaving instead of entering it; had it been the other way, he said, he would have afforded us an acquaintance with local customs such as, he was sure, no other part of Europe could outvie. I assured him I had been disappointed at not coming across them during our brief visit, but fully hoped on some future occasion to have better success. He warmly recommended me not to omit the attempt, and for my encouragement cited a local adage testifying to the attractions of the valley—

'Wer da kommt in's Zillerthal
Der kommt gewiss zum Zweitenmal.' *

He was interesting us much in his vividly-coloured sketches of peasant life, when the train came to a stand; the guard shouted 'Kundl,' and we were forced to part. He gave us an address in Munich, however, where we were afterwards fortunate enough to find him; and he then gave me some precious particulars, which I was not slow to garner.

He seemed to know the people well, having lived much among them in his younger days, and claimed for them—perhaps with some little partiality—the character of being industrious, temperate, moral, and straightforward, even above the other dwellers in Tirol; and no less, of being physically the finest race. Their pure bracing mountain air, the severe struggle which nature wages with them in their cultivation of the fruits of the soil, and the hardy athletic pursuits with which they vary their round of agricultural labour, tend to maintain and ever invigorate this original stock of healthfulness. Their athletic games are indeed an institution to which they owe much, and which they keep up with a devotion only second to that with which they cultivate their religious observances. Every national and social festival is celebrated with these games. The favourite is the *scheibenschiessen*, or shooting at a mark, for accuracy in which they are celebrated in common with the inhabitants of all other districts of the country, but are beaten by none; their *stutze* (short-barreled rifle) they regard more in the light of a friend and companion than a weapon, and dignify it with the household name

* Whoever comes into the Zillerthal is sure to visit it a second time.

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of the bread-winner. Wrestling is another favourite sport; to be the champion wrestler of the hamlet is a distinction which no inhabitant of the Zillerthal would barter for gold. The best '*Haggler*,' '*Mairraffer*,' and '*Roblar*,' three denominations of wrestlers, are regarded somewhat in the light of a superior order of persons, and command universal respect. In wilder times, it is true, this ran into abuse; and some who had attained excellence in an art so dangerous when misapplied, betook themselves to a life of violence and freebooting; but this has entirely passed away now, and anything like a highway robbery is unheard of. The most chivalrous rules guard the decorum of the game, which every bystander feels it a point of honour to maintain; the use even of the *stossring*, a stout metal ring for the little finger, by which a telling and sometimes disfiguring blow may be given by a dexterous hand, is discouraged, though still worn and prized more than as an ornament—as a challenge of the wearer's power to wield it if he choose, or if provoked to show his prowess. Running in races, which, I know not why, they call *springen*, obtains favour at some seasons of the year. At bowls and skittles, too, they are famous hands; and in their passion for the games, have originated a number of fantastic stories of how the fairies and wild men of the woods indulge in it too. Many a herdsman, on his long and solitary watch upon the distant heights, gives to the noises of nature he has heard, but could not account for, an origin which lives in the imagination of those to whom he recounts it on his return home; and his fancies are recorded as actual events. But that the spirits play at skittles, and with gold and silver balls, is further confirmed by peasants who have lost their way in mists and snow-storms, and whose troubled dreams have made pleasant stories. One of these, travelling with his pedlar's pack, sought refuge from the night air in the ruined castle of Starkenberg, the proud stronghold of a feudal family, second only in importance to the Rottenburgers, and equally brought low by Friedrich *mit der leeren Tasche*. The pedlar was a bold wrestler, and felt no fear of the airy haunters of ruined castles; he made a pillow of his pack, and laid him down to sleep as cosily as if at home, in the long dank grass; nevertheless, when the clock of the distant village church, to whose striking he had been listening hour by hour with joy, as an earnest that by the morning light he would know how to follow its guiding to the inhabited locality it denoted, sang out the hour of midnight, twelve figures in ancient armour stalked into the hall, and set themselves to play at bowls, for which they were served with skulls. The pedlar was a famous player, and nothing daunted, took up a skull, and set himself to play against them, and beat them all; then there was a shout of joy, such as mortal ears had never heard, and the twelve spirits declared they were released. Scarcely had they disappeared, when ten more spirits, whom the pedlar concluded like the last to be retainers of the mighty Starkenberger of old, entered by different doors, which they carefully locked behind them, and then bringing our hero the keys, begged him to open the doors each

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with the right one. The pedlar was a shrewd fellow, and though doors, keys, and spirits were each alike of their kind, his observation had been so accurate, that he opened each with the right key without hesitation, whereupon the ten spirits declared themselves released too. Then came in the Evil One, furious with the pedlar, who was setting free all his captives, and swore he would have him in their stead. But the pedlar demanded fair play, and offered to stake his freedom on a game with his Arch-Impiety; the pedlar won, and the demon withdrew in ignominy, but the released spirits came round their deliverer, and loaded him with as much gold and valuable spoil as he could carry.

This story seemed to me to belong to a class not unfrequently met with, but yet differing from the ordinary run of legends on this subject, inasmuch as the spirits, who were generally believed to be bound to earth in penance, were released by no act of Christian virtue, and without any appeal to faith; and I could not help asking my old friend if he did not think this very active clever pedlar might have been one of those whom he had just allowed had indulged in freebooting tendencies. That having with a true Zillerthaler's tendencies pined to return to his native valley, he had invented the tale to account for his accession of fortune, and the nature of his possessions. I think my friend was a little piqued at my unmasking his hero, but he allowed it was not an improbable solution for the origin of some similar tales.

Prizes are often set up for excellence in these games, which are cherished as marks of honour, without any reference to their intrinsic value. And so jealously is every distinction guarded, that a youth may not wear a feather or the sprig of rosemary bestowed by a beloved hand in his jaunty hat, unless he is capable of proving his right to it by his pluck and muscular development.

Dancing is another favourite recreation, and is pursued with a zest which makes it a healthful and useful exercise too. The *Schnoduhüpfl* and the *Hosennagler* are as dear to the Zillerthaler as the *Bolera* to the Andalusian or the *Jota* to the Aragonese; like the Spanish *Seguidillas*, too, the Zillerthalers accompany their dance with sprightly songs, which are often directed to inciting each other not to flag. Another amusement, in which they have a certain similarity with Spaniards, is cow-fighting. 'Cow-fighting!' you will say; 'how shocking! that is worse than bull-fights.' But it is not indeed; I do not altogether approve it, but cruelty is as much avoided as possible. The beasts are made to fight only with each other, and only the natural weapons—each other's horns—are brought against them. The victorious cow is the glory and darling of her owner, who loads her with garlands and caresses; and the sport is to a certain extent useful in ascertaining the hardy capacity of the animals as leaders of the herd, an office which is no sinecure, when they have to make their way to and from steep pastures difficult of access: ram and goat fights are also held in the same way, and with the same object.

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The chief occasions for exercising these pastimes are the village festivals, the *Kirchtag*, or anniversary of the Church consecration, the Carnival season, weddings and baptisms, and the opening of the season for the *Scheibenschiessen;* also the days of pilgrimages to various popular shrines; and the *Primizen* and *Sekundizen*—the first Mass of their pastors, and its fiftieth anniversary—general festivals all over Tirol.

A season of great enjoyment is the Carnival, which with them begins at the Epiphany; their great delight then is to go out in the dusk of evening, when work is over, disguised in various fantastic dresses, and making their way round from house to house, set the inmates guessing who they can be; as they are very clever in arranging all the accessories of their assumed character, changing their voice and mien, each visit is the occasion of the most laughable mistakes. In the towns, the Carnival procession is generally got up with no little taste and artistic skill. The arch-buffoon goes on ahead, a loud and merry jingle of bells announcing his advent at every movement of the horse he bestrides, collects the people out of every house; then follow, also mounted, a train of maskers, Turks, soldiers, gipsies, pirates, and if there happen to be among them anyone representing a judge or authority of any sort, he is always placed at the head of the tribe. In the evening, their perambulations over, they assemble in the inn, where the acknowledged wag of the locality reads a humorous diatribe, which touches on all the follies and events that can be anyhow made to wear a ridiculous aspect, of the past year.

Christmas—here called *Christnacht* as well as *Weihnacht*—is observed (as all over the country, but especially here) by dispensing the *Kloubabrod*, a kind of dough cake, stuffed with sliced pears, almonds, nuts, and preserved fruits; the making of this is a most particular item in the education of a Zillerthaler maiden, who has a special interest in it, inasmuch as the one she prepares for the household must have the first cut in it made by her betrothed, who at the same time gives her some little token of his affection in return. Speaking of Christmas customs reminded him of an olden custom in Brixen, that the Bishop should make presents of fish to his retainers; this fish was brought from the Garda-see, and the Graf of Tirol and the Prince-bishop of Trent were wont to let it pass toll-free through their dominions. A curious letter is extant, written by Bishop Röttel, '*an sambstag nach Stæ. Barbaræ*, 1444,' courteously enforcing this privilege.

The *Sternsingen* is a favourite way of keeping the Epiphany in many parts of the country. Three youths, one of them with his face blackened, and all dressed to represent the three kings, go about singing from homestead to homestead; and in some places there is a Herod ready to greet them from the window with rhyming answers to their verses, of which the following is a specimen: it is the address of the first king—

'König Kaspar bin ich genannt
Komm daher aus Morgenland

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Komm daher in grossen Eil
Vierzehn Tag, fünftausend Meil.
Melchores tritt du herein.' *

Melchior, thus appealed to, stands forward and sings his lay; and then Balthazar; and then the three join in a chorus, in which certain hints are given that as they come from so far some refreshment would be acceptable; upon which the friendly peasant-wife calls them in, and regales them with cakes she has prepared ready for the purpose, and sends them on their mountain way rejoicing. Possibly some such custom may have given rise to the institution of our 'Twelfth-cake.' In the Œtzthal they go about with the greeting, 'Gelobt sei Jesus Christus zur Gömacht.' † Another Tirolean custom connected with Epiphany was the blessing of the stalls of the cattle on the Eve, in memory of the stable in which the Wise Men found the Holy Family.

Their wedding fêtes seem to be among the most curious of all their customs. My friend gave me a detailed account of one, between two families of the better class of peasants, he had attended some years back; and he believed they were little changed since. It is regarded as an occasion of great importance; and as soon as the banns had been asked in church, the bridegroom went round with a chosen friend styled a *Hochzeitsbitter*, to invite friends and relations to the marriage. The night before the wedding, (for which throughout Tirol a Thursday is chosen, except in the Iselthal, where a préference for Monday prevails,) there was a great dance at the house of the bride, who from the moment the banns have been asked is popularly called the *Kanzel-Braut*—(*lit.* pulpit-bride.) Rather, I should say it was in the barn; for though a large cottage, there was no room that would contain the numbers of merry couples who flocked in, and even the barn was so crowded, that the dancers could but make their way with difficulty, and were continually tumbling over one another; but it was a merry night, for all were in their local costume, and the pine-wood torches shed a strange and festive glare over them. The next morning all were assembled betimes: it was a bitterly cold day, but the snow-fall was eagerly hailed, as it is reckoned a token that the newly-wedded pair will be rich; we met first at the bride's house for what they called the *Morgensuppe*, a rough sort of hearty breakfast of roast meat, white bread, and sausages; and while the elder guests were discussing it, many were hard at work again dancing, and the young girls of the village were dressing up the bride. One of the adornments *de rigueur* being a knot of streamers of scarlet leather trimmed with gold lace, and blue arm-bands and hat-ribbons; these streamers are thought by the simple people to be a cure for goitres, and are frequently bound round

* 'Kaspar my name: from the East I came: I came thence with great speed: five thousand miles in fourteen days: Melchior, step in.' Zingerle gives a version of the whole set of rhymes.

† See *Sitten Bräuche u. Meinungen des Tiroler Volks*, p. 81.

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them with that idea. At ten o'clock the first church bell rang, when all the guests hastily assembled round the table, and drank the health of the happy pair in a bowl inaugurated by them. Then they ranged themselves into a procession, and marched towards the church, the musicians leading the way. The nearest friends of the bridal pair were styled 'train-bearers,' and formed a sort of guard of honour round the bride, walking bare-headed, their hats, tastily wreathed with flowers, in their hands. The priest of the village walked by the bride on one side, her parents on the other. She wore a wreath of rosemary—a plant greatly prized here, as among the people in Spain and Italy, and considered typical of the Blessed Virgin's purity—in her hair; her holiday dress was confined by a girdle, and she held her rosary in her hand. The bridegroom was almost as showily dressed, and wore a crown of silver wire; beside him walked another priest, and behind them came the host of the village inn, a worthy who holds a kind of patriarchal position in our villages. He is always one of the most important men of the place, generally owns the largest holding of land, and drives one or two little trades besides attending to the welfare of his guests. But more than this, he is for the most part a man of upright character and pleasant disposition, and is often called to act as adviser and umpire in rural complications.

The procession was closed by the friends and neighbours walking two and two, husband and wife together; and the church bells rang merrily through the valley as it passed along.

The ceremonial in the church was accompanied with the best music the locality could afford, the best singers from neighbouring choirs lending their voices; and to add to the solemnity of the occasion, lighted tapers were held by the bridal party at the Elevation; and it was amusing to observe how the young people shunned a candle that did not burn brightly, as that is held to be an omen of not getting married within the year. At the close of the function, the priest handed round to them the *Johannissegen*, a cup of spiced wine mixed with water, which he had previously blessed, probably so called in memory of the miracle at the wedding-feast recorded in the Gospel of that Apostle.

The band then struck up its most jocund air, and full of mirth the gladsome party wended their way to the inn; after a light repast and a short dance, and a blithesome *Trutzlied*, they passed on, according to custom, to the next, and so on to all the inns within a radius of a few miles. This absorbed about three or four hours; and then came the real wedding banquet, which was a very solid and lengthy affair—in fact, I think fresh dishes were being brought in one after another for three or four hours more. Even in this there was a memory of the Gospel narrative, for in token of their joy they keep for the occasion a fatted calf, the whole of which is served up joint by joint, not omitting the head; this was preceded by soup, and followed by a second course of sweet dumplings, with fruit and the inevitable pickled cabbage, which

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on this day is dignified with the title of *Ehrenkraut*. After this came a pause; and the musicians, who had been playing their loudest hitherto, held in too. The 'best man' rose, and went through the formula of asking the guests whether they were content with what had been set before them, which of course was drowned in a tumult of applause. In a form, which serves from generation to generation with slight change, he then went on to remark that the good gifts of meat and drink of which they had partaken came from the hand of God, and called forth the gratitude of the receiver, adding, 'Let us thank Him for them, and still more in that He has made us reasonable beings, gifting us with faith, and not brutes or unbelievers. If we turn to Him in this spirit, He will abide with us as with them of Cana in Galilee. Therefore, let all anger and malice and evil speaking be put away from us, who have just been standing before the most holy Sacrament, and let us be united in the bonds of brotherly love, that His Blood may not have been poured out for us in vain.—And to you, dear friends, who have this day been united with the grace-giving benediction of the Church, I commend this union of heart and soul most of all, that the new family thus founded in our midst may help to build up the living edifice of a people praising and serving God, and that you walk in His way, and bring up children to serve Him as our forefathers have ever done.' There was a good deal more in the same strain; and this exhortation to holy living, from one of themselves, is just a type of the intimate way in which religion enters into the life of the people. His concluding wish for the well-being of the newly married was followed by a loud 'Our Father,' and 'Hail Mary,' from the assembled throng.

After this came a great number more dishes of edibles, but this time of a lighter kind, among them liver and poultry, but chiefly fruits and sweets, and among these many confections of curious devices, mostly with some symbolical meaning. When these were nearly despatched, wine and brandy were brought out by the host; and by this name you must understand the master of the inn, for true to the paternal character he exercises towards the whole village, it is always his business to cater for and preside over bridal banquets. At the same time the guests produced their presents, which go by the name of *Waisat*, and all were set down in a circumstantial catalogue. They are generally meted out with an open hand, and are a great help to the young people in commencing their housekeeping.

The musicians, who only got hasty snatches of the good things passing round, now began yet livelier strains, and the party broke up that the younger members might give themselves to their favourite pastime, dancing; and well enough they looked; the lads, in brilliant red double-breasted waistcoats, their short black leather breeches held up with embroidered belts, and their well-formed high-pointed hats with jaunty brim, going through the intricate evolutions, each beating the time heartily, first on his thighs and then on his feet—*schuhplatteln*

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they call it—and followed through the many figures by his *diandl*, (damsel,) in daintily fitting satin bodice, and short but ample skirt.

The older people still lingered over the table, and looked on at the dance, which they follow with great interest; but there is not a great deal of drinking, and it is seldom enough, even in the midst of an occasion for such exceptional good cheer, that any excess is committed A taste for brandy, the poor brandy of their own manufacture, is however, I confess, a weakness of the Zillerthalers. The necessity for occasionally having recourse to stimulants results from the severity of the climate during part of the year, and the frequently long exposure to the mountain air which their calling requires of them. At the same time, anything like a confirmed drunkard is scarcely known among them. Its manufacture affords to many an occupation, and its use, to all, of both sexes, is a national habit. They make it out of barley, juniper, and numbers of other berries, which they wander collecting over all the neighbouring alps, as well as rye, potatoes, and other roots—in fact, almost anything. Every commercial bargain, every operation in the field, every neighbourly discussion, every declaration of affection even, is made under its afflatus. An offer of a glass of the cordial will often make up a long-harboured quarrel, a refusal to share one is taken to be a studied affront; in fact, this *zutrinken*, as they call it, comes into every act and relation of life. In the moderate bounds within which they keep its use, it is undeniably a great boon to them; and many a time it has been the saving of life in the mountains to the shepherd and the milk-maid, the snow-bound labourer, or retarded pedlar.

I was curious to know what customs the other valley had to replace those of the Ziller. My friend informed me they were very similar, only the Zillerthalers were celebrated for their attachment to and punctual observance of them; he had once attended a wedding in the Grödnerthal which was very similar to the one he had already described, yet had some distinct peculiarities. Though a little out of place, I may as well bring in his account of it here. There, the betrothal is called *der Handschlag*, (*lit.* the hand-clasp,) and it is always performed on a Saturday; the fathers of the bride and bridegroom and other nearest relations are always present as witnesses; and if the bride does not cry at the projected parting, it is said she will have many tears to shed during her married life. The first time the banns are asked it is not considered 'the thing' for the betrothed to be present, and they usually go to church on that occasion in some neighbouring village; on the second Sunday they are expected to appear in state, the bridegroom wearing his holiday clothes and a nosegay in his hat or on his right breast; the bride always wears the local costume, a broadish brimmed green hat, a scarlet boddice and full black skirt, though this is now only worn on such occasions; on the day of the wedding, to this is added a broad black satin ribbon round her head, and round her waist a leather girdle with a number of useful articles in plated copper hanging from it. On each side are arranged red and green streamers

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with very great nicety, and no change of fashion is suffered in their position; she is expected to wear a grave mien, and modest deportment; this is particularly enjoined. The guests are also expected to don the popular costume; the girls green, the married women black hats. On the way to the church the bridegroom's father and his nearest neighbour came forward, and with many ceremonies asked the bride of her friends, who went crying coyly with them. After the church ceremony, which concludes as in Zillerthal with the cup of S. Johannessegen, the brides-maids hand in a basket decked with knots of ribbon, containing offerings for the priests and servers, and a wreath, which is fastened round the priest's arm who leads the bride out of church. The visit to the neighbouring inns follows; but at the wedding feast guests come in in masquerading dresses who bring all manner of comical presents. The dance here lasts till midnight, when the happy pair are led home by their friends to an accompaniment of music, for which they have a special melody. The next day again there are games, and the newly married go in procession with their friends to bear home the trousseau and wedding gifts, among which is always a bed and bedding. On their way back beggars are allowed to bar the way at intervals, who must be bought off with alms. On the Sunday following the bride is expected again to appear at church in the local costume, and in the afternoon all the guests of the wedding day again gather in the inn to present their final offering of good wishes and blessings. Girls who are fond of cats, they say are sure to marry early; perhaps an evidence that household virtues are appreciated in them by the men; but of men, the contrary is predicated, shewing that the other sex is expected to display hardihood in the various mountaineering and other out-door occupations.*

(To be continued.) R. H. B.

EASTER WEEK AT PAU, 1867.

THE short notice in The Times of April 5th, 1867, that, 'at Pau races, three days back, the Prix de l'Empereur was won by *Lavinia*, *Bagdad* being second, and the steeple-chase by *Billières* with *Praline* second,' did not suggest the faintest idea of the excitement and interest which prevailed in the town of Pau on the occasion of these Easter races! It was a Derby day in miniature, excepting that the crowd was more picturesque, and the painful contrasts seen at great races were absent. No squalid beggars, no fortune-telling gipsies with pathetic and haggard faces, were there; all was apparent gaiety; the crowd well-dressed and

* Its origin may be traced further back than this, perhaps: the cat was held to be the sacred animal of Freia (Schrader, *Germ. Myth.*) and the word *freien*, to woo, to court, is derived from her name. (Nork.)

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bent on being pleased. Indeed, good-humoured enjoyment of the pleasures provided was one of the most pleasing features of the place during this Easter week. The programme was attractive. Races at the Hippodrôme, a mile distant, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; the intermediate days to be occupied by out-of-door *Bals des Paysans*, national games, masquerades, and illuminations, winding up on Saturday with a farewell *Rendez-vous de la Chasse* in the Bois de Pau. This certainly sounds more like *holidays* than *Holy Days*, especially as we have omitted all mention of the preceding Easter Sunday; but no one who saw the troops of *bons Catholiques*, who attended service after service, Office after Office, on that pouring wet Easter Sunday, would have doubted the *holiness* of the day to our pious Béarnais neighbours. The new Cathedral of St. Jacques, lately opened, and beautifully decorated for this Holy Season, was thronged by devout crowds whom neither rain nor storm could deter from their devotions. One felt very sorry that such weather should make even a stroll on the Haute Plante, or a friendly gossip at the door-step after Church, impossible for these poor people.

This Easter Day at Pau was indeed a *Fête de Parapluies*. We were beginning to feel sceptical as to Monday's races, for it was raining as hard at night as it had done all day; but we were encouraged to hope by the assurance of one of the jockeys that we should have good weather, for that '*le bon Dieu aime les courses.*' We did not point out to Monsieur Larregain, that the same encouragement had not been given to the *Offices* of his Church, which might have been supposed to rank even higher in favour than races. Perhaps this argument might have had no weight with his jockey mind, and as he said he spoke from experience, we should have been unreasonable in rejecting his consolation. He certainly proved a true prophet, for Monday beamed out bright and beautiful, though cold. After the prolonged dry weather we had had, the race-course was improved by Sunday's rain. We rode to the Hippodrôme, the better to see the *spectacle*, of which the crowd formed as interesting a part to our English and somewhat critical eyes, as the races themselves. We, however, should have been ungracious as well as wilfully blind, had we not been gratified by these spirited races, got up, if not entirely for our amusement, yet in great measure in consequence of our supposed taste for *le sport* in every form. The French have an exaggerated idea of the universality and importance of this our national predilection.

Besides the *Prix de l'Empereur* of fifteen hundred francs, and that given by the *Administration of the Haras* of fifteen hundred francs, spoken of in The Times as won by *Lavinia* and *Billières*, sixteen hundred francs were given as a prize by the department, and one thousand francs by the *Société d'Encouragement* as a *Prix du Fond*, and one thousand francs by the town of Pau as a *Prix Municipal*. Two horses only ran in this last race, which was won by the same who later gained the *Prix du Departement* against two others. The owner of *Praline* and *Billières* also possesses the successful competitor for the *Prix du Fond*.

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The great interest of the day centred in the steeple-chase. It was quite an exciting race. Only two horses ran, but they were of the right sort and well-ridden. As both were grey, the jockeys' colours were the best guide in judging which came in first. This was not easy, as they kept exactly together till close to the goal, taking each of the sixteen *obstacles* at precisely the same moment. The owner of the horses, as well as the jockeys, being of Pau, the spectators' interest in their rival townsmen was extreme, and the shouts of encouragement incessant.

As we were on horseback we rode round the outside of the course instead of entering the stand, and were thus able to station ourselves in turn by each of the principal leaps, which we saw taken, especially the *Fosse Irlandaise*, in good style. As we rode home by a circuitous route in order to avoid the crowds returning from the Hippodrôme, we met a number of young *Paysans* and *Paysannes* riding and walking to their village homes after an *al fresco* ball on the Haute Plante at Pau. Chaperones do not appear to be *de rigueur* on these occasions, and many a young cavalier was giving his fair partner a lift behind him on his raw-boned steed. Some were driving in gigs or carts, others were walking barefoot, the gentlemen carrying the ladies' stout dancing-shoes. All seemed merry and happy, exchanging in *patois* jokes, mixed with criticisms on their recent gaieties.

The principal feature in the second day's entertainment was what was called in the programmes '*Courses aux Taureaux*,' and which many people in consequence believed would be a Spanish bull-fight. It was unfortunate that this report got abroad, for some of the English were discouraged by it from attending. However, the temporary theatre erected for the occasion on the Haute Plante, or as it is newly designated Place Napoléon, was quite full. The parallelogram for the theatre was said by connoisseurs to be placed the wrong way; the stalls in which the cows are kept should have been at the narrow end, while the spectators ought to have been at the other, so that the rush made by the cows at the men would necessarily be in one direction only, towards the principal spectators. As it was they rushed about in every direction. However, as the spectators lined the theatre on all sides a greater number of people were gratified than could have been, had the theatre been built in orthodox fashion. The eight boxes where the cows were confined were exactly opposite the grand tribune, where sat the Commissaires of the *Société des Fêtes*, who organize these public amusements. The military band played at intervals.

These cow-races are a favourite national game of the Landais peasants, who beguile the weary monotonous hours spent in watching their cattle, by inciting the young and sprightly among the beasts to make half playful half malicious runs at their keepers. Cows and bulls are said to make such runs differently; the former with their eyes open, so that their fury,

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however great, is not so aimless as that of the bulls, who shut their eyes before running, and trust to violence and speed to work mischief.

The correct way of avoiding the attack of the cow, is by remaining immoveable till the animal is close upon his keeper, who should then, and not till then, make a single step aside. In this movement the man should merely describe with his foot a quarter of a circle, and never change his ground, leaving the cow to pursue her headlong course. From this step, *écart*, the men are called *écarteurs*. The effect of this manœuvre as well as its safety, depends on its being made at the right moment—neither too soon, when the cow, her eyes open, would have time to change her course, nor too late, when the danger is imminent. The only other legitimate evolution is a jump made either across the animal the instant the *écart* has been successfully executed, or over the whole length of the cow, who thus passes harmlessly under the man. The most accomplished *écarteurs* submit in this last case to have their feet tied together, they spring as the cow approaches, alight for a second between her horns, if they branch widely enough to allow of it, and then make the longer half of the leap. Not one, however, of the eight men we saw perform did this. A few made the correct jumps, but only one alighted between the cow's horns. Neither were their *écarts*, *classiques*, as I heard my French neighbours complaining. The men were prettily dressed, in white trousers, sandals, and embroidered velvet jackets.

The cows were introduced one at a time, and a cord was fastened to the horns, which was held very loosely by an attendant, so that in case of a cow throwing down an *écarteur*, she could immediately be pulled off, thus ensuring the man from being gored. The cord was only once required, when, the *écarteur* having waited a little too long before he made his escape, he was caught under the arms by the horns of the cow, and his jacket ripped open.

Great danger attends this game when it is performed in the open air, and when the shepherds are unaccustomed to it. A gentleman resident at Pau, and present on this occasion, left the theatre at the critical time of each performance, for though at a public exhibition like that we are describing, no real danger is incurred, still having seen shepherds gored by cows and seriously injured in similar games on three different occasions in the Landes country, his associations with such trials of skill were too sickening to allow of any pleasure in witnessing them.

On Tuesday there was, however, scarcely sufficient idea of danger to give spirit to the *spectacle*. The men and cows evidently knew one another, not indeed to the extent of making the performance a farce, but in such a manner that they were up to each other's tricks. The cows are fed on oats for some time previous to these public exhibitions, so that they are nearly wild with spirits. On first quitting their stalls some of the cows appeared almost mad, but this was partly the consequence of finding themselves in a strange place. The first rush was always the wildest; after this the cows required no little instigation, such as shouting

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and flapping of pocket-handkerchiefs, to excite them to attack the *écarteurs*. The men did not as a rule keep their ground well. They generally trusted to their speed instead of to manœuvre to save them when the cow approached, escaping by rails placed for the purpose round the theatre. All the men attempted to attract the cow at once, an *écarteur* always contriving to place himself between the animal and the man who held her by the cord. As each cow on first coming out played for about seven minutes and performed a second time, the exhibition was somewhat monotonous; indeed, its principal attraction consisted in the national character of this game or trial of skill. At the end of the performance, the cows, with their keepers, all crowned with flowers and leaves, marched round the theatre in procession; and Tuesday's entertainment wound up by a Béarnais Quadrille, danced by the *écarteurs*. The figures of this dance somewhat resemble our Skating Quadrilles, with the addition of wild jumps and piercing cries.

Prizes were awarded to the men who were selected as having distinguished themselves most in the *Courses aux Vaches*. They were all from the Landes country—Dax, Mont de Marsan, Dumes, or Barcelona.

The farmer who contracted to bring cows and men, was guaranteed three thousand frances, by the spirited Société des Fêtes.

Of Wednesday's races we need scarcely speak, for they differed but little from those of Monday, excepting that they were not generally speaking so good, and that the day ended in rain. We amused ourselves best, as we thought, by remaining at home, and watching the crowds who passed our windows on their way to and from the races.

Wednesday's races appeared to be the most important in the eyes of the French, for private carriages and horses were more numerous than on Monday. All went to the race-course in sunshine, and very bright and joyous everyone looked, nor were they less joyous, as, the races over, they rushed home again about four o'clock in a pouring rain.

We saw indeed nothing from our window but closed carriages and open umbrellas, for every peasant even, in this changeable climate, has this latter luxury, and seldom stirs from home without his blue or red gigantic umbrella, to protect him from winter's rain or summer's sun. The poor man's costume for fête days generally consists of a short stuff blouse, lavender-coloured trousers, bright *berét*, (a knitted cap, closely resembling the Scotch Lowland bonnet,) and a gay tie, while the girls are decked out in brilliant *fichus*, and cotton dresses of many colours. Taste is shown in the combination of these various hues, and an artist's eye is seldom or never shocked by the variegated Béarnais toilettes, while there is much to gratify, as the contrasts are striking, and happily chosen.

The tradespeople all shut up their shops for the day, and drove their womenkind to the Hippodrôme. They formed a motley merry crowd, and shouts, jokes, and *chaff* were exchanged from under the red and

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blue umbrellas, as the returning vehicles passed each other, racing by, or drove sociably side by side. Carriages and gigs lined the road, and even butchers' and bakers' carts were pressed into the service; but the most commodious of the vehicles were the great six-horse omnibuses and *diligences* which later in the season ply to and from *les Eaux*. These were loaded inside and out, but with very different cargoes from the pale invalids or busy commercial people whom they later in the year convey to the mountains. We saw as many as thirty people squeezed into one of the pic-nic or fair carriages which are so common in France.

The impression left on the mind by the scene was that of the extreme respectability and good temper of the crowd. Whatever may have taken place later in the *cafés*, neither drunkenness nor quarreling was to be seen during these days of pleasuring.

Thursday's masquerade was the principal event of Easter week. It is an annual representation got up by the public-spirited gentlemen of Pau, headed by the generous and witty Comte de Barrante. The money collected, or rather that part of it which remains after paying some of the expenses, is devoted to the poor of Pau, to whom it is judiciously distributed by the *Bureau de Bienfaisance*. We suspect, however, that *Jean qui rit* (a little local facetious paper) is right in saying that *les pauvres sont l'accessoire* only on these occasions; the principal end being the amusement of the visitors and residents at Pau, and the gratification of the poor through their eyes as well as through their pockets. Were it otherwise, the poor would be more directly and certainly benefited by a collection made by those gentlemen, who so generously assist with their money as well as by their trouble, in preparing this procession. It would certainly have been so on this occasion, for the expenses greatly exceeded the receipts.

The cavalcade assembled about ten o'clock in the Market-square, and was nearly an hour getting into order. The town presented a very animated appearance. In every direction one saw stray masqueraders scurrying to meet their troops, or going in search of some absent member of the cavalcade. Here was a Crusader careering madly up the narrow *Rue Tran*, while the *Rue des Cordeliers*, instead of being peopled by the pious monks, whom its name suggests, was rendered almost impassable by the crowd of shy, bewildered, newly-caught mountaineers in costume, who were being escorted to the *rendez-vous* by Bacchus, merry negroes, and Mandarins. At last all assembled, and were arranged in order by the indefatigable *commissaires*. The procession set off on its seven hours *quête* through the town, preceded by an escort of gendarmes. The impression of official solemnity given by this escort was lessened by the close neighbourhood of *Charlatan* and his equipage, he turning into ridicule, *en route*, the giant gendarmes by whom he was preceded, and the sapeurs, tambours, and regimental brass band, who immediately followed him.

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The next group in order was the cortège which bore the banner of the town of Pau, followed by the *commissaires*, (military and civil) of the fête, in a *Voiture en poste à la Daumon*. On the municipal flag figures brilliant representations of the ancient arms of Pau, which were also carved on a wooden escutcheon carried by one of the municipal authorities. These arms are as ancient as the town and *château* of Pau, which date from the tenth century. The founder is not known; but the story runs thus:—At that period the inhabitants of the *Val d' Ossan* conceded to the then *Viscomte de Béarn*, for the purpose of building a château, a piece of ground situated at the western extremity of the existing town. In order to fix the limits of the concession, three stakes (pali) were planted. From this circumstance the château, and indirectly the town, derived the name of Pau, which is *patois* for *pilu*. (Pal-stake.) This tradition is confirmed by the nature of the heraldic arms of the place, which were granted to the sheriffs of Pau in 1482, by Gaston XI. They consist of three stakes, on the centre one of which is perched a peacock with spread tail. Two cows stand under a beam which crosses these three stakes. In 1828 a tortoise shell was added to these arms by permission of Charles X., in remembrance of the cradle of Henri IV. Below the escutcheon are the words, *Urbis Palladium et Gentis*.

Among the remaining most striking features in the long masquerading procession was an African group, very well got up in scanty but gaudy war costumes; a large car was surmounted by the four Seasons:—Spring, a youth covered with real budding branches, violets, and periwinkles; another youth represented Summer by a profusion of roses which he held; Autumn was a middle-aged man reclining on corn sheaves, sickle in hand; while a chilly shivering figure dressed in furs personated Winter.

A first-rate mandarin was accompanied by his escort, who carried his state palankeen.

One large car was devoted to the coffer which received from time to time the contents of the long purses carried by the *Quêteurs* on horseback and foot, and which they were able to put up even into the windows of the houses, by an ingenious arrangement of slinging them from the top to the bottom of long poles; the money dropped into the open mouth of the purse at one end of the pole, sliding quite down to the other, through a long calico tube. The *Quêteurs* mingled jokes and exorbitant requests with playful reproaches, which provoked much mirth as they poked their yawning purses into the faces of the by-standers.

Perhaps the prettiest group of all, was that of Ossalois shepherds and shepherdesses, the former in their national costume, enormous brown berêts, red jackets, white waistcoats, and the legs encased in breeches made of rich brown native cloth and knitted gaiters of the same colour, fanning out over the instep in the peculiarly graceful style of the Ossalois pattern. In this costume, their long hair falling over their shoulders, and with their shy almost frightened looks, they formed a striking contrast to the jovial masquerading crew by which they were surrounded. They

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danced their national dances as the procession slowly paraded the town, but seemed as they performed their mountain quadrilles and jigs, almost bewildered by the music and pomp attending them. Ossalois guides in the same costume rode behind.

Then came a four-in-hand, driven by supplicating Quêteurs in historical dresses.

The only female figure was a Roman lady in her car.

Le Sieur de Framboisy, of grotesque and antique renown, was in a chronic state of bidding the spectators *adieu*, as he left for the Crusades, keeping up his own and his friends' spirits on the occasion by his pealing laugh and parting jests. He was escorted by his *écuyers*, *négrillons*, and *chasses-mouches*.

A bloated Bacchus was surrounded by his Bacchanals, the Queen of Bacchantes, Fauns, Sylvains and Satyrs, while Silenus preceded his jovial son riding on a donkey.

The military band, mounted trumpeters, and the municipal music, played by turns.

A tall factory chimney towered from one car representing industry, while grouped around were emblems of the arts, the press, chemistry, steam-power, &c., &c.

The quaint ungarnished uniform of a troop of *Lansquenets*, something between that of firemen and lancers, contrasted well with the showy dresses which crowded the historic car. This, the most pretentious, was on the whole the most successful of the masquerading vehicles, *la pièce capitale du cortège*, as the little local paper described it, *fort bien traitée, grandiose, et majestueuse dans ses ornements*.

Various gentlemen glittering in gold, silver, blue and pink satin, and violet velvet, personated *les gentilshommes* of different epochs in French history, from the quaint dress of Charles Quint's court, and the ostentatious costume of the time of François I., to the plain but rich velvet suits of Henri IV. This last monarch, the hero of Béarn, (with whose name almost everything historical in this part of France is connected, and around whose memory circles everything of interest, so much so that one becomes almost tired of his name,) was represented by the Comte de Barrante, an illegitimate son of Ferdinand VII. of Spain. His prononcé and characteristic features curiously resemble those given in the portraits of Henri IV., while the costume of that period, black velvet dress, high-peaked felt hat, point-lace collar, and long boots, singularly become him. Like the good king himself, Monsieur de Barrante is, and deservedly, a popular local hero. He went on foot from house to house and from person to person, presenting his embroidered purse, the filling of which he ensured by neatly-turned compliments and pathetic appeals. Monsieur de Barrante's improvisations and racy humour fascinate and astonish in the salons of Pau. His sleepy vivacity savours much of his mixed French and Spanish origin, and his brilliant conversation, interspersed as it is with impromptu jests and *jeux-de-mots*, is something quite unique. He

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is the very soul and genius of this and every movement which has for its object the entertainment of his townspeople of whatever rank, and is, with reason, the idol of the people. He was thronged by the populace, the children, *mes enfans* as he calls them, clinging unrebuked to his black silk hose and velvet breeches, as he sped from street to street unable to keep up with the procession, winning his way and winning alms by his bright smiles and gracious bearing.

The comic part of the masquerade consisted of men representing turkeys and fowls imprisoned in coops. It certainly required a good deal of imagination to suppose oneself in a poultry-yard when surrounded by these apparitions! Their principal claim to their name of *Volières de Dindons et leurs Poulaillers* resided in the red combs cresting their heads, which poked up out of boxes, barred across to represent the wicker-work of hen-coops. Early in the day was heard the crowing of cocks and gobbling of turkeys; towards the end of the monotonous promenade, however, conversation and cigars prevailed in the coops.

It was a long wearying day for the performers, especially with the prospect of a second representation at night by torch-light. By one o'clock they seemed as glad of the half-hour's *halte* in the Place Napoléon, as of the refreshment provided for them there. The *Place*, which has boulevards on three sides and barracks on the fourth, presented an animated *coup d'œil*. It was peopled with masqueraders, soldiers, and spectators, all mixing sociably while the former refreshed themselves with food and wine under the trees on the boulevards. Here was Bacchus to be seen appropriately employed in emptying a bumper with his friend the Chinese mandarin, while the sappers and miners were good-naturedly patronizing the primitive mountaineers, and plying them with the wine they had so well earned. Very tired they looked of showing themselves off for three long hours!

Henri IV. was condescendingly occupied in extricating one of his turkey subjects from his coop, and in giving leave to the postilions dressed *à l'ancienne mode* to deposit their wigs on their driving boxes while they rested and refreshed themselves.

It had been decided that during this breathing time the official jury should in the Place Napoléon distribute the prizes for *Dressage* or training of horses. The Inspector General of the *Haras*, or Government nursery for horses here, presided, surrounded by his grooms in scarlet coats and mounted. This happy arrangement added to the animation of the already picturesque and bizarre *spectacle* of the *cavalcade en repos*.

Rested and refreshed, the masqueraders once more fell into marching order, and set out on their way. The luncheon had worked wonders, and the procession went more merrily than in the forenoon. Less pomp was kept up, except by the squadrons of gendarmes, who headed the cavalcade and brought up the rear. These gigantic guardians of the peace never relaxed even into a smile, and turned a deaf ear to the unceasing *chaff* of the by-standers, who gladly availed themselves of the temporary

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excitement and confusion to take liberties not usually allowable with the powers that be. Their solemnity added greatly to the general effect, and formed a good foil to the comicality of the rest of the exhibition. The gendarmes too seemed not to be liable to fatigue; for towards evening, as *Spring* nodded among his violets, *Winter* positively snored, sappers and miners flagged, crusaders loitered on the road as if already weary of the holy cause, and the turkeys took to croaking as being less tiring than gobbling, the gendarmes rode on erect and stately, a tacit reproach to the hilarious as well as to the sleepy members of the masquerade.

Notwithstanding the fatigue of the long dawdling march, the hot sun, and the plentiful supply of wine, not one instance, as far as we know, of drunkenness or serious misbehaviour occurred either during this or the evening promenade. A boy was severely punished last year for stealing some sous from a purse on the occasion of this masquerade, which in 1865 took place on Ash Wednesday, simultaneously with the annual pilgrimage of Pauites to Bizanos, a neighbouring hamlet, which from time immemorial has somewhat inappropriately held its yearly fête on this singularly chosen day. It is then the custom to pelt the cheerful pilgrims with maize, oranges, and flowers—a miniature, in short, of the Carnival proceedings at Rome.

The evening promenade by torch-light on this Easter Thursday commenced amid loud detonations at half-past six, and wended its luminous way from the Porte Neuve to the Préfêt's house, which was illuminated, and in front of which Bengal lights were burned while he was serenaded by the brass band. Thence the procession went to the Place Gramont, where masqueraders and military formed a square. Each car burnt Bengal lights, rockets were sent up, and the band played. The cavalcade proceeded after a long pause through all the principal streets, ending in the large Market-square, which was flooded with the yellow glare of a powerful electric light, which gave to the bizarre crowd an almost unearthly appearance. At eight o'clock the masqueraders defiled under the arcades of the Market House, and disappeared with their flickering torches into its dark recesses.

Not content with this really hard day's pleasuring, crowds flocked in the evening to the pretty little opera house.

Others attended an equestrian representation at the cirque.

Les Courses on Friday only differed from the preceding races in the excitement occasioned by the winning of the *Ladies' Prize*, a handsome piece of plate, by Mr. Power, an American gentleman resident here.

The Chemin de Fer du Midi also gave a prize of six hundred francs.

A storm threatened all day, but only a few drops of rain fell during the races, and Friday successfully terminated the three days *Fêtes de la Société hippique locale*. This society is, we believe, with one exception the longest established society of the kind in France. It has been in existence for twenty-eight years, so that the jockey club only is its senior.

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Captain Alcock's hounds met on Saturday at the *Bois de Pau*. It seemed strange to be hunting when the trees were in such full leaf, but this late *rendez-vous* afforded us an opportunity of saying *good-bye*, *d Dieu*, and *leben-sie-wohl*, to many English, French, and other friends and acquaintances with whom we had been pleasantly associated throughout the past winter and spring, and with all of whom we shall not again find ourselves, excepting in our photograph albums!

There is something sad in the feeling that we are for ever losing sight of many who have taken part in the sociability of a winter, especially when the thought suggests itself that some of this number will never leave their own country again, save to seek another and a brighter Home than that at Pau!

Then again one recalls to mind with deep thankfulness how many invalids have so benefited by their sojourn in this warm and sheltered refuge, that it is difficult to recognize some of the pale faces which appeared at Pau at the beginning of the winter.

D. H.

CONCERNING SOME STAINED GLASS.

A FRAGMENT.

BY CECILIA MACGREGOR.

Do you imagine, gentle reader, from this heading to my subject, that you are about to be treated to a learned ecclesiological article on stained glass and its composition? if so, you will soon find out your mistake. For that I would rather refer you to Winston's charming book on this subject, though even that cannot enlighten us as to when stained glass came into use. Perhaps you may have been so fortunate as to have seen in your travels specimens of the perfection to which this art can be carried; and you will remember with pleasure windows at Canterbury, Cambridge, Oxford, and other places, not forgetting those in our own Westminster Abbey. Stained glass is a subject about which a good deal may be written, for it is eminently suggestive of thought. The readers of The Monthly Packet will not soon forget an extremely interesting account last year of the Fairford windows, that appeared in its pages; from which we learnt 'that they were supposed to have inspired our great Christian poet, Keble, in the composition of his beautiful verses'—verses which now rank amongst the classics of our language.

One day last spring (one of those days when it is hot in the sun but still cold in the shade) I was returning from a solitary walk: owing to my being alone, my thoughts had had full leisure for dwelling on much that had been passing around, in the world general and particular. It may be that I had been trying to solve that great problem—Life; whilst, like

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too many, I had perhaps allowed the shadows to preponderate over the sunshine which it contains for us, if we will only look for it. Quite apart from any circumstances of fleeting interest, the spring has a touch of sadness in it for many, though 'Vernal hours should sorrow heal.'

Intent on my own thoughts, I passed by a glazier's shop; standing immediately before it, and obstructing the pathway, was a little boy, who, evidently highly delighted with his newly-found treasure, was eagerly looking at the sun through a piece of deep-blue stained glass. It directly occurred to me that there was some analogy between my thoughts and that child's amusement. And the question proposed itself to my mind, whether the 'golden days' had in reality vanished for me any more than the sun had from the child who, by his own act and self-pleasing, purposely obscured the light which sought to penetrate across his path? For we had both been viewing things through a medium. It is possible that, as what is true of the lesser part is also true of the whole, in thus looking at the world we may not have been alone. Perhaps others, to their own unhappiness, may have been doing the very same thing; indeed, the child, with the piece of stained glass in his hand, was only an emblem of what is going on in the world, in which we more or less take part every day.

Here is a very possible instance of a *shadowed medium* between us and sunshine. We rise in the morning; it is all brightness, life and light surround us on every side. The matin-bell calls some of us to daily prayer—a proper and very happy commencement of the day before any of its brightness is sullied by contact with what we call the dimming routine of the world's duties. The medium through which we are looking now *is* bright, we admit; for, in church, the sun shines brightly through the eastern window, touching the pictured saints with its golden light; its rays fall on us as we kneel, and it seems as if the reflection of 'their heavenly features grave and fair' helped to make us yearn after their victory, and alike conquer and be crowned. 'The lonely air is thronged with shadows bright;' around us too are the angels; and the rays of light grow deeper; while we realize also more fully than before the deep truth we have just expressed, 'I believe in the Communion of Saints.' But anon the priest's voice is heard pronouncing the grace, the soft Amen is chanted, the service is over. For a brief moment we pause; Heaven is surely within, the world without; are we prepared to encounter it? which of the angels, the trailing of whose pinions we almost fancied we heard as we knelt, (before the echo of the last Amen had quite died away,) will hover around and watch over us when we leave? Will it be the angel Joy? one that we should always choose, I suppose, if left to ourselves.

Well, we leave the church; before we arrive at home, on our way thither, somebody has taken less notice of us than we expected; our pride is offended; already our ruffled spirits are less prepared for any interruptions to our cherished plans we had arranged for the day.

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Perhaps we had filled up our morning thus: 'An hour was to be devoted to perfecting ourselves in some piece of music; our special friend, who was coming to spend the evening, had asked us to play Mendelssohn's last book of "Lieder," which we had heard Miss Goddard render so charmingly not many evenings before. Then there were some popular essays about which everybody was talking, and which we should be expected to criticize; and many other things which would require time. We had promised our protégé, Mrs. Brown, the crochet shawl before luncheon, which we had sat up to finish the evening before, as a ride was planned for the afternoon which would fully fill it up.'

The medium through which we are looking at the world is still bright enough; we do not know the interruption to our plans awaiting us on our return home. To our great dismay we discover that our younger sister's governess has been telegraphed for immediately, and we are requested to take her place for the day. 'How provoking of Miss Watson's mother just to send for her to-day!' we think, but feel ashamed to say. What a weary weary world it suddenly becomes for us! All our plans are overthrown, and our attention and energy must be given instead to 'those tiresome children.' 'Why could they not prepare for Mr. Roche's class by themselves? Prosing over Italian composition is such a head-achy occupation. And then to have to listen to Dulcibella's drumming on the worn-out school-room piano, instead of enjoying the brilliant Collard and Collard in the drawing-room. Of course we are obliged to acquiesce, but our manner in doing so, we cannot help feeling, gives our mother pain; for we have given deep sighs, and exclaimed against 'the weary weary world in which we live.'

As we left the room, to remove bonnet and shawl, the door was shut violently; the angel 'Joy' parted from us then. It waited to see if we took up our duty (whether this or any other that arose) cheerfully, patiently, in the spirit of the lines we had so lately sung in church, on

> 'The daily round, the common task,
> Furnishing all we ought to ask.'

In theory it was all very well; but where is the yearning *now* after the saints' victory? Ah! how sadly we often fail to carry our good resolves into action, forgetting, as it has so well been remarked, that 'subjection to the laws which place us in relation to the creatures is, in truth, only an indirect form of obedience to God. We are trained to a submissive will by degrees, through the early discipline of childhood, afterwards through self-discipline under the checks, the hindrances, the disappointments, the sorrows, the reproofs, the denials, which make up so large a portion of life.' It was surely our *own* fault that day that we looked at the world through a *shadowed medium*. The brightness was still there; for many it would only have been intensified rather than obscured. To those who have learnt to see in the crossed will, training and discipline, it certainly would have been. But our selfishness and impetuosity scared from our

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side our bright visitant 'Joy,' and we were left to the care of the angel 'Sorrow.'

Hitherto we have been speaking of what are generally called *trifles;* but it is by them that our view of life is mostly coloured. Let us look at them calmly for a few minutes in their true light without shrinking; for great joys and great sorrows are from their very nature scarcely of every-day occurrence. After all, we must admit that our burden is lighter far to bear than that of many around us. Here is an instance. The golden sunlight that streamed down on us in church (a very glimpse of Heaven, as it seemed) shed its rays on others—on one whose whole life many would think to be composed entirely of shadow. The grey light intervening ever between her and sunshine.

Mary Montague was the last survivor of a large family; her last remaining brother (to her 'father, mother, brother, husband, all in one,') had been drowned before her very eyes, while trying to save the lives of some shipwrecked fishermen on the coast. Ah! the storm that shattered their vessel was scarcely less fierce than the tempest of anguish sore which swept across the poor sister's heart when her treasure was taken from her. But time is a great consoler, and dries up some of the saddest tears; at any rate, it hushes their vehemence. Now it was Mary Montague's privilege to minister consolation to others: the lessons she learnt in church that morning were not in vain. The angel Sorrow had knocked at the door of her heart, but she listened for 'the murmured blessing sorrow always brings' to some purpose. Could not some of the sunbeams be carried away with her when she left the church that morning? It should be hers to console and cheer others in their desolation; to help the infirm, to teach the ignorant, to minister to the sick, and keeping her own will in subjection to carry out the priest's directions in school and parish. So the angel 'Joy' remained all day by *her* side. Crosses came of course, (for what life is without them?) but when they did, the rays of sunshine, streaming through the eastern window, shone again vividly before her. So they became changed into joy, for each one would add to the brightness of the Crown promised at the last. A refrain of those sweet lines echoed ever in her ear—

'While I do my duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side.'

We know not indeed the struggles in doing and suffering of those around us. As we have seen, the medium through which they look at the world may be happier far than our own. The mosaic from the consecutive atoms of their lives may form in the end a more perfect whole. Outwardly for them it is sadness, desolation, and poverty; all shadow without sunlight anywhere; but after all, they are living a life above the world, and so the mists and fogs that dim our view of it are not felt in their

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higher better atmosphere; while every day the hidden world becomes clearer, and a voice seems to say—

'Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
One day all My own,
But the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne.'

To bring out a perfect mosaic is the ambition of the artificer in stained glass. All the small pieces are, however, bought separately in the market, the white and the coloured; the art consists in adapting the shadows and penciling. And our life is made up, too, of a number of atoms, of which shadows must also form a component part. May the great Artificer so harmoniously blend together the precious sunlight and shadow, that though 'now we see as through a glass darkly,' in the end we may win the unclouded vision of the blessed.

'Oh, holy wondrous vision!
But what, when this life past,
The beauty of Mount Tabor
Shall end in Heaven at last?
But what when all the glory
Of uncreated light,
Shall be the promised guerdon
Of them that win the fight?'

C. M.

AUNT CECILY'S MUSIC LESSONS.

PART I.—MABEL'S MUSIC-BOOK.

LESSON XI.

DINNER was served at seven precisely, and the ladies left the dining-room sooner than usual on account of 'the concert.' The drawing-rooms at Ashton Hall were both large, with a wide and lofty archway between them. The inner room, where the grand piano-forte stood, was chosen for 'the orchestra.' The harmonium had been brought from the library, and both instruments had been looked over carefully by an excellent tuner from the cathedral town that morning. Music-desks and seats for the fiddlers were arranged in proper order, and altogether the 'orchestra' looked quite business-like. A sofa had been placed against the wall, out of sight from the other room, for the lady performers to retire to when they were not playing. This was Clara's doing at the last moment, and she puzzled Mabel by calling it the 'green-room.' When she had said several times, 'I'm determined to have a green-room,' 'This is to be the green-room,' Miss Mellany had said, 'Don't be so silly, Clara;' and Mabel's heart beat, for she began to fear that she was going

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to be stuck up on that sofa and called 'Miss Greene in the green-room,' for Clara's amusement, and perhaps be shown up again and asked to play a duett. However, Aunt Cecily read her face, and told her to go into the next room, and she was set free from her panic.

When she went in, Lady Mary called her to come and sit by her. The ladies were laughing at the smallness of the audience, and Lady Mary said it was a pity they had not invited the school-mistress and pupil-teachers and the singing-class from the school. Mrs. Greene, who had not the slightest idea that Lady Mary was in earnest, laughed the little simpering laugh which she thought due to her guest's joke, and said 'It was a pity indeed.' 'The audience' at present consisted of Lady Mary, Mrs. Auriel, Mrs. and Miss Bright, Mrs. Greene, and Mabel. They were allowed to sit where they pleased, Miss Mellany and Miss Wells having over-ruled Clara's proposal to have sofas and chairs placed in rows to give the look of a concert-room. So Mrs. Auriel and Lady Mary talked to one another in rather a low tone as they sat together on a sofa near the fire, while Mrs. Greene was trying hard to make conversation with Mrs. Bright and her daughter, who occupied the sofa opposite. Coffee was brought in, and the ladies in the other room joined the audience, and there was no lack of talking and laughing then.

Miss Wells came to Miss Bright and asked if she would do them the favour of joining the performers, but the young lady begged to be excused.

Mrs. Bright said, 'Pray do not ask her to-night, dear Miss Wells; she only came home the day before yesterday, and between the journey and the unpacking she is quite tired, poor child! And this is her *first* dinner-party, you know, and that is quite excitement enough for a school-girl.'

Sophy Bright did not approve of being called 'a school-girl,' so she said, 'Well, Mamma, I've left school now, and I assure you I don't feel at all excited.—I should be very happy to play, Miss Wells, if I had my music, but I should be afraid to trust my memory to-night. I played Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer" without notes, at our concert at Belvidere House, the week before last, but I have not practised for several days, and I should really be afraid to venture to-night.'

So spoke Miss Bright, with an air of assumed confidence that amused Miss Wells and delighted Mrs. Bright, who being a shy person herself, was thankful that Brighton air had given her daughter such perfect freedom from nervousness. Miss Wells was glad to find that she need not make a change in her programme for Sophy Bright, and went off directly to report this to Miss Mellany, who was anxiously awaiting the result of the invitation.

Just then Mr. Auriel appeared, followed by Clement Bowyer. It was Mr. Auriel's habit when dining in houses where he was very intimate, to leave the dining-room soon after the departure of the ladies, and Clement Bowyer took advantage of this to make his escape too. The conversation had got upon an accusation of buying up pheasants' eggs from poachers and poisoning foxes, brought against a new-comer in the neighbourhood; a gentleman who had lately rented a few acres of shooting with a cottage on it, the property of Mr. Greene. It was a little manor some miles distant from Ashton, which Mr. Greene had inherited only a few years ago, and he had let it rather than have any trouble about it, as he had quite enough to do at Ashton. As Clement Bowyer

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did not care for hunting or shooting, the discussion bored him as much as it did Mr. Auriel, and he was thankful to have an opportunity of getting away.

When they entered the drawing-room Clement went straight to Miss Wells and Miss Mellany, but Mr. Auriel dropped into a most inviting arm-chair between the fire-place and the sofa where Mrs. Bright and her daughter were seated, and began to talk to Sophy. He had known her ever since she was Mabel's age, but he had not seen her for a year, because when she was at home for the midsummer holidays he and Mrs. Auriel were in Switzerland. He asked her if she was going to play, and she made the same reply to him that she had made to Miss Wells. It struck Mr. Auriel that Sophy was wonderfully altered, and he did not think it a change for the better. A year ago Sophy had left home for the first time, an awkward shy girl, but simple and modest, with a low opinion of her own abilities and acquirements. She had been a strong, healthy, clumsy-looking girl, with no promise of beauty; but this last year she had shot up suddenly, and was quite tall. Her carriage and manner had become graceful, her dress was quite in the newest style, and her hair was elaborately arranged, and in a mode that suited her face. But there was an expression of conceit, and a little patronizing air, that appeared to Mr. Auriel not only absurd, but decidedly unpleasant. However, he never judged anyone in a hurry, and he made allowance for the Belvidere House standard of manner; and he hoped that Sophy's old simplicity and humility would come back again when she had been at home for a few months.

In the meantime he inquired about her musical studies. He was sorry to find that she had been learning nothing but what he called 'rubbish,' and he told her he was glad she was not going to play at all that evening, if she could do nothing better than the pieces she mentioned.

Poor Sophy! She had been accustomed to look on Mr. Auriel as one of the kindest and gentlest of human beings, and she was quite astonished at what seemed to her such harsh criticism. But she was a good-tempered girl, and bore the trial well. That was just what Mr. Auriel hoped. He gave her credit for solid goodness underneath the school-girl airs and graces. He saw she was mortified and hurt, but that she made an effort not to resent the unpalatable remarks.

'Sophy,' he said, with that sweet smile peculiar to him, 'you and I are such old friends that I may speak the plain truth to you even when it sounds very disagreeable. I hope you will come over and spend a day with us soon, and then you can look over all my music, and choose what you would like to study, and take it home with you; and whenever you wish for an accompanyist, I shall be at your service.'

'O Mr. Auriel, how good you are!' Sophy said, her eyes sparkling with joy. 'I will learn anything you like if you will advise me, only I hope you will not require me to learn a fugue, because that would be an impossibility. Mr. Grandon Sharpe brought me one once, and I tried so hard, but it was really *impossible*, and he used to get so out of patience; and I left off learning with him, and Miss Hauton placed me under Herr Scheinundstein, and I got on so *much* better with him!'

Mr. Auriel laughed, and was going to reply, when Clara came up, saying, 'Uncle Auriel, we want your help at once. We have no string bass part for the Midsummer Night's Dream, but of course you know it by heart.' Then she went on to explain that they were trying to do

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a quartett for eight hands with only three performers—that her sister had written out her own part, putting in as many notes as one pair of hands could manage, and giving some extra work to the bass player at the first piano. 'And I always forget those tiresome bits added to my part,' said Clara; 'and you would help me immensely if you would only just come in and see what it is. Do—*please*, dear Uncle Auriel,' she added very coaxingly.

Now Mr. Auriel had intended to sit quiet in that comfortable chair and listen to the overture, instead of exerting himself so soon after dinner. However, he rose at Clara's bidding, and followed her meekly to the other room. Here he carefully examined the bass parts, and decided on what was wanting. He had played that overture for years in the orchestra of an amateur society at X——, and knew every note of it by heart. In a few minutes he was as much interested in it as Clara herself.

Presently the other gentlemen appeared. Mr. Barry and Mr. St. Leger, who had arrived only just in time for dinner, were highly amused at the formal arrangements for the 'concert.' They made their way to the orchestra directly, and begged to be informed what they were expected to sing. Miss Mellany had chosen things she knew they were familiar with, so they made no objection to the programme.

Clara ordered them off, saying they would be of more use swelling the ranks of the audience at present than anywhere else. 'Mind,' she said, 'you are to go out of that door, and come round to us by the hall. It would be disrespectful for you to walk straight up from the audience to the orchestra, "and discipline must be maintained," you know, *Ensign* St. Leger,' she added, mimicking Mr. Charles Dickens's old soldier.

Mr. St. Leger replied first by carrying his hand to his forehead in military fashion, and then plunging it into his pocket, he drew forth a pair of white kid gloves, which it was his habit to carry with him when he dined out, in case any dancing should turn up. He was only just twenty-one, and had not worn his uniform more than a year. He displayed the gloves to Clara, saying, 'Observe, my brilliant cousin, I keep my powder dry. You shall find me ready for duty when you summon me.' And then with a mock bow he retired with the programme in his hand.

Mr. Barry was less obedient. He was a clergyman attached to the Cathedral of X——, and a very good musician, and he was nearly a dozen years older than Mr. St. Leger. He paid no attention to Clara's orders, but asked her sister who was going to turn over.

Miss Wells heard him, and said, 'I was just going in to get Mr. Charles Lyne, but he would perhaps blunder. If *you* would do it, Mr. Barry, it would be a charity.'

'I shall think it an honour, Miss Wells,' Mr. Barry replied with solemn emphasis, and then went straight to the piano-forte and rapidly turned over the pages of the piece on the music desk to see that they were all right.

Miss Wells and Miss Mellany looked at each other with a smile, and Miss Mellany whispered, 'That is so like him! He always thinks nothing can be in proper order unless he has arranged it himself.'

Just then, Clara, who had seated herself at the piano-forte directly Mr. St. Leger retired, took up a little hand-bell she had kept in readiness, and rang it sharply. The talking and laughing in the next room stopped instantly, and those who were standing sat down. Miss Wells and

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Miss Mellany, startled by the sudden summons, hurried to their places. Mr. Barry considered Clara's action unseemly, but he had no time to expostulate, as Mr. Auriel tapped his violoncello with his bow, and after looking at Miss Mellany, who replied by an affirmative bend of her head, he glanced at the rest of the party, and nodded. Then Miss Mellany started alone, playing the opening chords on the harmonium with soft stops—alas! a poor substitute, the player felt it to be, for the instruments those chords ought to have been played by. Then the piano-forte and violin joined her; and Mabel could hardly help clapping her hands when she heard the fairies rush in.

We need not go through the overture. It is enough to say that it was successful so far as the audience was concerned, and a sound of suppressed laughter showed that the donkey's bray was recognized and appreciated. The players were not so easily contented as the audience, and when the applause began they lifted their eyebrows or their shoulders and smiled significantly at each other.

As they rose, the clapping was continued to make them bow their thanks; and then the two Miss Mellanys, Clement Bowyer, and Mr. Auriel, ranged themselves just inside the archway, Miss Wells struck the chord of G, and the four singers began Mendelssohn's Spring Song in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, singing it without an accompaniment. It was encored, and then they gave 'The Lark's Song,' which was also demanded a second time most vehemently.

The next piece was a duett of Mozart,* the Sonata composed for Madame Strinasacchi (the famous Mantuan violiniste) to perform in the presence of the Emperor Joseph. It was written in such haste that the lady had only one day to study it in; and there is a story told of the Emperor's observing that Mozart himself was playing from a blank sheet of music-paper, and saying to him afterwards, 'What! you have been at that again!' to which Mozart replied, 'Yes, please your Majesty, but not a note fell under the desk.' It is a pretty and brilliant sonata, full of melody. The violin part is difficult, but the piano-forte part is very easy—at least to a good player. Clement Bowyer and Miss Wells played it perfectly, and the audience liked it much.

As the last chord was struck, young St. Leger, who had been standing behind the sofa where Lady Mary sat, said, 'Aunt Mary, it is our turn next. How do you mean to reach the orchestra? Clara gave me orders to go round by the hall.'

'Very well,' said Lady Mary, smiling. 'Let us go, then.'

As she rose, Mr. Barry glided in at a rapid pace, and arrived in time to conduct her ladyship to her place by a more dignified road.

Mr. St. Leger followed them, crying out, 'Now that's a shame, Barry. To do me out of my "great expectations." I intended to have made a sensation, entering the orchestra with Aunt Mary in orthodox style. But when my solo comes, see if I don't enter like a *Primo Tenore*.'

'My dear fellow,' said Mr. Barry, with imposing suavity, 'will you oblige us by keeping quiet in the meantime.'

The eight parts were taken by Clara and Lady Mary, (Sopranos,) Miss Mellany and Charles Lyne, (who had that rare voice, a rich and sweet male Alto, which assimilated perfectly with the very deep full tones of Louisa Mellany's peculiar Contralto,) Mr. Miller and Clement Bowyer,

* This Sonata has a slow movement and two quick ones in B♭, and a very charming *Andante* in E♭. It is No. 2 in Novello's Edition.

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(Tenors,) and Mr. Barry and Mr. Auriel. (Baritone and Bass.) Miss Wells had put Mr. St. Leger down as first tenor, before she knew that Clement Bowyer was enough of a singer for a difficult madrigal, but Miss Mellany told her cousin they had found a substitute for him, and that they would let him 'reserve himself for his solo.' This Mr. St. Leger declared was 'very severe;' but he laughed, and went back, as he said, 'to increase the force of the audience.'

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. DENYS' HOME, WARMINSTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY PACKET.

YOUR pages have been kindly thrown open for the discussion of the question of 'Woman's Work;' and we are told that 'there are thousands of women in England whose hearts are stirred within them, and who are feeling, "If I can do anything in the Kingdom of God, *I must.*"' I am rejoiced to hear it, and trust that the oft-repeated appeal for help, which meets us in your pages and in the columns of every newspaper, will soon find a full and free response.

It seems incredible that help can be so near, and yet, for us who pine for it, so difficult to find. Where is the fault, if fault there be any—rather the obstacle which keeps these two yearning cries of Help, help! and Work, work! from mingling in one gladsome song of thanksgiving?

All agree in the urgent need and absolute necessity that something ought to be done—nay must be, if we are to stem the tide of evil around us; passive resistance, or theory the most complete and conclusive that social science can educe, will never meet the case; we have an active enemy to fight against, and we must take the weapons out of his hand and use them against himself, if we intend to make any progress. Indifferentism, open vice, and squalid poverty, the offspring of vice, call loud for repression and alleviation; our weapons must be self-abnegation, activity, and faith in the guidance and mission of the Church.

I was travelling a few days since on the Midland line between London and the north, when, as the train approached Leicester, it began to slacken speed; we had just passed the last village station, and seeing nothing but open country around, we were naturally surprised, until looking ahead we saw the cause of this unusual occurrence. Just where two lines met, our way was obstructed by broken coal trucks, up-torn rails, and an engine planted in the way to warn us of the danger: another train on the branch line was like our own waiting to proceed; the gentlemen passengers, engine drivers, stokers, &c., of each train, ran to the scene of confusion, and a party of workmen soon came up with the requisite materials and tools, which were fortunately close at hand; but, with everything ready to repair the injury, nothing was done for the first hour, there was much talk and running hither and thither, no lack of ready hands to put to the work, but no head, apparently, to direct and utilize the abundant material, until much precious time was lost; after two hours waiting in the vain hope of a clear passage, we were pushed back to the next junction, and sent on to Leicester by the up-line.

Is not this little incident a very true picture of the state of things in our portion of the Lord's Vineyard? many of our sisters with willing hearts and hands are running to and fro, only needing direction to be of great use; but, for want of it, now standing idly looking on, and wondering when in God's Providence the obstructing mass of evil will be removed, and a clear passage be opened for His Will to be accomplished.

Many ways have been suggested in which women, free from home ties, and with plenty of means at command, may be of use, either to the well-known charities of the country, or those more recently established; but there is a large class of women earnestly desirous of work, who have neither time nor means, or having both, no

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inclination for the work held out to them—such as permanent nursing, or penitentiary work. For these the most practical solution of the question is the plan suggested by your correspondent, 'Gladys,' of a united band of workers; but I think, if she will allow me to say so, that her letter is written in ignorance of much that has been already done in that way; such Guilds as she recommends are established in several London parishes, and also in a few in the country; and a Home is already established for combining and training those who may desire to be thus associated together.

St. Denys' Home, Warminster, in the diocese of Salisbury, supplies this want; its primary object is the training of those who are willing to engage in mission work either at home or abroad; and for their efficient training they can assist in various kinds of work which have been established in the parish, such as a Cottage Hospital, an Orphanage, and a Guild, besides the usual routine of parish work, unite the middle and labouring classes in mutual works of charity.

This Home is well suited to fulfil the purpose of a mother house, as, without any further expense, it will admit at once among its associates those who are willing to be united together by a few simple rules, in works of charity for Christ's Church.

The Home is open to the associates for retreat from time to time from the unrest of busy home life; for instruction in the practical working of various branches of Church work, and for their building up by study and meditation in our most holy Faith, under the guidance of the warden, who is the vicar of the parish.

The community of St. Denys hope at some future time to be able to open a central house in London; but for general purposes, and certainly for leavening and strengthening the character, the restful seclusion of the country is more desirable.

The Superior will be happy to communicate with anyone wishing to give herself to work, either at St. Denys' Home, or in her own neighbourhood; and to supply some employment to others who have a little time to spare.

St. Denys' Home, Warminster.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Our readers will be glad to hear that Campanella *is by no means concluded, but will be resumed in our next.*

Baltimore.—'Il Libro del Fanciuletto,' *and* 'La Casa sul Marc,' *both by Pietro Thouar—printed, the first by Vieusseux, at Florence, the second by Ubigni, at Milan—are the only young children's books of modern days we have been able to meet with. We believe Italians themselves feel the deficiency. After earlier childhood, Metastasio's sacred dramas, or* 'Le Lettere d'una Peruviana,' *are safe reading enough; and we suppose we need scarcely suggest Silvio Pellico, Manzoni, Azeglio, or Tasso, though indeed it is a pity to read any of these until the language has ceased to be a labour.*——'Regalo del Capo d'Anno,' da Achille Mauri, (Milano: Libreria Pirolla.)—'Racconti Storici del Medio Evo,' da Cecilia Macchi, (Milano: G. Gnocchi.)—'L'Infanzia di Celebri Italiani,' d' Ignazio Cantù, (Milano: Via del Gesù.) *Cesare Cantù has published several excellent historical novels, to be had of Francesco Sanvito, Milan.*

Helen *begs to be directed to a book on Church Decorations, wholly designs, without letter-press. Also to be told the best way of teaching needle-work and cutting out, with modern patterns.—The S. P. C. K. have a good little book by* S. W.

Another Helen.—*This was answered long ago. It was Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More.*

A. H.—*The photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Keble was taken by Preston and Poole, Penzance, and is to be had there if the negative be not exhausted.*

H. H.—*Whose is the best book on Church Embroidery—to teach one to do it? When should Christmas Decorations be removed? and where is the authority for removing them at a stated time to be met with?*

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O. X. *would be thankful for information respecting a Society, which she has heard of, for helping to send out respectable families (who can get no work in England) to other countries, where work is plentiful.*

Mr. Allautt acknowledges with thanks the following contributions to The Portsea Nursery:—Miss Cox, 5*s.*; A Well-wisher, *Three Scrap-books;* E. M. *and her* Fellow-Servants, 4*s.* 1*d.*; A. A. 2*s.* 6*d.*; *and will be happy to send a copy of the second annual report to anyone who will send their address to him.*

The lines—

> 'The moon, that ancient sufferer, pale with pain,
> Presses her cold lips on her sister's brow
> Till she is calm.'

are from A Life Drama, *by Alexander Smith.*

Elsie *would like to know the various reasons given for turning to the East when the Articles of the Belief are said, and which is the true reason to give.—The custom probably began from the Jews' custom of turning towards Jerusalem in prayer; but Christians, however situated, should turn to the East, in token that they look to the Rising of the Sun of Righteousness, and are children of the Day.*

Strena.—*The verses are part of the ballad of Little Hugh of Lincoln, a boy of seven years old, said to have been murdered by the Jews. It is the subject of Chaucer's* Prioress's Tale. *The whole may be found in most collections of old English ballads.*

A. C.—*Send your address, and we will put you into communication with those who can give fuller and more private information on* The Society of the Apostolic Rule.

M. G. A. *wishes to know where she can obtain information about the organization of the Roman Catholic Missions, especially a Society at Lyons for sending out Mission Women.*

Emma *begs to inform* T. *that* St. Saviour's Priory, Kingstown Crescent, *is a 'Branch House' of St. Margaret's, East Grinsted.* St. Augustine, Haggerston, *is in Shoreditch. The Church adjoins York Street, Hackney, the entrance being in Little Cambridge Street. The parishes of* St. Columba *and* St. Augustine *are two of four districts recently formed out of St. Mary's, Haggerston, N.E., Rev. — Ross, Vicar. The service at* St. Columba *is at present held in a school-room; the church is nearly finished, but in danger of delay for want of funds. The Vicar is the Rev. S. W. Mavgin. The place is in great need of assistance. Any such would be thankfully received in its behalf by* Miss Ann Moy, 1, Colveston Crescent, Ridley Road, N.E.

Cumbria *begs to inform* K. S. *that the custom of making Pace Eggs is by no means obsolete in the north of England. The egg is dipped in water, and sprinkled with dyes of different colours—cochineal, log-wood, &c.; then wrapped in linen, tied up, and boiled for twenty minutes. It is a mistake to put too much of the dye. Onion peelings, used either alone or with other dyes, produce a very good effect. Liquid bottles of dye may also be procured, mauve and magenta; in this case the egg must first be boiled, then the dye simply rubbed on with a cloth. Coloured ribbons or prints were formerly used to dye eggs, but the colours are now usually made too 'fast.' Pink cotton velvet, if not too good, makes a capital dye. The egg is much improved by being rubbed with butter when the dyeing process is completed.*

A. O. *asks the name of an easy* explanation *of the* Lord's Prayer, *suitable for reading to old or ignorant persons; an easy and clearly written explanation of the truths of Salvation; also, a book of songs (especially ones with action in them) for an Infant and Girls' School.* A. O. *has* The Training-school Song-book.

Can anyone say whether there is a Home by the sea-side in south or west of England where a poor boy could be received for the summer without payment? Or would anyone living by the sea be so very kind as to take him in for the summer? He is a quiet boy of fourteen, (small of his age,) and might make himself useful in the kitchen. Any further information concerning him would gladly be given by A. D., 23, Meridian Place, Clifton, Bristol.

L. C. B. *asks where a poor village boy, not ten years old, with some musical knowledge and a very good high soprano voice, would be received into a cathedral or church choir on the most advantageous terms? A recommendation from a Cathedral Organist can be produced.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

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THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

DANTE, on recovering from the swoon into which the lamentable story of Francesca di Rimini had thrown him, proceeds with his guide to the circumference of the third circle, where lie the gluttonous, exposed to perpetual showers of hail, rain, and snow. The entrance is guarded by Cerberus, who seizes on the half-drowned spirits, gnawing them, and tearing their limbs asunder, as well as deafening them by his howls. On seeing Dante and Virgil approach, he prepares to attack them; but the latter takes up a handful of earth, and throws it to him. The attention of the fiend being thus diverted, the poets advance, treading on the immaterial forms laid prostrate by the storm. One of them, a Florentine, whose real name is unknown, (he is called by Dante Ciacco, or 'hog,') raises himself as they pass, and recognizes Dante, and converses with him concerning the state of politics in Florence, and the fate of certain of their countrymen, who he says will be found lower down in hell. As they proceed, the poet asks Virgil whether the torments of the damned will be alleviated or increased after the last judgment: in answer to which Virgil reminds him that the more perfect the state of existence of anything is, the more susceptible is it of either good or evil. Hence the re-union of soul and body will increase both the happiness of the righteous, and the misery of the wicked.

In the seventh Canto, they descend to the fourth circle, presided over by Pluto, the god of subterranean wealth, who, on seeing them, exclaims, 'Pape Satan, pape Satan aleppe,'—words that have exercised the ingenuity of many intellects without any adequate result. 'Pape' may very likely be Greek, and 'aleppe' Hebrew; but the certainty of thus getting at the true sense of the passage is to say the least doubtful. Pluto, apparently, is giving warning to his master of the strange, and to him unintelligible arrival of Dante and Virgil. Of course, our readers will not suppose Pluto to be represented as the king of hell; but only as one of the subordinate ministers of vengeance. The guardians of these uppermost circles are arranged so as to correspond with the crimes therein punished. After Minos, the judge of all the damned, we find Cerberus keeping watch over the third circle; his three mouths and canine nature representing the vice

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of gluttony. Pluto, the same as Plutus, the god of wealth, superintends the torments of the avaricious and the prodigal; while in the eighth Canto, Phlegyas, who in anger had burnt the temple of Apollo at Delphi, receives the souls of the passionate at the Stygian ferry.

In the fourth circle, the poets behold the lost spirits rolling heavy weights backwards and forwards against each other in opposing lines. Many of the avaricious appear with shaven heads, as ecclesiastics. Virgil thereupon discourses on the vanity of earthly desires, and explains the theory of the governing intelligences of the several celestial spheres; one of whom is Fortune, who regulates the rise and fall of nations and individuals by her subtle influence, which is real, though concealed like the snake in grass. He then warns Dante that time is getting on; that the stars are now setting which were rising when they began their journey on the Good Friday afternoon; and that they must proceed in their appointed task. On the confines of the circle rises the river Styx, whose inky waters, after descending the slope, expand into a dismal pool, where are immersed the occupants of the fifth circle, who live in constant hostility one with another, striking and tearing each other with hands and feet, teeth and nails, and uttering cries rendered almost inarticulate by the stifling water in which they stand. The poets descend from the fourth circle, and reach the foot of a high tower, situated on the border of the marsh.

In the eighth Canto, it will be seen that the two beacon flames signify the number of the new comers; while the answer shews that Phlegyas has seen the signal, and is on his way across the water. In approaching the further bank of the Styx, they see the burning city of Dis rising above the fosses which wall in the sixth circle. Dante apparently uses the word 'minarets' with reference to the heresies and false religions, whose adherents were imprisoned therein, though Mahomet himself, as will be seen, occupies a much lower station in hell. The whole picture seems not so unlike the aspect by night of some of our midland or north-country foundries, with their iron roofs and flaming chimneys. The speech of Virgil, with which the Canto ends, alludes to our Saviour's descent into hell, and his triumphal entrance through the entrance portal mentioned in the third Canto, in spite of all the resistance of the devils, who, as Dante imagines, barred the gate, and arrayed their forces to withstand him. The poets then await the arrival of the angel, who Virgil prophesies is already on his way to conquer the obstinacy of their enemies.

THE INFERNO.—CANTO VIII.

In sequel of my tale be it recounted
That long ere reaching that high tower's foundation,
Up to its very top my eyes had mounted
To watch two small flames which had there their station,
While so far off that scarce could we discern it,
A third sent back its brief illumination.

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Then, from the ocean of all lore to learn it,
I said, 'What means this? what response proceedeth
From that third light? and who are they that burn it?'
And he, 'Across the slimy water speedeth,
Soon thou shalt see it, that for which we tarry,
Unless the marsh-born fog thy sight impedeth.'
Never doth arrow from the bow-string carry
So strong an impulse on its course aerial,
As I that instant up the estuary
Saw towards us glide a boat of light material,
Manned by one pilot only, who exclaimed,
'Art come, fell spirit, to thy doom funereal?'
'Phlegyas, Phlegyas, in vain this time is aimed
Thy taunt: no more of us thou hast,' returneth
My lord, 'than while we pass the slough ill-famed.'
As one who of some great deception learneth
Against him wrought, and plagues his mind with fretting,
So Phlegyas with internal anger burneth.
My guide, his foot on board the vessel setting,
Signs me to enter with close-following paces,
And only then it seemed its cargo getting.
Then when my lord and I had gained our places,
Off went the ancient bark, the waters rending
More than its custom is in other cases.
Whilst o'er the dead marsh we our way were wending
One full of mud before us rose, and cried,
'Who this, that cometh ere his hour impending?'
'I, if I come, remain not,' I replied,
'But who art thou, that art made so disgusting?'
'One doomed to wailing, as thou hast descried.'
Then I, 'With wail and woe mid slime encrusting,
Accursed spirit, there abide for ever:
Foul as thou art, I know thee.' Then adjusting
Both hands to whelm the boat he made endeavour;
But my lord thrust him off, with cry aggrieved,
'Down, to the other dogs: more vex us never.'
Then round my neck his arms he threw relieved,
And kissed my cheek, and said, 'O soul disdainful,
Thrice blest was she in whom thou wast conceived.
On earth he was a man of pride most baneful;
Good there is none, his memory redeeming;
So raves his ghost here in existence painful.
How many are there, mighty monarchs seeming
Above, who here as swine in filth shall wallow,
Leaving behind them horrid disesteeming!'

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And I, 'Right gladly would I see him swallow
His fill beneath the slimy lake immersed,
Ere that again our road on land we follow.'
Then he, 'In knowledge full thou shalt be versed;
Before the beach itself to view doth tender
Thou shalt have joy of thy desire rehearsed.'
And soon I saw unto that vile offender
Such outrage by the miry folk applied
Whereof yet thanks and praise to God I render.
'To Philip Argenti,' one and all they cried,
And 'gainst himself with teeth and biting gory
The passionate Florentine with them vied.
Then we passed on, nor more of them my story
Narrates. But in our ears a cry resounded
Whereat mine eye its glance exploratory
Unbars. Then spake the sire, 'Lo, here is founded,
My son, the city that of Dis is named,
With fearful citizens, a crowd unbounded.'
Then, 'Lo, distinct already,' I exclaimed,
'The minarets gleam from out the vale nocturnal,
Vermilion all, as if in fire they flamed
Below.' And he to me, 'The fire eternal
Within them burns, its ruddy hue exposing,
As thou dost witness, in this depth infernal.'
Now the deep fosses had we reached, inclosing
The land around, of comfort all forsaken;
Bare iron seemed its lofty walls composing.
But not till we a circuit long had taken,
Came we where Phlegyas cried with voice of power,
'Lo here the port: come forth.' With senses shaken
I saw some thousands on the gate-way tower
Of heaven-rained spirits, who with anger fired
Cried, 'Who is this that ere his death-day lower,
To view the dead world's kingdom hath aspired?'
But my sage master made a sign, declaring
That he to speak apart with them desired.
Then somewhat they relaxed their haughty bearing,
And said, 'Come thou alone, and let him wander
Who on this realm hath entered with such daring.
Bid him on his fool's journey homeward ponder,
And test his powers; for thou shalt tarry, leaving
Him whom thou led'st through that drear country yonder.'
Think, reader, what I suffered while receiving
Loud in my ears their curses so indignant;
No more in my return to earth believing.

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'O my dear Master, O my guide benignant,'
I said, 'who me securely hast protected
Seven times and more, from risk of harm malignant
That rose against me; leave me not rejected
To ruin; but if we from our course are driven,
Together be our quick return effected.'
Then he who for my guidance there had striven,
Said, 'Fear thee not; no one hath power to hurt thee
Or bar thy road; by such high power 'tis given.
But wait me here, and let good hope divert thee
With food and comfort for thy soul offended,
Since I in this low realm will not desert thee.'
So went the tender sire, and unbefriended
There left me waiting in perplexed condition,
While aye and no within my brain contended.
The words I heard not of his proposition;
But no long time he parleying with them tarries,
For all within resolve on prohibition.
Right in my master's face our adversaries
Shut to the gates, who after such repelling
Back unto me his tardy footsteps carries.
With eyes down fixed on earth, and visage telling
Of confidence o'erthrown, he spoke and sighed,
'Who bars my access unto sorrow's dwelling?'
And then to me, 'Be not thou terrified
At my annoyance; I will beat them under
Whoe'er within to stay us be allied.
This arrogance of theirs is no new wonder;
At gate less secret once was it displayed,
Whose portals yet stand without locks asunder.
O'er it thou saw'st the deadly words arrayed:
From thence already through the circles presses,
Descending without escort undismayed,
One who shall ope for us the land's recesses.

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

METRE and meaning alike are grave, sad, and full of awe, on this last Sunday of the great Forty Days, the Sunday of Rogation or prayer

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marking the close of the time when our risen Lord still remained upon earth. This solemn time is compared to the deep stillness before a summer shower—only broken by the sweet full note of a bird singing in the distance.

Like that bird, in these 'still days of prayer,' should the entreaty of the Church be heard, 'mourning as a dove;' or as the solitary bird that in the east 'sitteth alone on the housetop,' filling the night with soft plaintive murmurs. 'O deliver not the soul of Thy turtle-dove unto the multitude of Thine enemies,' may well be her cry, for her plaint must be a penitential one—

'Teach her to know and love her hour of prayer.'

Surely—when we remember the scant observance of 'hours of prayer' in 1823, compared with the Church's present custom, we feel as if this entreaty had been in some degree fulfilled. And observe—the rarer faith becomes, the more earnest intercession must needs grow to be among the faithful who utter the voice of the Church on earth, bewailing the errors of herself and her children, like Hosea's 'lost returning spouse.'

The parallel in the next verse is carried on to the penitence before Mount Sinai of the Israelites after their idolatry, the subject of the Lessons for the Evening. Here we must take the Church to be represented by Israel, their petitions being gathered into one, and expressed by Moses; as those of the Church are presented before the Throne by our Lord Himself.

Israel's was a sin against a ratified covenant, it was a relapse; and so are the sins the Church has to mourn, with 'an intenser cry' than the pre-baptismal sins of ignorance can be mourned. And whereas special intercessions were needed for Aaron, the priest, as guiltiest of all in the matter of the golden calf, so error or sin among her priesthood, is above all bewailed by the Church. 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?'

Appalled by looking back at the long course of sins that stain our Israel, from the first even until now, and at the darker shades of the future, we suddenly seem as it were to cry from out of the congregation beneath the mountain, seeing Moses, or rather our own true Mediator, bearing the pledge of the covenant we have violated—freshly granted to replace that pledge that Moses shattered on the granite rocks, because those who had sworn to it had instantly set it at naught.

We can only cry,

'Withdraw Thine hand, nor dash to earth
The covenant of our second birth.

'Tis forfeit like the first, we own it all—
Yet for love's sake
Let it not fall;
But at Thy touch let veiled hearts awake,
That nearest to Thine Altar lie,
Yet least of holy things descry.'

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There is, of course, an allusion to the deadness of heart of a great part of the clergy in the time when these verses came from a sad and anxious soul, burthened with a sense of the negligence and other errors that lay heavy on the Church. Heavily they lie still; great are the sins, and terrible the shortcomings, for which we still need to intreat our Great Intercessor, our Moses out of sight, to plead with His Father. And yet, in some degree, things are better. If evil has grown, the good has grown; and it is living active good—not almost passive—as it was when this mournful awe-struck Rogation prayer came from the comparatively young pilgrim-priest.

Next time we hear his voice, it is no longer under the penitential shadow of Sinai; but he is singing joyously, near the borders of the promised land, to the fresh young generation who have grown up, unscathed by the recollection of Egypt's slavish luxuries—guided always by the Law—guiltless of the faithless murmur—leading the chant over the morning task—

'Comrades, haste, the tent's tall shading
Lies along the level sand;
Far and faint, the stars are fading
O'er the gleaming western strand:
Airs of morning
Freshen the bleak morning sand.'

This fresh, bright, joyous morning song is to be taken *really* as the song of an Israelite manna-gatherer, not of a Christian disguised under his character, though certain verses are of universal application—as

'Trust Him—care not for the morrow—
Should thine omer overflow,
And some poorer seek to borrow,
Be thy gift nor scant nor slow:
Wouldst thou store it?
Ope thine hand and let it go!'

Or again:

'For that *one*, that heavenly morrow,
We may watch and toil to-day;
Other thrift is waste and sorrow,
Savings are but thrown away!
Hoarded manna!
Moths and worms shall on it prey!'

Most beautiful is the anticipation of the Land of Promise:

'Not by manna showers at morning
Shall our board be then supplied,
But a strange pale gold adorning
Many a tufted mountain side,
Yearly feed us,
Year by year our murmurings chide.

'There, no prophet's touch awaiting,
From each cool deep cavern start,

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Rills that from their first creating
Ne'er have ceased to sing their part;
Oft we hear them
In our dreams with thirsty heart.'

There follows the question—will Canaan, when it is gained, be full and perfect rest? It is answered—

'Nay, fair Canaan
Is not heavenly mercy's *best*.

Know ye not, our glorious Leader
Salem may but see and die?
Israel's guide and nurse and feeder,
Israel's hope afar must eye,
Then departing,
Find a worthier throne on high.'

Observe, it is Salem—Peace—that is selected as what Moses barely beheld. The Israelite argues, as St. Paul did, that the Land of Promise is not all, but 'there remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.'

The song is sung, no doubt, with a thought of Him who like Moses, was taken from His people ere they entered fully on His promises; and like them we may sing—

'Deeps of blessing are before us;
Only, while the desert sky
And the sheltering cloud are o'er us,
Morn by morn, obediently
Glean we manna—
And the Song of Moses try!'

So may we gather up the Bread of Life, and strive to be of the number of those who stand on the Sea of glass mingled with fire, and sing the Song of Moses and of the Lamb.

Once more we feel that to sow in tears is to reap in joy. He who began with mourning, as a turtle-dove, the transgression beneath Mount Sinai, ends by beguiling the wilderness of Paran with the blithesome Song of the Manna-gatherers.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.

'SEED-TIME' is the suggestive title of the beautiful verses that are appropriated to this spring-tide Sunday during the ten days of Expectation.

The earth, we are reminded, kindly receives the seeds committed to her bosom, cherishes them, and reproduces them after their kind —'tree, herb, or reed'—and with large increase. How unlike our hearts, where the great Sower hath set celestial flowers, and watered

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with the Water of Life, even the Holy Spirit; yet what do we yield in return?

'Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord,
Largely Thy gifts should be restored;
Freely Thou givest, and Thy word
Is Freely give:
He only who forgets to hoard,
Has learn'd to live.

Wisely Thou givest, all around
Thine equal rays are resting found;
Yet varying so on varying ground,
They pierce and strike,
That not two roseate cups are crown'd
With dew alike.'

The material fact that in God's glorious Providence the fall of dew or rain is proportioned to the need of every plant, is of course here an allusion to the verse from the Epistle that forms the motto, and which itself seems to be an allusion by St. Peter to St. Paul's explanation to the Romans, (chap. xii. 5, 6.) and to the Corinthians, (1, chap. xii.) of the 'diversities' of gifts of the Holy Spirit, as adapting each individual to fulfil his different office as a member of Christ. The gift of any power, faculty, or possession, is a stewardship. Or again it is the Seed, so freely and wisely scattered by Him whom we can only resemble by following 'the more excellent way,'—more excellent, that is, than any gift in itself—for thus alone can it yield its return, namely, 'soft-handed Charity.'

Real charity—that is love to others—not mere alms doled out as tribute for one's own sake; but thoughtful, applying the bounty according to the need, as by a good steward, so as to lend eyes to the blind and feet to the lame; to warm and feed shivering bodies; to reprove the sinful, and comfort the trembling soul, pointing the way upwards, and encouraging prayer, by showing the Infinite treasury as little exhausted as when the Saviour had ascended, and was still pausing ere He sent 'His gifts to men.'

The ten days of expectation are here again dwelt on, as a time of patient confiding marvel Who should come to do more than compensate to 'souls that mourn for their Master'—'comfortless,' as our translation has it—orphans, as it stands in the original Latin. The everlasting doors are represented as standing open to receive prayer and praise, the pure incense offered before the Throne, where stands the Healer of all wrongs, the Great High Priest and Intercessor, bearing His golden censer, and offering hearts from every land, united with His own by love; while around Him wait the multitude of blessings that would descend to man with the Holy Spirit.

He maketh some apostles, some prophets, some teachers, some evangelists; each receives the gift in his degree. And so have we received a gift; and what have we to do but to 'give what He gave,'

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and use our power, be it what it may, for His glory, and man's salvation.

'The upper room furnished,' the guest-chamber in one of the houses on Mount Sion, was always a special home of the poet's thoughts; and even some of his last wandering words referred to it, so dear was it to him as the first Christian Church, the place of the first Eucharist, of the first Consecration, and above all of the Coming of the Holy Ghost. And, taking the fifty days as the type of our constant waiting for the coming of our Lord, he asks in the Lyra, 'Where are the homes of Paschal mirth?' where may be found the joy that no man taketh from us? He answers that we know of two resorts of the saints, the Temple and the upper room, where the Apostles, with the blessed Virgin, and the holy women, were constantly found.

In like manner, our time of watching is spent in His House and at home. In His House, by the Communion of Saints we have that same presence of His mother and His saints; and at our homes, He too, with the great cloud of witnesses, is watching to hear our prayer:

'Avaunt, ill thoughts and thoughts of folly!
Where Christened infants sport, the floor is holy;
Holier the station where they bow,
Adoring Him with hallowed vow—
Till He with ampler grace their souls endow.'

For childhood, ere Confirmation, may be viewed as an Expectation week.

WHITSUNDAY.

THE foundation of this day's poem is the fact that the Jews considered that the Day of Pentecost, or Feast of Weeks, commemorated the giving of the Law on Mount Sinai, which took place 'in the third month' after the Exodus, which, according to the Scripture reckoning, would have begun within fifty days. Thus, according to this computation, it was on the anniversary of the day that the Commandments were spoken from the cloud on Mount Sinai, certainly on that which was observed as such, that the Holy Spirit descended on the Church. On the day the Law was given, He came Who alone could enable it to be kept.

The poem then is a comparison of the two occasions. The terrible manifestations on Mount Sinai, are set alongside of the gentle mildness of the coming of the Comforter. The language of the contrast is so simple and plain that any paraphrase of it would be useless, and all that we would here remark is, that the line,

'A day of wrath and not of grace,'

is an improvement on the older editions, which ran—

'Convinced of sin, but not of grace.'

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The contrast ends by a lamentation that the sound of the rushing mighty wind, the universal Voice and Breath of the Holy Spirit, should be so often quenched in our hearts by the giddy whirl of sin—and by an invocation to Him to come to us, and 'save by love or fear.'

The later Whitsunday poem, we must own, seems less spontaneous than usual. The two first verses are fine—dwelling on the oneness of the gift, and its manifold demonstrations; and then it is added, that all classes of persons have their representatives, as it were, in those who were then present, all except young children.

'Naught we read of that sweet age
Which in His strong embrace He took,
And sealed it safe by word and look.'

Yet the venerator of childhood adds that, since the mother of our Lord was present,

'How in Christ's Anthem fails the children's part,
When Mary bears Him throned in her maternal heart.'

It *is*, we fear, a little strained; and the feeling can scarcely be understood by those who cannot appreciate the poet's yearning for blessings upon the innocents he loved so well, with almost a mother's desire to feel that they share in everything precious. He proceeds, however, to their real claim—that Pentecostal discourse in which

'Blest Peter shows the key of heaven,
And speaks the grace to infants given;
"Yours is the Promise, and your babes', and all
Whom from all lands afar the Lord our God shall call."'

TRINITY SUNDAY.

The symbolism of ecclesiastical architecture supplies the framework of the appropriate threefold verse of this day. So little was the subject thought of in 1829, that one cannot but wonder whether the comparison were suggested by study of old authorities, or whether it was the natural impression produced by a Catholic building on a Catholic mind.

The analogy then is that the cathedral is a representation of the entire Church—the Lord's House. The sanctuary, with the altar, the priest and the choir enclosed within it, continues the type set forth by the Holy Place of old, and represents as it were Heaven itself, where is the Divine Presence, and the Church invisible; while the outer portion, the nave, is analogous to the visible Church. Thus, on this Sunday of contemplation of the great mystery of the Holy Trinity in Unity, we are represented as waiting before the choir door, unable to see within, but listening to the celestial songs that are caught up and echoed all around us; and as the three aisles all forming one nave lead to the one inner shrine, so do the

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three special works of the Blessed Trinity, Creation, Redemption, Sanctification, all lead us to the Holy of Holies and the Mercy Seat.

And like the calm within a cathedral, while the din of traffic sounds in the street without, is the rest and peace of 'being hid privily in the Tabernacle from the provoking of all men;' 'the peace and pleasure of being in favour with God,' as Bishop Wilson calls it, while the world rushes its own way without.

Then comes the question, Why will not the world pause to attend to the music of the Church and her gentle invitations? Alas! the answer must be that selfishness, the moving spirit of the world, is exactly that to which the calls of the Church must needs be most distasteful. Insubordination to parents, or to authority,* cannot brook the practical thought of an all-seeing, ever-present Almighty Father. Envious brethren cannot enter into love of the Great Elder Brother on the Eternal Throne. Sullen bitterness of spirit is especially alien to the whisperings of the Comforter, the Holy Dove. And so the poem ends as it began, with an invocation to the Holy Trinity. At the opening, it was an entreaty for grace to praise and to contemplate that vast ocean of Infinity, the Nature of the Godhead; at the close, it is a prayer to be guarded and kept close to our 'Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide.'

I have not tried to explain the fifth and sixth verses, because I do not think I understand the effect they refer to: unless it means that the traveller in a wood on a hill-side, though for the most part seeing nothing but arches and tangles of branches, and grey mist, sometimes sees, through the vistas and openings in the mist, lovely gleams of sunshine and shade in the open country beyond; so we—going on too often in a blind confused way from Sunday to Sunday, service to service—now and then have liftings in the cloud, and discern more clearly what it all means, while some spiritual light brightens our soul—and, taking up the cathedral comparison, we find ourselves 'pausing before the choir,' brought close upon the divine mystery of Trinity Sunday.

The 'Lyre of Innocence' could not fail to have the Words of Baptism for this day, as for its own starting point—

> 'Once in His Name Who made thee,
> Once in His Name Who died for thee,
> Once in His Name Who lives to aid thee,
> We plunge thee in love's boundless sea.'

And therewith follow the solemn occasions when through life that Name should ever be named, as our shield, our praise, our glory, our hope—at morning, at evening—in resolving, in resisting, in life, in death; until we 'learn with Angels to proclaim It.'

* American Christianity (?) has absolutely pronounced 'Oriental forms of devotion not suited to free and enlightened citizens!'

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FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE Lessons for Sundays have brought us to what may be called the second great type of the individual Christian life, in the dealings of God with Israel. The first, as we all know, was the forty years in the wilderness. This is not specially dwelt on in the poems on the Sundays of Easter-tide, except in the Song of the Manna Gatherers; but it has its full turn when, on the eighteenth Sunday, 'the Church in the Wilderness' dwells upon Ezekiel's grand retrospect of the rebellions of Israel. In that series of types, the Land of Promise stands, of course, for Heaven, and the waters of Jordan for the dark river of death.

But, in fact,

'Fair Canaan
Is not heavenly mercy's best;'

and the Land of Promise has another analogy. Our own condition in the Kingdom of Heaven answers exactly to that of Israel in Canaan; having entered through the waters, led by the true Joshua, and with our enemies so far subdued that we can keep them under, if only we will not parley with them and let them become snares and thorns to us.

So it is that the two first verses are spoken as it were in the character of an Israelite, looking about on the newly won country, full of the traces of defeat and slaughter. What a vivid presentation they are of the aspect of what travellers have told us is 'emphatically a land of ruins,'—huge ruins on every hill top—so massive, that assuredly no freshly grown 'household vine or fig tree' could have veiled them, in the earlier years of their occupation by the Israelites.

Therewith we pass on to the Christian's disappointment in not finding all the peacefulness, happiness, and assurance, he has been led to expect in religion. He knows he is dwelling under the fulfilment of the promises so long held out to the believers of old. The great work of mercy is complete. As the commemorations in the Offices of the Church have shown us, each Holy Person of the Godhead has done His own office, or rather is doing it; and the threefold crown of mercy is held out to us, through our Lord Himself.

All we have to do is to hold our own. But, alas! just as Israel looked round on ruins, so our outer life is necessarily one of decline and sadness—something falls or fades from us every year, and

'The man seems following still the funeral of the boy.'

The spiritual life ought to be all joy; but it is so much entangled with the temporal life, as to be often dimmed and shadowed by these outward grievances, and oppressed by the contemplation of the lost delights of earlier years. Therefore we close with the prayer that our eyes may be opened to a true sense of our privileges, and that we may veritably feel ourselves in the land of salvation, and within the Kingdom of Heaven, so

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as ever to reach forward to the things that are before; and, instead of grieving over the sundry and manifold changes of the world, have our hearts surely fixed where true joys are to be found.

'Nor by the way-side ruins let us mourn,
Who have th' eternal towers for our appointed bourn.'

We change our volume, and find ourselves called to think over the frightful force of those sad words of the Rich Man of to-day's Gospel, respecting the five brethren, towards whom his soul turned with helpless dread and longing, in the place of torment.

'Five loving souls, each one as mine,
And each for evermore to be—
Each deed of each to thrill,
For good or ill,
Along thine awful line,
Eternity!'

For verily it is so! One careless word—one insolent look, one scornful tone—may lead astray and taint a young soul, so that it bars itself from Paradise. We have heard of St. Augustine's sorrow for the companion whom his example had injured. What must such remorse be in the dreadful world, where there is horrible certainty and no place for repentance?

And yet—

'We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And deem we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.'

It is literal truth. It can be proved by almost any minute biography, or by merely listening to the recollections of our elders. Everyone remembers some word or action of another, that has either helped to form his habits or else sunk into his mind, and fixed some opinion. Nor can anyone tell *which* seeds will be caught up and assimilated by the wonderful minds of the young.

Our deeds and words seem gone, but there is no end to them. At the judgment day we shall not only answer for them on our own part, but we shall see their effects on others. We may see hundreds, the worse for some foolish selfish encouragement we have given to some bad habit of finery or self-indulgence. Or we may see our own nearest and dearest lost, through our worldliness or irreverence, or the obstacles we have selfishly raised to their acting conscientiously. Alas! Alas! What can we do? Only while we live among others,

'Keep thou the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear!'

(To be continued.)

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ASCENSION HYMN.

LUIS PONCE DE LEON.*

(Born 1528, Died 1591.)

And dost Thou, Holy Shepherd, leave
Thine unprotected flock alone,
Here in this darksome vale to grieve,
While Thou ascend'st Thy glorious throne?

Oh, where can they their hopes now turn,
Who never lived but on Thy love?
Where rest the hearts that for Thee burn,
When Thou art lost in light above?

How shall those eyes now find repose,
That turn, in vain, Thy smile to see?
What can they hear save mortal woes,
Who lose Thy voice's melody?

And who shall lay his tranquil hand
Upon the troubled ocean's might?
Who hush the winds by his command?
Who guide us thro' this starless night?

For Thou art gone!—that cloud so bright,
That bears Thee from our love away,
Springs upward thro' the dazzling light,
And leaves us here to weep and pray.

[This poem, beginning 'Y detas, pastor santo,' is supposed to be sung by the disciples as they saw their Lord's Ascension.]

JUSTUS.

'And they appointed two, Joseph called Barsabas, who was surnamed Justus, and Matthias. And they prayed, and said, Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, shew whether of these two Thou hast chosen.... And they gave forth their lots; and the lot fell upon Matthias; and he was numbered with the eleven Apostles.'

Acts, i. 23, 24, 26.

Deep was the hush ere yet 'twas known
Which of the twain the Lord should choose,
Ere yet the voice from out the Throne
Had said, 'This take, and this refuse.'

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* Translated by George Ticknor, Author of 'History of Spanish Literature.'

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But when the lot came forth, and fell
To good Matthias' thankful share,
Then surely—oh, believe it well—
Grand hymns of praise succeeded prayer.

New life was his, a martyr's doom
Foreshadowed glory round him shed,
Elected in the traitor's room,
And with Apostles numbered!

But the *un*-chosen one! Ah, pause,
And think a moment of *his* lot!
No leader of the Church's cause,
And with Apostles numbered *not*.

Ah, brought so near, yet left so far,
Ah, losing what another gained!
Say, did the loss devotion mar,
Or drew he balm from what remained?

Not his a Bishop's staff and crown,
But his sweet memories of the time
When, journeying on from town to town,
Beside him walked a Form Divine.

Ah, in this moment swift there sped
Back to his thoughts, we may believe
His Lord's own teaching, how He said,
'More blest to give than to receive.'

And so he raised ungrudging eyes
Unto his brother's face, and gave
His voice to swell the melodies
That rose rejoicing, wave on wave.

Calm and unmoved, content to wait
Humbly for death, his name unknown,—
Another's shrined in heavenly state, *
Another on the judgment throne! †

Thus may we trust, though Holy Writ
Is silent on his after fate,
Though blessed Luke has deemed not fit
For record such as this to wait.

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* 'And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.'—*Rev.* xxi. 14.

† 'Ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.'—*St. Matt.* xix. 28.

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The Church's work was done, and well;
The Church's Lord exalted high;
Why stay the Church's pen to tell
Of one poor sinner's destiny?

Yet from his memory we may learn
A lesson for these lives of ours,
Calm for these hearts, that ache and burn
At thought of undeveloped powers.

'The vantage-ground to thee denied,
The crown that lights another's brow—
Forget them! safe at Jesus' side,
Ah, leave to Him the why and how!

'He knows, He only, why on thee
No lot has fallen; no consent
Has met the "Here am I, send me,"
Of one on service fully bent.

'He knows, He only, how 'tis best
That one life should in silence glide,
And one be dowered with high behest,
His name to blason far and wide.

'Sufficient be it that He knows,
He knows with whom is wisdom's key—
That *He* Matthias' crown bestows,
Denied to Justus and to thee.

'Hadst thou been given His vineyards fair,
To tend and train, to dress and keep,
It may be thine own vineyard bare,
Had made the Heavenly Planter weep.

'So, patient tend thine own soul's plot,
And, oh! forget thou not to pray
For that one on whom fell the lot,
When from thy grasp it passed away.

'Uphold thou well his hands by prayer,
Give thanks for his God-given power;
It may be thou shalt have a share
In his praise at the Judgment hour.

'What if th' Unerring Voice proclaim,
"Matthias laboured, Justus prayed;
Both spread the Glory of My Name,
On *both* My Benison be laid!"'

FLORENCE WILFORD.

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PSALM XXIV.

PROPER PSALM FOR ASCENSION DAY.

(Domini est terra.)

THE earth and all its fullness dwells
Safe in the hand of God,
Who raised it from the ocean swells,
And fixed it on the flood.

But who unto that holier place
With dauntless foot shall climb,
Where God unveils His glorious face,
Beyond the mists of time?

The clean of hands, the pure in heart,
May reach that upper air;
Christ keeps for them this better part,
Which no deceivers share.

When on the mountain side He stood,
New pity, boundless grace,
Inspired each fresh beatitude
Dropped on His chosen race.

Drawn by the shining of His eyes,
As dew-drops by the sun,
After Him, to His native skies,
They follow, one by one.

Lift up your heads, eternal gates!
Eternal doors, unfold!
The King of Glory stands and waits
Before your portals old.

Who is the King of Glory, thus
Ascending to His home?
The Lord, who was so strong for us,
In battle and in doom.

Lift up your heads, eternal gates!
Eternal doors, unfold!
The King of Glory stands and waits
Before your portals old.

O Christ, the King of Glory, thus
Exalted to the sky,
Thou Lord of Armies, be to us
Both strength and victory.

M. C.

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CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO XCIV.

THE STEWART AND THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

1437-1457.

THERE was some peculiar element of unpopularity in the House of Beaufort. For three generations they were the bane of Henry the Sixth's popularity in England; and the Beaufort Queen of James I. of Scotland seems to have been hated by his subjects both as his wife and widow. Her barbarous revenge upon his murderers, all gentlemen of high rank and widely connected, had been such as to excite the dislike and distrust of the nobility, who had always chafed against King James's measures of repression, while he was heartily beloved by those of lower rank.

The new king, James, a boy of six years old, spirited and handsome, save for a broad red mark on one cheek, whence his nickname of Fiery-face, was crowned a few days after his father's burial, in the Lent of 1437. It was the first coronation at Holyrood Abbey, instead of at Scone, because the neighbourhood of the Highlands was not deemed safe. Queen Joan was made guardian of his person and of those of his five sisters; but the government was placed in the hands of Archibald, Earl of Douglas, son of the old Earl Tyneman, who had been slain at the Battle of Verneuil; and Lord Crichton, the governor of Edinburgh Castle, where the young king had been lodged in the first panic on his father's death, kept him in jealous custody, and seemed to be intending to seclude him from all other influences, and become absolute governor in his name.

Queen Joan obtained, with difficulty, permission to visit her son before going on pilgrimage by sea to our Lady at Whitekirk, in East Lothian. Amongst the luggage that was carried out of the castle to be embarked in the Queen's ship, was a large carved chest, and within this lay the little king, who was thus conveyed to her jointure castle at Stirling. This was then commanded by Sir Alexander Livingstone of Callender; and a fierce rivalry between these two, Crichton and Livingstone, commenced: Douglas did not interfere, he was probably failing in health, for he died of a malignant fever on the 26th of June, 1439; and his son, being only seventeen, did not come forward into the arena where the struggle was going on. Livingstone had for a time the advantage; he then, making friends with Crichton, obtained from him the keys of Edinburgh Castle, making him Chancellor in return, and the Queen found herself again powerless.

Hoping to obtain a protector, she followed the example of Catherine and

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Jaquetta, the two royal widows of England, and privately married another James Stewart, third son of Lord Lorn, and commonly called the Black Knight of Lorn. When this wedding was discovered, in 1439, Livingstone is said, by an old Scots history, to have seized the bridegroom and his brother, and put 'thaim in pittis and bollit them,' an operation which could not have been so fatal as it sounds, since they do not seem to have been the worse for it. Queen Joan herself was a second time beset in her own chamber by armed men, one of her gentlemen wounded, and herself imprisoned.

However, at a convention held shortly after, Joan was released, and seems to have obtained her husband's freedom, by surrendering the charge of her son and of Stirling Castle to Livingstone; but before this strange wild year was out, the royal boy, while hunting, was surrounded by Crichton and his attendants, and stolen away again to Edinburgh.

Crichton again reconciled himself to Livingstone, and then became supreme for the time; but his chief anxiety was respecting the Douglas family. Ever since the time of Good Lord James, this mighty house had grown in numbers and in possessions; the necessities of Border warfare had kept them constantly armed, and the long period of anarchy—only broken by the thirteen years of James the First's reign—had only added to their power and insolence. Nor had James I. attempted to put them down as he had his own dangerous kindred. In his reign the chiefs of the name were fighting in France; and though, no doubt, if he had lived longer, their turn would have come, his having crushed so many other dangerous nobles had only made them tower above all the rest; and the great dukedom of Touraine, in France, had added to their wealth and dignity. Moreover, the brother of Bruce's friend, Lord James, had been married to the sister of John Balliol, and the Balliol family having become extinct, her descendant, the present Earl, actually represented the Balliol claim, which was really preferable to that of Bruce, from whom the Stewarts inherited. The mother of the young earl was descended from Euphemia Ross, the second wife of Robert II., a marriage which had been conducted with so much more legality than his first marriage, with the mother of his elder sons, that one motive of the murder of James I. had been his half-uncle Athole's belief in a superior claim to the throne. The execution of the Stewarts of Athole brought this second claim to Malise of Strathern, young Douglas's uncle; and it would seem that young Earl William and his brother behaved themselves like hot-headed lads, rode about with more than royal pomp, often with a thousand horse, talked imprudently of their power of overawing the kingdom, and of their superior rights, and allowed all sorts of violence to be committed, as men not only superior to the laws themselves, but able to make their following superior.

Whether they intended any treason or not, Crichton resolved they should have no time to practise any. He invited them with the utmost politeness to visit the King at Edinburgh Castle, and they complied.

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The King received them, and seems to have taken the delight of a ten-year-old boy in the attention of two youths of eighteen and seventeen, though at the last their old friend and guardian, Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld, scenting danger, tried to induce the Earl to send back his brother, lest both should be taken in one trap; but this was refused, as injurious to their trust in the King's guardians; but in the midst of the feast—so says tradition—the head of a black bull was placed upon the table, and this was well known to be the sign of death and deadly feud. The youths sprang up, and hastened to the door, but it was beset by armed men, and they were seized, the young king clinging to Crichton's knees and imploring him to spare them. But in vain; the boy was forced to sit on his throne, a mock trial of them was gone through in the castle, and they were dragged out and beheaded in the court, where Fleming suffered three days later, in 1440.

The great French dukedom of Touraine lapsed by their death to the King of France; part of their lands went to their sister Margaret, a mere child, and called the Fair Maid of Galloway; and the earldom was inherited by their uncle, a man formerly of much spirit and enterprise, but who had lately become fat and inert, and surprised everyone by making no attempt to call Crichton and Livingstone to account for his nephews' murder. 'James the Fat,' as Douglas genealogists call him, died two years later; and his son William, young and ambitious, winning and able, was resolved to raise the power of the bleeding heart to the highest pitch. He had already been contracted in marriage, but he obtained a dispensation for breaking this treaty, and for marrying his young cousin, the Fair Maid of Galloway, though she was only eleven years old, and thus again uniting all the power of the mighty house. He obtained the consent of government through a family connection with Livingstone, and by an interview with the young king, in which James, now about fourteen, was gained by his charm of manner and professions of loyalty.

Crichton lost much power by this coalition; and the chief adviser of the monarch became Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrew's, his first cousin, and the wisest and best man then in Scotland. He had spent four years at Rome, and had much cultivation, and understanding how matters went beyond the Border; he did much to regulate the Church, and he deserved the eternal gratitude of Scotland by founding her first university, that of St. Andrew's, so that her scholars could at length learn at home, instead of wandering to Paris, from which, however, they brought all their forms, terms, and habits.

Queen Joan died in 1445; she had apparently been neglected by everyone since her second marriage; and her second James Stewart was in exile on the continent. She died in Dunbar Castle, then held by a noted Border thief, named Patrick Hepburn, an adherent of the Douglases, but whether she were his prisoner or had sought his protection, does not appear. It was a sad conclusion to the romantic history of the fair nightingale, wooed twenty years before by the royal captive minstrel on

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the slopes of Windsor. She seems, however, to have had the custody of her daughters, for on her death James sent off his young sisters, Joan and Eleanor, to their eldest sister Margaret. It would seem that on their finding that she had just been 'done to death by slanderous tongues,' they were kindly treated by Charles VII., and joined their other fair dull elder sister, Isabel Duchess of Brittany. Eleanor, who, like Margaret, inherited her father's love of poetry, married Sigismund Archduke of Austria, and amused him by translations from French poems into German. Annabel, another sister, was betrothed to the son of the Duke of Savoy; and Joan seems to have returned home in 1449, on occasion of her brother's marriage.

This took place when James was eighteen, and had shewn himself strong, brave, and ready, fully able to cope with the many difficulties of his position. He had sent Crichton and two other statesmen to find him a wife among the French princesses, and by Charles the Seventh's advice, they chose the daughter of the Duke of Gueldres; her mother, being a sister of Duke Philippe of Burgundy, was closely related to the French court. The marriage was highly approved by the great Duke, and the bride was brought to Scotland in a fleet consisting of thirteen vessels, in which came also James's three brothers-in-law, the Duke of Brittany, the Archduke of Austria, and Lord Campvere, who had married his sister Mary.

When, on the 18th of June, 1449, the ships arrived in the Forth, Mary of Gueldres, the young bride, was seated on horseback behind Lord Campvere, and thus conveyed to Holyrood, where the marriage took place, and splendid feasts celebrated it, at which Earl Douglas appeared with full five thousand men. There was a great tournament, in which three Burgundian knights were the challengers, and two James Douglases, and Sir John Ross, their opponents. The challenge was *à l'outrance*, but on the fall of the first Douglas, the King threw down his gauntlet, that no death might mar the joyful occasion.

James took up his father's work, which had been standing still for fourteen years, and did his utmost to raise the condition of the citizens and peasants, to repress the outrageous power of the nobility, and to put down wrong and violence. No one stood so much in his way as Douglas; but the Earl was at this time bent on making a foreign journey, to endeavour to recover the Dukedom of Touraine, and to visit Rome during the jubilee of 1450. His brother James, who was studying for the priesthood at Paris, joined him, and they proceeded to Rome with a train of six knights, fourteen gentlemen, and eighty horse, all so splendidly equipped as to be greatly admired at Rome.

While he was absent his followers committed great atrocities; but on his return, in 1451, he disowned them all, so as for a time to blind the King; but he was in the mean time closely leagued with the two Earls of Crawford and Ross, and likewise with the Duke of York. James the Second's Beaufort blood had rendered him a warm friend to Henry VI.,

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and the House of York therefore were ready to encourage that rebel spirit in Scotland, that secretly intended to put forward Douglas's Balliol blood, as an excuse for overthrowing the Stewart king and all his plans for reducing lawlessness to order.

The league was discovered, and disclosed to the King by Bishop Kennedy. In return, Lord Crawford sent a party to harry the Bishop's lands, and if possible to imprison himself. The harrying took place; but the Bishop was safe in his castle, and answered with excommunications, at which the Earl laughed.

However, less than a year later, the Earl was killed in a fight, near Arbroath Abbey, with the Ogilvies, and with Seton, Earl of Huntley, who had joined them, because the attack was made while he was their guest, and it was part of the code of Scotch manners, that any man must fight on his host's side in a fray that began ere he had time to digest his meat. Huntley lost his son in this fight; and the old Lord Crawford was killed; but his son, David Lyndsay, called Earl Beardie, or the Tiger Earl, kept up the band in full force.

The King's discovery of the league led Douglas to open measures of violence. He attacked and nearly murdered the Chancellor Crichton in the streets of Edinburgh; and soon after he, with Ross and Crawford, summoned their vassals to take up arms against the King. But one Maclellan, a nephew of Sir Patrick Gray, captain of the king's guard, and called Tutor of Bomby, as being guardian to the heir of that estate, refused to join the muster, upon which he was thrown into a dungeon in Thrieve Castle. His uncle immediately obtained letters from the King, commanding his release, and galloped with them to Thrieve Castle. The Earl received him courteously, and declined to hear his business till he should have dined, quoting the saying, 'It's ill talking between a fu' man and a fasting.'

Dinner over, he read the letter, thanked Sir Patrick, and said he would at once grant what it requested. He then took Gray by the hand and led him to the castle court. There, close beside the block, lay a headless corpse, freshly bleeding. 'There,' said the Earl, 'there lies your sister's son; unfortunately he wants the head, but his body is at your service.'

The execution had taken place while the uncle was at dinner! He was completely in the power of the ferocious Douglas, and therefore restrained himself so as only to answer, 'My Lord, if you have taken the head, you may do as you list with the body.'

He then mounted his horse; but when he was beyond the gate, he turned, shook his gauntlet at Douglas, and called out, 'My Lord, you shall bitterly pay for this day's work;' also calling him a coward and disgrace to knighthood. Douglas bade that he should be instantly followed and slain, but his horse was fleet, and bore him safely away, though he was chased up to the very gates of Edinburgh.

In the winter of 1451, soon after this outrage, King James sent an

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invitation to Douglas to come and confer with him at Stirling, sending him at the same time a safe-conduct, signed by himself, his ministers, and chief nobility. It would seem that the King really hoped by personal conference to set matters straight, and persuade the Earl to dissolve his confederacy with Ross and Crawford. At any rate, Douglas came, with his four brothers and (for them) a small retinue, who were lodged in the town, while their lord went up to the castle, was well received, dined with the King, and was invited both to dinner and supper for the next day.

Supper was at seven; and after it the King led Douglas into an inner room, where were only old Crichton, Sir Patrick Gray, and a few other of his privy-councillors, and began to walk up and down with him, remonstrating with him on the evil his violence was doing to peace and good government. The earlier part of the conversation does not seem to have been audible; but as the two young hot-tempered men became more eager, James was heard insisting that the Earl should break his band with Ross and Crawford; and Douglas bursting forth into a passionate reply, that he heeded not the foolish brand of treason, that he could not break his band with his friends, and if he could, he would not to please the idle fancy of a king.

Then James's voice broke out, 'False traitor! if you will not, THIS shall!'

This—which flashed for a moment in the air—was James's dagger, and as he spoke it was in the proud earl's throat, the next instant in his breast, and Sir Patrick Gray, springing up as he fell, struck him on the head with a pole-axe. The corpse was thrown from the window; and about 1780, a skeleton was found in the earth of the court below, so that it was probably buried there at once. The murder was truly a terrible one, and flagrantly against the safe-conduct. If it were premeditated treachery, it was one of the foulest crimes that ever dyed a monarch's hand; but there is every reason to believe that the deed was provoked at the instant, by the Earl's own fierce and insolent demeanour towards the passionate young king of twenty-two, whom he persisted in treating as a foolish lad. Had James intended the deed, he would certainly have taken his measures better, for with the morning he was beleaguered in Stirling Castle by the four Douglas brothers, who with sound of five hundred horns and trumpets proclaimed King James a false and perjured knave, nailed up his safe-conduct to the market-cross, and then dragged it about the town at the tail of the meanest horse they could find. They then pillaged and burnt the town, but being unable to take the castle, they went off to Annandale; while James took horse and proceeded to Perth.

Half Scotland was in arms against the King. James is said to have been for a moment appalled at the might of the league against him, and to have even doubted whether he should not flee to France, and leave the realm to James of Douglas; but Bishop Kennedy is said to have

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reassured him, by the old fable of the bundle of arrows, impossible to break when all together, but easily destroyed singly. Accordingly James sent the Earl of Huntley, who had no small cause to hate the Lindsays, to deal with the Tiger Earl of Crawford; and there was a great battle near Brechin, where, though Huntley's two brothers and five other barons were slain on his side, the Tiger Earl was totally defeated, with the loss of his brother, and of no less than sixty barons, and of course, of hosts of meaner condition. One of the yeomen of Huntley's following, becoming too heedless in the pursuit, was carried along in the stream of fugitives, and actually entered Finhaven Castle with Crawford and those who took refuge there. He heard the Tiger calling for a cup of wine ere alighting in the court, and, with volleys of oaths and blasphemy, declaring that he would willingly roast for seven years in hell for the sake of such a victory as the Setons had that day gained; a story which the yeoman was able to take home with him when he escaped unrecognized from the castle. The Tiger consoled himself with harrying the lands of all who, as he considered, ought to have joined his banner.

Moreover, there was division among the Douglases themselves. The first Earl had married the heiress of Angus, and while their eldest son had been Earl of Douglas, the second had become Earl of Angus; and his descendants, who were commonly called the Red Douglases, were at present hostile to the elder branch, the Black Douglases of Douglasdale. Their great strongholds were Tantallon Castle, at the entrance of the Firth of Forth, and Dalkeith. The Black Douglases were so furious at Angus's refusal to join the league, that they burnt and harried all the country round Dalkeith, binding themselves by a great oath never to leave the castle till they had levelled it with the ground; but the strength of the castle, and the constancy of the governor, forced them to break their oath.

The new Earl of Douglas sent his mother to England to strengthen his cause. It was when the Duke of York was Protector, and he willingly entered into negociations. A meeting was held between Douglas on the one hand, and Salisbury, Henry Percy, and the Bishop of Carlisle, where a treaty of mutual alliance was entered into, by which Douglas actually undertook to swear allegiance to the King of England, thus becoming, in his lust of revenge, a recreant to all the traditions of his family.

The night before the Parliament met on the 12th of June, 1452, at Edinburgh, a defiance signed by the four Douglas brothers, and by Lord Hamilton, renouncing their allegiance to King James as a perjurer and murderer of his guest, was nailed to the door of the House of Parliament. But this open defiance and the English alliance disgusted the greater part of the kingdom; severe measures were enacted against the rebels, and so ready was the nation to carry them out, that the King was soon at the head of thirty thousand men on Pentland Moor, all well armed and equipped. However, there was no battle; only the two parties made horrible devastation of each other's crops; and Douglas, finding himself

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the weaker, sued for mercy, and obtained pardon and reconciliation for all his offences. James even assisted him in procuring from the Pope a dispensation for his marriage with his brother's young widow, Margaret of Galloway, on the plea that she had been a mere child at the time of her marriage and widowhood. She was now the most beautiful woman in Scotland; but from both William and James Douglas she met with nothing but harsh and cruel treatment.

Old Earl Beardie had been so thoroughly discomfited by Lord Huntley, that he presented himself before the King, clad in rags, and with bare head and feet, to implore his pardon, which was readily granted, and he remained loyal for the short remainder of his life. He died in 1453; and the Chancellor Crichton did not survive a year.

The Douglas treasons were not, however, checked. In 1454, when their friends, the Yorkists, had gained the supremacy at the first battle of St. Albans, the Earl sent Lord Hamilton to make a treaty with him, and renew his offer of homage to the English crown, provided forces were supplied to him for another rebellion. However, before this treason could be accomplished, James was down upon Annandale, he took the castles, seized and imprisoned Hamilton, and dispersed all Douglas's following; and when, the next year, this fierce family again attempted to make head against the King, they were totally defeated by the Earl of Angus at Arkinholme, where one of the brothers was killed in battle, and another taken and instantly beheaded. The first intelligence the King received of the battle, was the arrival of a soldier with the head of the first of these, so disfigured that he could not at first tell to whom it had belonged.

The Earl himself fled to England, where he was kindly received and pensioned by the Duke of York; and when James wrote to warn the King what a traitor he was entertaining, a most insolent letter was returned, in the name of Henry VI., abusing him for insolence and confident boasting, and scarcely granting him the merest courtesy due to a king.

However, James knew that this was merely the voice of York; and he himself was attached to his Beaufort connexions, who had come into power again, so he took little notice of the challenge. However, in 1457, Douglas, with the Earl of Northumberland, made a terrible inroad into the Merse; but was again routed by his cousin of Angus, and his power so entirely crushed, that the saying was, that the Red Douglas had put down the Black.

The Earl remained a fugitive in England; and his wife threw herself upon James's mercy. Her marriage having been irregular, it was dissolved, and she was given to the King's half-brother, his mother's son by the Black Knight of Lorn.

The Earl of Ross had likewise been forced into submission; and by the year 1457, James II. was really a king, respected and looked up to, and triumphant over his turbulent nobility. The Universities of St. Andrew's and Glasgow were in course of foundation, good laws were

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made and enforced, trade was advancing, and Scotland was in a better state than it had seen since the death of Alexander III., and this under a king of only twenty-six years old, under whom a long course of prosperity might reasonably be expected.

(To be continued.)

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No. XVII.—FOR THE OCTAVE OF ASCENSION.

(Felix dies mortalibus)

O HAPPY day for mortal men,
When by His Blood, for sinners given,
Our God in manhood entered in
Through the long-closed gates of heaven.

Whither our Head and Guide hath gone,
His members we will follow there;
If we in heart with Him are one,
With us His glory He will share.

He went, yet leaves us not alone;
Still present, He His Spirit gives,
And intermingled with His own,
Through all His mystic Body lives.

But O that day of gloom and fear,
That day of terrible distress,
When He descending shall appear
The Avenger of unholiness.

Sinless, by sinners sentenced,
He then the Judge's seat shall take,
Before Whose face, to judgment led,
Shall His unrighteous judges quake.

To save us from our meed of death,
Death of His own free will He sought;
Then O what vengeance threateneth
Those whom God's Death shall profit nought.

Let those o'erwhelmed in mortal sin
Avert the anger of their Lord,
And ere too late, with tears begin
To quench the flames of their reward.

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Jesu, Thou future Judge of earth,
Father, and Holy Ghost, to Thee
Ascribe we glory, praise, and worth,
Now and throughout eternity.
Amen.

THE PENTECOST.

TRANSLATED FROM MANZONI.

O MOTHER of the saints of God,
And symbol of their home on high,
Preserver of the taintless blood,
Eternal, and eternally;—
Thou who hast battled years on years,
And fought thy fight in prayers and tears,
Whose tents are spread from sea to sea,
Shelter of all who trust in thee;—

Church of the true and living God!
Where didst thou hide on tender wing,
That day, when, up the mountain road,
Traitors and cowards dragged thy King?
When, from the altar of His pain,
The earth drank in a crimson stain,
And from the wounds by which He hung,
The drops of life were slowly wrung?

Where wert thou then, when all Divine,
He passed from out the garden-gloom,
His resurrection-life and thine
Arising with Him from the tomb?
When from His feet He shook away
The dust of death, wherein He lay,
And with the pardon in His Hand,
Ascended to His Fatherland?

Where wert thou, partner of His grief,
Sharing the secrets of His heart,
And pledged to victory with thy Chief,
Immortal daughter that thou art?
O well for thee to be forgot,
Well that the spoiler found thee not,
In wakeful terror hid away,
Until the Pentecostal day.

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Then the renewing Spirit came,
  A rushing angel, swiftly sent,
And lighted up with sudden flame
  The torch thy fingers grasped unspent;
Within thy lips unlocked the spring
Of language, with His fiery wing,
While wondering nations gathered round,
And listened to the mystic sound.

As the swift light, in rapid showers,
  Rains its quick way from tree to tree,
Awakes the many-coloured flowers,
  And tints the ever-changing sea,—
So, echoing fast from side to side,
The Spirit-voice was multiplied;
The Parthian heard his native tone,
Cretes and Arabians knew their own.

Ye who, on many a distant shore,
  Have bent the knee to stock and stone,
To senseless idols cry no more,
  Bow down to Christ, and Him alone!
Weary of yoke so hard and stern,
Shall not the earth to Him return,
And in His holy service find
A worship pure, a Master kind?

And you, O mothers, you, O wives
  Just on the verge of motherhood,
Who fain would fence those unborn lives,
  And weary Heaven to work them good,—
Leave all your fancies fond or wise,
Your omens and idolatries,
And to this Holy One confide
Your children, to be sanctified.

And thou, poor slave, no longer sigh,
  Amid thy sacred new-found bliss,
Nor watch with such a wistful eye
  The free-born mother's happy kiss;
Thou, in the kingdom of the Christ,
Art to the full as highly priced,
And, 'Suffer them to come to Me,'
Was written for thy babes and thee.

New liberty the heavens above
  Announce this day to nations new,

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New victories of faith and love,
  New trials, and new glories too;
Faith, that at terror learns to smile,
Love, that no flatteries can beguile,
Peace, which the world, laugh as it may,
Can neither give nor take away.

O Holy Spirit, suppliants we
  Before Thy solemn altars bow,
Thy scattered pilgrims hear and see,
  In pathless forests wandering now;
Waves on a wide and desert sea,
Rolling around the world are we;
From Lebanon to Andes' snow,
A mingled people still we go.

A mingled race, yet one in Thee,
  One heart, one blood, one human kind,
Whether we bend the willing knee,
  Or seek a Face we cannot find,
Be gracious to us all the more,
Descend, create, revive, restore,
O bid the doubting spirit live,
And to the vanquished mercy give.

Descend, O Love! in every heart
  Its wrath and pride do Thou allay,
And give us thoughts of holy rest
  That need not shun the judgment day.
Thy blessed gifts do nurse and feed
Thy blessed self in us indeed;
Thou art the Sun, whose holy shine
Makes the slow bud a flower divine.

And though that flower, a lowly weed,
  By the way-side ungathered die,
Its death may be the fruitful seed
  Of lovelier blossoms by-and-by;
So life and death in subtile play
Work in Thy mild transfusing ray,
And never in that ceaseless strife,
Is Death the vanquisher of Life.

Once more we pray: O Wind of God,
  Come forth to gladden and console,
Come as a breeze that drives abroad
  The languors of the weary soul;

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But like a mighty tempest blow
Against the proud, and lay them low,
Till from their scattered fancies rise
True notions of self-sacrifice.

Through Thee the poor man lifts his face
Serenely to his proper heaven,
Rejoicing at the wondrous grace
To him in all his sorrows given;
A likeness to the earthly state
Of Him in Whom Thy gifts were great,
And meted with no human span—
Who yet was called the Son of Man.

Breathe, Holy Spirit, on our race,
Smile from our little children's eyes;
On every blushing maiden's face
Shed Thy immortal purities;
To those still sisters not to know
A dearer name, Thy pleasures show;
And consecrate the loving lives
Of faithful and obedient wives.

Temper the courage of our youth
With modesty and self-control;
Let manly purpose blend with truth,
And Truth be regent of the soul;
Upon the old man's hoary head
All calm and saintly graces shed;
And shine from those pathetic eyes,
Behind whose light the shadow lies.

M. C.

HYMN BEFORE COMMUNION.

Jesu, lest we quail and falter
As we mount the chancel-stair,
Fearing lest our hearts should palter,
Self-deceivers e'en in prayer,
Teach us ere we seek Thine Altar
How to hail Thy Presence there.

Thine the gracious invitation,
Thine the Hand stretched out to bless,

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Only source of consolation,
  Only Fount of righteousness,
Come we in our degradation
  To Thy Footstool for redress.

Thine the word creative spoken
  By Thy servant in Thy stead,
Thine the Body bruised and broken,
  Thine the Blood so freely shed,
Of Redeeming Love the token,
  Now for us distributed.

As the woman's plague found healing
  When she laid her hand on Thee,
Oh, when at Thine Altar kneeling
  Touch us sacramentally,
As of old Thy love revealing,
  Let us there Thy power see.

God Thou art, we would adore Thee;
  Man Thou art, we need not fear;
God made man, we bow before Thee,
  Word made flesh, we Thee revere,
By Thy promise we adjure Thee,
  Saviour, may we find Thee here.

Oh, we know still unforsaken
  Is Thy Church; Thy promise sure
Still abides, the Rock unshaken
  Which she rests upon secure,
And till all the dead awaken
  Shall the Eucharist endure.

Thus the Church with exultation,
  Till her Lord return again,
Shows His Death, His Mediation
  Mingles with her worship then,
Pleading both the Great Oblation
  Offered on the Cross for men.

Lamb of God, the world's transgression
  Thou alone canst take away,
Hear, oh hear our heart's confession,
  And Thy pardoning grace convey;
Thine availing Intercession
  We but echo when we pray.

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Now, dear Lord, Thy grace imploring,
We would mount Thine Altar-stair,
At Thy Feet would fall adoring,
For Thyself our souls prepare;
Life-imparting, health restoring,
May we find Thy Presence there.

A. G.

ACCOUNT OF THE CONSECRATION OF THE REV. W. K. MACRORIE AS BISHOP OF THE CHURCH IN NATAL.

St. Paul's Day, 1869, will be remembered with thankfulness and joy by the Church in South Africa through all generations, and doubtless also by all the faithful throughout the world. It was the day appointed by the Metropolitan for the consecration of the Bishop of the Church in Natal. With the exception of Bishop Tozer, who could not possibly have attended, all the Suffragan Bishops had arrived from their dioceses. These were the Bishops of Graham's Town, St. Helena, and the Orange River Free State; the last having undertaken a tedious overland journey of seventeen days, to assist at the Consecration.

On Sunday, 24th January, an act of special interest to Cape Town took place at the Cathedral Church of St. George, during Morning Service, and that was the installation of the new Dean, Mr. Alder, who was instituted and installed by the Bishop of Cape Town; and who afterwards preached on the text, 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.'

In the evening, the Bishop of the Free State preached very earnestly on the text, 'But none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.'

Monday morning rose bright and beautiful; there had been a threatening of a south-easter the day before, but this had entirely disappeared by the morning. Our feelings of joy, that the day had at length arrived which the Church has been desiring for years, were only restrained by a slight fear that some protest or confusion might disturb the solemnity of the Service. We had our own ordinary quiet Morning Service at seven o'clock. Then, after breakfast, the principal work was decoration of the infant school-room with banners and flowers, and the preparation of tables for a lunch, to be partaken of immediately after the Service. The Service was to begin at half-past eleven, but the cathedral was crowded long before. At length, the choir, who had robed in the

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baptistery, and the bishops and clergy, who had met in the vestry, moved up the nave in procession, singing, 'The Son of God goes forth to war.'

The procession was as follows:—

Verger.
Choristers.
Gentlemen of the Choir.
Precentor.
Seven other Clergymen.
Canon Judge, and Canon Ogilvie.
The Dean.
The Bishop Elect.
Mr. Brooks. (As Chaplain to the Bishop of the Free State.)
Bishop of Orange River Free State.
Mr. Frisk. (As Chaplain to Bishop of St. Helena.)
Bishop of St. Helena.
Mr. Lightfoot. (As Chaplain to Bishop of Graham's Town.)
Bishop of Graham's Town.
Mr. Glover, bearing the Metropolitan's crozier.
Metropolitan Bishop.
Chaplain, bearing the Bishop's Pastoral Staff.

The bishops (with the exception of the Bishop of Graham's Town) wore their doctor's hoods, which were a great relief to the robes: the Bishop of the Free State also wore a purple cassock. The bishops, deans, canons, and two of the chaplains, passed to seats in the sanctuary; the remaining clergy and choir to the stalls; the Bishop elect, in cassock, surplice, stole, and hood, being also without the sanctuary rail. When they were in their places, during the pause before the Service began, one felt that, looking at it merely as a spectacle, it was so august and solemn a sight, that none could dare to interrupt it, and that we should have peace. There were the chief pastors of the South African Church, each in his place; and a goodly assemblage of priests and deacons; among them, that brave and faithful man, who had resisted threats and persuasions, that he might come and take up his cross and receive a mitre, which may indeed prove a crown of thorns.

The whole order of the Service was so solemn and reverential, and in its nature involved more ritual than an ordinary one, that it ought to make people see the necessity of a high ceremonial; certainly, I do not believe that large and mixed congregation would have behaved so well as they did, or been so impressed as they appeared to have been, had the Service been conducted in a slovenly manner.

The Metropolitan was celebrant, the Bishop of St. Helena acting as deacon, and the Bishop of the Free State as sub-deacon. The Bishop of Graham's Town preached on the text, 'These things write I unto thee, hoping to come unto thee shortly; but if I tarry long, that thou

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mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of GOD, which is the Church of the living GOD, the pillar and ground of the truth.' Then, during the singing of the hymn, 'Christ is made the sure foundation,' the Bishop elect was conducted by Mr. Thomas, a priest, and Mr. Prince, a deacon, to a side chapel, where, divested of his surplice, &c., he put on his rochet, and returned thus habited to the chancel. This produced a very peculiar appearance: the long plain white linen garment without sleeves, with the thin face, and long dark beard, might have suited a martyr of old. The two presenting bishops met him, and led him to the entrance of the sanctuary; the Bishop of Graham's Town standing on his right, and Bishop of St. Helena on his left. The Metropolitan was seated in a chair, in front of the altar, facing westwards; on his right stood his chaplain, Mr. Glover, holding the crozier; on the left the Bishop of Free State, with the pastoral staff.

After the Presentation, the Litany was sung by the Metropolitan and Bishop of the Free State, in the same place, only kneeling towards the altar. A thrilling effect was produced by the two bishops and the chaplain rising at the Special Suffrage, and turning round to the Bishop elect, and then resuming their former positions. After the questions and answers, the Bishop elect retired to put on his robes, while the anthem, 'Oh, pray for the peace of Jerusalem,' was sung. I should before have mentioned, that the Epistle selected, was the one from Acts xx., and the Gospel, that from St. John xxi.; the former was wonderfully appropriate, both to St. Paul's Day, and the special circumstances of the Consecration. The bishop read the former in a way which made one feel every word, and which was a sermon in itself; and this without any rhetorical display of reading.

I should also remark, that the Queen's mandate was of course not demanded, as being unnecessary; also, in the oath of obedience to the Metropolitan, the bishop designated himself as 'chosen bishop of the Church, in communion with the United Church of England and Ireland, in Natal.' Then, in full episcopal habit, Mr. Macrorie knelt at the feet of the Metropolitan Bishop, the presenting bishops on the right, the Bishop of Orange River Free State on the left; the chaplain with the crozier behind the Metropolitan, while the 'Veni Creator' was sung over him, the first line by the four consecrators, the response by the congregation. Then, the Metropolitan sitting, the three others standing, the imposition of hands took place. Then the Metropolitan presented the Bible, pronouncing the Exhortation in most solemn and earnest tones. At the words, 'Be to the flock of Christ a shepherd, not a wolf,' the Bishop of the Free State placed the pastoral staff in the hands of the new bishop, who then took his place among his brother bishops. The Celebration then proceeded: the Metropolitan and the Bishops of Graham's Town, St. Helena, and the Orange River Free State, administered the Sacred Elements to the clergy, and a very large number of communicants.

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Finally, the Metropolitan Bishop pronounced the Blessing from the altar step, holding the pastoral staff in his hand. The procession then returned to the vestry, singing, as the Processional Hymn, 'Oh, happy band of pilgrims!' which had been selected by Bishop Macrorie.

The Service was over, and there had been no confusion, no attempt at a protest. One, signed by one hundred and twenty-nine persons of no note, had previously been sent by post. Altogether, it was a thing to be very thankful for—that there was so much unity among Churchmen. Not only have the bishops of the South African Province shown how entirely at one they are in this crowning act of their long and faithful conflict on behalf of the afflicted Church in Natal; but also the large gathering of clergy, (large at least for a colony,) and the great number of communicants, are proofs that but one feeling of loyalty and zeal for the Faith once delivered to the Saints, animates the whole Church in this corner of the world. The offertory exceeded £70, and was for the Church in Natal.

The service was not ended till half-past two, when we went to the school-room, where lunch was provided for the bishops, clergy, their families, and church workers. But one feeling of joy and thankfulness was expressed on all sides, that the Consecration was accomplished peaceably. That luncheon was, as Froissart would say, 'A right goodlie and pleasant sight to behold.' To see those five brave bishops, who have borne the burden and heat of the day, (at least four have, and one will do so,) and have done the deed which none but them dared to do, was a cause for feeling deeper enthusiasm and reverence than ever towards our beloved Church and her chief pastors.

The Evening Service, at seven, was very quiet, and well attended. Mr. Lightfoot addressed us on the causes of thankfulness we have. They are many indeed. First, that the new Bishop has been brought safely through the perils of his voyage, has been able to overcome the threats of his enemies, and worse still, the persuasions and representations of friends who would have withheld him from his purpose, and has at length been consecrated to the charge of that forsaken flock. In addition to which, as far as can be judged, he is the very man for the position; he seems to have considerable firmness, yet combined with such a power of gentleness and conciliation, that he will surely win over even those most set against him. Our second cause for thankfulness is the arrival of our Dean, who enters on his duties at such a cheering time. Lastly, and chiefly, we must rejoice and give thanks for our own dear Bishop, that he has been strengthened to do his duty, and to stand faithfully at his post without flinching, through these long years of anxiety, until on this happy day he has accomplished his earnest desire of consecrating a faithful Bishop in the stead of him who has fallen so wofully. We should be thankful indeed that part of his anxiety is now removed; that this day's work will cause joy to the whole Church; that he has persevered until he has wiped off a fearful stain from the Bride of

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CHRIST. May CHRIST Himself be his Shield, and his exceeding great Reward!

Blended with this day's Services was the recollection of the only other Bishop ever consecrated in this Cathedral. Surely his spirit was present with us to-day! surely he was among the 'great cloud of witnesses' who undoubtedly watched over and rejoiced in this triumph of the Church! All the faithful who communicated on this occasion must have felt cheered and inspirited to run their race, seeing that the Church cannot be so fettered as men once thought. 'It is better to trust in the LORD, than to put any confidence in princes.' How those words rung in our ears as we chanted them on Sunday morning. How we felt on Monday with Dr. Neale—

'Ay, 'tis a glorious gathering! They are meeting face to face,
Who have fought the self-same battle, who have run the self-same race:
They are flocking on together to keep that Feast of feasts,
The goodly band of Bishops, the exceeding host of priests;
Men that had taught the peasant how to live, and how to die,
Men that had foiled earth's wisest, and had crushed down heresy:
That alone, among the wicked, had dared to stand at bay,
That alone had borne the heat and the burden of the day:
By an evil generation for scorn and by-word named,
They had set their faces as a flint, and would not be ashamed—
For once it was not warfare;—there were naught but words of love,
And some faint foretaste of the joy of them that dwell above;
Let the strife wax hotter round us—but who shall know despair,
Remembering what true hearts, firm hands, and loving souls were there?
We were strong in one another—we were stronger far in her,
The Church that cannot be destroyed—the Church that cannot err!'

OLD ENGLISH POETS.

No. VI.*

SAMUEL DANIEL.

(BORN 1562; DIED 1619.)

IF our readers have not entirely forgotten the occasional papers we have given them, having for their subject the characteristics of some of our Old English Poets, they will marvel less at our once more taking up our theme, than at our having discontinued it so long. In our last recurrence to a kindred subject, we did indeed leave many great names behind, and our excursion among the poetical ladies of Scotland might have been looked on as making us the more fit for farther travels.

It was a cheery, breezy, pleasant glimpse of life which greeted us then and there; and if we turn back to the mighty names we left behind us

* Continued from Vol. III., New Series, p. 239.

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with undiminished relish for their beautiful works, we are perhaps more impressed than we were by the painfully injurious conditions under which they wrote. It is not pleasant to revert to these things. We miss the wholesome life of some of our Scotch worthies. We feel absolute loathing for the forced adulatory strains in which every celebrated writer of English verse (with the exception of Shakespeare) indulged in the reigns of Elizabeth and the two first Stuarts. The loyalty of Scotland was quite another matter. It might be wild, it might be irrational; but it bears unmistakeable traces of earnestness and a truthful love for its objects. Moreover, it is generous and self-sacrificing; but how rare it is to find among the court poets of the reigns we specify, among the passive submitters to the vicious system of patronage, traces of real affectionate enthusiasm for their chiefs!

When the earlier years of Elizabeth were gone by, when the chivalrous feelings inspired by the maiden Queen had passed away, and she had become a soured and broken-hearted woman, though there are still instances of benefits springing out of the relations of poet and patron, we are obliged to resign ourselves to the consciousness of the hollowness of the system. Then comes a king, like James the First, almost divested of true and high moral feeling, using among his intimates a style of low familiarity, alike gross and poor; degrading the drama, and poisoning poetry at the fountain head, and yet always commanding from men, even noble and pure-minded, disgraceful adulation. Literature—life, indeed—has few more sad things than the spectacle of a man like Sir John Davies, for instance, the author of a long and very noble poem on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' and also, be it remembered, a most zealous, useful statesman and friend to Ireland; moreover, a man who, possessing a temper originally violent, had curbed and mastered it; yet with all this, falling into the lowest fashion of his time, and launching into fulsome panegyric on the almost-super-human wisdom and virtue of his royal master. This is very grievous. We allow, though with sorrow of heart, that the party of the drama—those men who lived by shows and by exhibitions of humour—were liable to be modelled by the temper of their patrons, both high and low; yet even here, as we have said, Shakespeare stands forth gloriously free from all the *worst* signs of the times. But when no special corrupting influences are at work, when the whole course of life is marked out at an elevated grade, when a religious poet, when even divines turn adulators of power unaccompanied by moral worth, one loses heart and hope—the springs of thought seem tainted at the source.

And this is the bar to our enjoyment of our elder literature; and this obstacle is of course prodigiously strengthened, in proportion as the tastes of a court or a patron are low and vile.

In taking for our present subject the poet Samuel Daniel, we do not quite escape this subject of regret; for Daniel has an Epistle to James the First, which we wish could be forgotten; but we can, on the whole, contemplate this excellent man with real reverence. He at least never

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prostitutes the Muse. He is a pure, dignified, manly writer. He is hardly ever guilty of a coarse expression, steers his way among the best people of his time, and though somewhat too dry and intellectual, writes occasionally with a feeling and tenderness which could only spring from the depths of a high and well-cultivated moral nature.

We have also another motive for selecting him. His works are not now to be had in a separate and agreeable form, but are confined to closely-printed collections of works of British poets; and although we value these extremely, we know that comparatively few readers will encounter the fatigue and stretch of eyesight necessary for their examination. Thus we cannot but think a few extracts from so good a writer, and so excellent a man, are worth giving. Mr. Headley, whose 'Select Beauties of Early English Poetry' still keeps its place as a standard book on our shelves, rates Daniel very highly, and gives us some fair specimens. Archbishop Trench, in his 'Book of Household Poetry,' does not, we observe, even mention him, one of the *very* few regrettable omissions in that charming volume, which we cannot mention without an expression of admiration. No other selection, to our minds, approaches its comprehensiveness, its originality, and its independence of judgment. It is a book which no family of readers, young or old, should be without, and which the more it is studied, the more it will surprise and delight by its really unrivalled excellence.

It is time to give a slight sketch, and such specimens as our space will allow, of our author. Samuel Daniel, born in 1562, was a native of Taunton, and after having received a good school education, was sent to Magdalen Hall, Oxford. After finishing his university life, he lived for some considerable time at Wilton, constantly associating with the Countess of Pembroke—'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,'—and, in fact, being surrounded by the very best people of the time. Of patronage he had certainly plenty. He was tutor to Lady Anne Clifford; he was the personal friend of Shakespeare's friend, Southampton; he enjoyed the society and munificence of Lucy Countess of Bedford, so well known through Ben Jonson's beautiful sonnet; while Donne, and Drayton, and Jonson, and Browne, (the author of Britannia's Pastorals,) were among his poet friends; Spelman, Cotton, Camden, and others of note in literature and statesmanship, were his intimates also. After Spenser's death, he became Laureate to Queen Elizabeth; and on the accession of James, was made one of the grooms of the Privy Chamber to His Majesty's Consort Anne—a woman of undoubted talent, and well able to enjoy the conversation and writings of an accomplished and superior man.

He wrote much—historical poems, argumentative poems, epistles, elegies, masques, sonnets:—everything but lyrics, for which he had evidently no turn whatever. He did not relish such lighter productions as might be written at court, but retired to enjoy his Muse in solitude in the country. Hence, most of what he has written has a meditative, somewhat heavy air. There is not a particle of Ben Jonson's spirited

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wit and terseness; but Daniel, though grave, commands attention by his earnestness, and the forcible manner in which he conveys ideas, which evidently resulted from knowledge of human character, (though under *some* only of its aspects,) and reflections deduced from it. There is a fitness in his epistles and elegies when one knows a little of the circumstances of his friends. For instance, the finest of the former, that to Margaret Countess of Cumberland, which we should be disposed to give entire, as it is often quoted in a garbled form, were it not much too long.

To supply the personal interest which otherwise might be wanting, we will remind the reader that the Countess of Cumberland was the neglected, indeed persecuted, wife of George Earl of Cumberland, one of the most showy men in Queen Elizabeth's court, and one who might have left a better reputation had he been allowed to marry the woman of his choice. But *that* was not to be; and another apparently was forced upon him—a good woman—a Russell, who had one daughter by the Earl, and was then banished from his house, and condemned to live almost in poverty. The daughter, Lady Anne Clifford, has a story of her own: her father died when she was ten years old, leaving everything he could away from her. The title went to his brother, but Margaret remained Countess Dowager of Cumberland. Much of Anne's time was passed with her aunt, the Countess of Warwick; and her tutor, always beloved and cherished by her, was Samuel Daniel. With the brief account we have given of her mother, we can the better comprehend the strong and consoling lines of the poet, which without preamble rush at once into the language of almost proud independence.

It begins—

> He that of such a height hath built his mind,
> And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
> As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
> Of his resolvèd pow'rs, nor all the wind
> Of vanity and malice pierce to wrong
> His settled peace, or to disturb the same—
> What a fair seat hath he! from whence he may
> The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!
> And with how free an eye doth he look down
> Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
> Where all the storms of passion mainly beat
> On flesh and blood; where honour, pow'r, renown,
> Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
> Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
> As frailty doth, and only great doth seem
> To little minds which do it so esteem.
> * * * * *

This strain is continued for a much longer space; then there is the application:—

> Thus, Madam, fares that man that hath prepar'd
> A rest for his desires: and sees all things
> Beneath him, and hath learnt this book of man,
> Full of the notes of frailty: and compared
> The best of glories with her sufferings:
> By whom, I see, you labour all you can

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To plant your heart: and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your powers can bear.

* * * * *

And whereas none rejoice more in REVENGE
Than women use to do; yet you well know
That wrong is better check'd as 'tis contemn'd,
Than being pursued—leaving Him to avenge, &c.

In what a totally different strain he addresses his fair young pupil! It is like turning from the aspect of a sturdy oak standing firm against wintry storms, to the light flowery beauties of a garden in early summer. The poetry is not nearly equal to that of the former epistle.

TO THE LADY ANNE CLIFFORD.

Unto the tender youth of those fair eyes
The light of judgment can arise but new;
And young the world appears t'a young conceit,
Whilst through the unacquainted faculties,
The late invested soul doth rawly view
Those objects which on that discretion wait;

and then he passes on to expatiate on her mother's worth and care of her—

To make you as highly good as highly born,
And set your virtues equal to your kind.

It is certainly a long and rather dull discourse, following the then prevalent fashion of urging mature wisdom on young hearts, yet it is traced with earnest affection.

If readers ask, how was it received? how was it acted upon? they may be briefly told, for the facts are really remarkable, that the Lady Anne was not a person to sit down contented with wrong. She married at eighteen Sackvile, Lord Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset. Twenty years afterwards, while Countess Dowager of Dorset, after her husband's decease, she married again, and became the second wife of Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. Him she survived, too, many years; but never did she rest till she had recovered the fair inheritance which ought to have been hers after her father's death. She fought out her battle with the lawyers, and the temptation to appeal to King James himself, backed up by the private advice of his queen, who warned her of the King's tendency to give an unjust judgement in these matters. Anne therefore took her own firm legal course, and succeeded, but it was a contest of nearly thirty-eight years in all; and then she reigned paramount, and to her heart's content, as Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, over immense lands and a vast fortune.

She in her own person discharged the duties of High Sheriff of Westmoreland. She built or restored six country mansions of her ancestors out of her large revenues: years afterwards, much later in

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life, she restored many churches and chapels injured in the civil wars of Charles the First. She founded many charitable institutions, was a great encourager both of learning and industry; and the records of herself in stone and marble are more numercus, it has been said, than those of any other English person of name. She took good care also that her deeds, large and small, should not be forgotten; for she caused diaries to be written relating many of her actions, some most insignificant. Dr. Donne said of her, even when young, that she 'could converse on any subject, from predestination to *slea silk*.'* Finally, it should not be forgotten, that when her old master, Daniel, died, she buried him in the church of Beckington, near Philips-Norton, in Somersetshire, where he had latterly lived, and erected a monument to his memory; and also that she included his portrait in a picture of herself, painted for her castle in Westmoreland.

This spirited woman died in 1675, at the age of eighty-seven. Daniel died in 1619, being then in his fifty-seventh year. To *his* story we will only add, that he left a widow, but no offspring.

And now, as to his works. Having given a *small* specimen of his didactic style, we much wish to show what he could do in simple narrative; and from his pastoral drama of Hymen's Triumph we take greater part of a story which we think beautifully pathetic, and not devoid of what we might call a Shakespearian touch or two. Terrible as are the circumstances, it is wholly free from grossness.

THE STORY OF ISULIA.

There was sometime a nymph,
Isulia named, and an Arcadian born,
Whose mother dying, left her very young
Unto her father's charge, who carefully
Did breed her up, until she came to years
Of womanhood, and then provides a match,
Both rich and young, and fit enough for her.
But she, who to another shepherd had
[Call'd Sirthia] vow'd her love, as unto one
Her heart esteem'd more worthy of her love,
Could not, by all her father's means, be wrought
To leave her choice, and to forget her vow.
This nymph one day, surcharg'd with love and grief,
Which commonly (the more the pity) dwell
As inmates both together, walking forth
With other maids to fish upon the shore,
Estrays apart, and leaves her company—
To entertain herself with her own thoughts—
And wanders on so far and out of sight,
As she at length was suddenly surpris'd
By pirates, who lay lurking underneath
These hollow rocks, expecting there some prize.

These rude men seize on her, carry her on board their bark, and by

* Untwisted silk.

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their violent gestures she sees that their purposes are most evil, and destructive to what she prizes most—her maiden purity. But

She spies a woman, sitting with a child
Sucking her breast, which was the captain's wife.
To her she creeps, down at her feet she lies;
'O woman! if that name of woman may
Move you to pity, pity a poor maid,
The most distressèd soul that ever breath'd,
And save me from the hands of these fierce men.
Dear woman, hear! and I will be to you
The faithful'st slave that ever mistress served;
Never poor soul shall be more dutiful
To do whatever you command than I;
No toil will I refuse: so that I may
Keep this poor body pure and undefil'd.'

* * * * *

All this would nothing move the woman's heart,
Whom yet she would not leave, but still besought;—
'O woman! by that infant at your breast,
And by the pains it cost you in the birth,
Save me, as ever you desire to have
Your babe to joy and prosper in the world!'

* * * * *

Then kisses she her feet, then kisses too
The infant's feet, and—'O sweet babe!' said she,
Couldst thou but to thy mother speak for me,
And crave her to have pity on my case,
Thou mightst perhaps prevail on her so much,
Although I cannot. Child! oh, couldst thou speak!'
The infant, whether by her touching it,
Or by instinct of nature, seeing her weep,
Looks earnestly upon her, and then looks
Upon the mother, then on her again,
And then it cries, and then on either looks.
Which she perceiving, 'Blessed child,' says she,
'Although thou canst not speak, yet dost thou cry
Unto thy mother for me. Hear thy child,
Dear mother, it's for me it cries,
'Tis all the speech it hath. Accept those cries!
Save me at his request from being defil'd;
Let pity move thee, that thus moves thy child!'
The woman, though by birth and custom rude,
Yet having veins of nature, could not be
But pierceable, did feel at length the point
Of pity enter so, as out gush'd tears,
Not usual to stern eyes, and she besought
Her husband to bestow on her that prize,
With safe-guard of her body at her will.
The captain, seeing his wife, the child, the maid,
All crying to him in this piteous sort,
Felt his rough nature shaken too, and grants
His wife's request, and seals his grant with tears.
And so they wept all four for company,
And some beholders stood not with dry eyes.

* * * * *

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Hardly delivered thus, she clings to the woman and the child during the remainder of the voyage; but on arriving at Alexandria, takes service with the captain's wife, remaining for two years; at the end of which time an opportunity of return to her native land occurring, a company of merchant traders, moved by her story, take her with them, and thus the whole is wound up:—

> They landed her upon her country coast:
> Where, when she found herself, she prostrate falls,
> Kisses the ground, thanks gives unto the gods,
> Thanks them who had been her deliverers,
> And on she trudges through the desert woods,
> Climbs over craggy rocks and mountains steep,
> Wades through the rivers, struggles through the bogs,
> Sustained only by the force of love,
> Until she came unto the native plains,
> Unto the fields where first she drew her breath;
> There she lifts up her eyes, salutes the air,
> Salutes the trees, the bushes, flowers, and all,
> And 'Oh! dear Syrthis, here I am,' said she,
> 'Here, notwithstanding all my miseries,
> I am the same I was to thee—a pure,
> A chaste, and spotless maid.'

From one who could tell a story in this simple yet graceful manner, and who could put into the mouths of some of the persons in his masques very expressive earnest words, we should expect that he would choose themes for his Muse admitting of much scope for the imagination. It was not so, however, with Daniel. He selected the civil wars of England for his theme; and on the period from the accession of Richard the Second to the end of Henry the Sixth's reign, he laboured out no less than eight cantos in eight-line stanzas. They are by no means entirely historical. On the contrary, he works hard to enforce a moral—to show the evil of civil wars, and the blessings of a peaceful government. It would appear from the earlier stanzas, that he was incited to this task in the first place by his friend Mountjoy, the useful reliable servant of Queen Elizabeth as her Lord Deputy in Ireland, who, most sadly for himself and all concerned, blotted his fair honours during the last of his few years by his criminal connection with Lady Rich. There is no way of acquitting Daniel of some tampering with conscience when we read his elegy on Mountjoy, who died Earl of Devonshire at the early age of forty-three; but it should at least be remembered that the poem in question embodied a long-treasured store of gratitude and affection for a deceased friend—one too, whose name, except in the single instance we have recorded, stood among the most respected in his day. It may at least serve to show that such conduct and such a marriage as Mountjoy's did occasion considerable censure, even at that immoral time; for says Winwood, 'Happy had he gone two or three years sooner, before the world was weary of him, or that he had left that scandal behind him.' It is certain that the interference

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of royalty, and the arbitrary conduct of parents, occasioned very much of the immorality prevailing in high quarters during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. In the Earl of Devonshire's case, and even in Philip Sidney's, a happy marriage would have averted misconduct and misery. And to make the matter worse, if the long pent-up passion burst forth at last, public opinion forbade what an honourable man considered as only just separation; and even a divine like Laud, who, viewing the matter in the same light, ventured to perform the nuptial ceremony for Mountjoy, was for a long time disgraced thereby.

To return to Daniel's own poem. There are passages in the 'Civil Wars,' by no means devoid of a certain degree of pathetic beauty. Thus, for instance, the entrance of the unfortunate King Richard the Second into London, and the anguish of his queen on beholding him, are surely very well depicted. Even Shakspeare, in his noted description, has hardly equalled him here, except in one touch—'None cried "God bless him!"' You first behold the Queen watching at a window for his approach, not at all aware of the depth of his degradation.

At length a glittering troop far off she spies,
Perceives the throng, and hears the shouts and cries.

'Lo, yonder! now at length he comes,' saith she;
'Look, my good women, where he is in sight:
Do you not see him? yonder, *that* is he,
Mounted on the white courser, all in white.
There, where the thronging troop of people be—
I know him by his seat; he sits upright.
Lo, now he bows! dear Lord, with what sweet grace!
How long have I not long'd to see that face!

'Oh, what delight my heart takes by mine eye!
I doubt me when he comes but something near
I shall set wide the window.—What care I
Who doth see *me*, so I see *him* but clear?'

Alas! she finds it is not Richard, but Bolingbroke. She leaves the window in indignation, yet returns again, and sees a different sight.

'What may HE be,' she says, 'that thus alone
Rides pensive in this universal joy?
Some, I perceive, as well as we, do moan;
All are not pleas'd with everything this day.
It may be, he laments the wrong is done
Unto my Lord, and grieves, as well he may;
Then he is some of ours; and we of right
Should pity him that pities our sad plight.

'But stay—is it my lord himself I see?
In truth, if 'twere not for his base array,
I verily should think that it were he;
And yet his baseness doth a grace bewray.
Yet, God forbid! let me deceivèd be;
And be it not my Lord, although it may,
Let my desire make vows against desire,
And let my sight approve my sight a liar.'

* * * * *

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But whether love in him did sympathize,
Or chance so wrought to manifest her doubt,
Even just before where she thus secret pries
He stays, and with clear face looks all about.
When she—'Tis, oh too true! I know his eyes;
Alas! it is my own dear Lord!' cries out;
And with that cry sinks down upon the floor,
Abundant grief lack'd words to utter more.

Recovering, she bursts into a strain of eloquent grief; then seeks out the means for a private interview, which is accomplished, and the meeting is beautifully told. This is beyond comparison the best part of the lengthy poem.

With regard to such of Daniel's works as we have not noticed, there is Musophilus, a defence of Learning in the form of a dialogue, dedicated to Fulke Greville. Mostly it is well written, and partakes of the tone of truthful earnestness which pervades all Daniel's works. He exclaims—

O blessed letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all!
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead-living into council call;
By you th' unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel, and what doth us befall.
Soul of the world! oh, knowledge! without thee,
What hath the earth that truly glorious is? &c.

And then he anticipates a grand extended future for our native tongue.

And who, in time, knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue? to what strange shores
This gain of our best glory may be sent,
To enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in the yet unformed Occident
May come refin'd with accents that are ours?
Or who can tell for what great work in hand
The greatness of our style is now retain'd?
What pow'rs it shall bring out, what sp'rits command,
What thoughts set out, what humours keep restrain'd?

There is a noble prophetic tone about all this. And it is not self-seeking; for, recurring to his own poetry, he says, if he fails to please others, yet such failure

cannot yet undo
The love I bear unto this holy skill;
This is the thing that I was born to do,
This is my scene—this part must I fulfil.

In sonnets, of which there are many, he is skilful and harmonious. Here is one to a Young Lady:—

I must not grieve my love, whose eyes should read
Lines of delight, on which her youth might smile;
Flowers have a time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.

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And sport, sweet maid! in season of those years,
  And learn to gather flowers before they wither;
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
  Let love and youth conduct thy pleasure thither.
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
  And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise;
Pity and smiles do best become the fair—
  Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one!

On the whole, we have learnt to value this good Samuel Daniel the more as we have examined him. The industrious Dr. Drake has collected the names of above *two hundred and thirty* poets, living in the life-time of Shakespeare, or in the half-century preceding the year 1616.* Each of these had his patron or patrons, no doubt. We wish that more of them had come down to us, provided their spirit and power had approached those displayed by the author whom we have now taken for our subject.

T.

THE CAGED LION.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TWO PROMISES.

After all, Alice Montagu was married almost privately, and without any preparation. Tidings came that the Duke of Alençon was besieging Cosne, a city belonging to the Duke of Burgundy, and that instant relief was needed. The Duke was urgent with Henry to save the place for him, and set off at once to collect his brilliant chivalry; while Henry, rousing at the trumpet-call, declared that nothing ailed him but pageants, sent orders to all his troops to collect from different quarters, and prepared to take the command in person; while reports daily came in of the great muster the Armagnacs were making, as though determined to offer battle.

Salisbury was determined not to abide the chances of the battle without first giving a protector to his little daughter; and therefore, as quietly as if she had been merely going to Mass, the Lady Alice was wedded to her Sir Richard Nevil, who treated the affair as the simplest matter of course, and troubled himself with very slight demonstrations of affection. The wedding took place at Senlis, whither the female part of the court had accompanied the King, upon the very day of the parting. No one was present, except one of Sir Richard's brothers, (the whole family numbered twenty-two,) his esquire; and on Alice's side, her father, Esclairmonde, and a few other ladies.

* 'Shakespeare and his Times,' by Nathan Drake, M. D.

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At the last moment, however, the King himself came up, leaning on Warwick's arm, looking thin, ill, and flushed, but resolved to do honour to his faithful Salisbury; at whose request he had permitted the barony of Montagu to be at once transferred to Nevil, who would thenceforth be called by that title.

After the ceremony, King Henry kissed the gentle bride, placed a costly ring upon her finger, and gave his best and warmest wishes to the newly married pair. Little guessed any there present what the sound of Warwick and Salisbury would be in forty years time to the babe cradled at Windsor.

As the King passed Esclairmonde, he paused, and said, in an under tone, 'Dear Lady, deem not that I have forgotten your holy purpose; but you understand that there are some who are jealous of any benefit conferred on Paris save from themselves, and whose alliance I may not risk. But if God be pleased to grant me this battle also, then, with His good pleasure, I shall not be forced to have such respect to persons; and when I return, Lady, whether the endowment come from your bounty or no, God helping us, you shall begin the holy work of St. Katharine's bedeswomen among the poor of Paris.'

But while Henry V., with all his grave sweetness, spoke these words to Esclairmonde de Luxemburg, this was the farewell of Countess Jaqueline of Hainault to Malcolm Stewart:

'Look here, my languishing swain; never mind her scorn; but win your spurs in the battle that is to be, and then make some excuse to get back again to us before the two Kings, with all their scruples. Then beshrew me, but she shall be yours! If Monseigneur de Therouenne and I cannot manage one proud girl, I am not Countess of Hainault!'

This promise sent him away, planning the enjoyment of conquering Esclairmonde's long resistance, and teaching her where to find happiness. Should he punish her, by being stern and tyrannical at first? or should his kindness teach her to repent? When he was a knight, he should be in a condition to assert his authority, he thought; and of knighthood both he and Ralf Percy felt almost certain, in that wholesale dubbing of knights, that was wont to be the preliminary of a battle. To be sure, they had indulged in a good many unlicensed pleasures at Paris; Ralf from sheer reckless love of sport, Malcolm in his endeavour to forget himself, and to be manly; but they had escaped detection; and they knew plenty of young Englishmen, and many more Burgundians and Gascons, who had plunged far deeper into mischief, and thought it no disgrace, but rather held that there was some special dispensation for the benefit of warriors.

Malcolm and Ralf were riding with a party of these young men. King Henry had consented to make his first day's journey as far as Corbeil in a litter, since only there he was to meet the larger number of his troops, whom Bedford and Warwick were assembling. James was riding close beside him, with his immediate attendants; and the two

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youths, not being needed, had joined their comrades with the advanced guard of the escort.

It was always a fiction maintained by Henry, that he was marching in a friendly country; plunder was strictly forbidden, and everything was to be paid for; but unfortunately, the peasantry on his way never realized this, and the soldiery often took care they should not. Therefore, when the advanced guard came to the village that had been marked out for their halt, instead of finding provisions and forage to be purchased, they met with only bare walls, and a few stray cats; and while storming and raving between hunger and disappointment, a report came from somewhere that the inhabitants had fled, and driven off their cattle to another village some four miles off, in the woods, on the heights above. Of course, they must be taught reason. It was true that the men-at-arms, who were under the command of Sir Christopher Kitson and Sir William Trenton, were obliged to abide where they were, much as Kitson growled at being unable to procure a draught of wine for Trenton, whom he had been nursing for weeks under intermitting fever, caught at Meaux; but the young gentlemen were well pleased to show themselves under no Yorkshireman's orders, and galloped off *en masse* to procure refreshment for their horses and themselves, further stimulated by the report that the Armagnacs had left a sick man behind them there, who might be a valuable prisoner.

By-and-by, a woodland path brought the disorderly party, about forty in number, including their servants and the ruffians who always followed whenever plunder was to be scented, out upon a pretty French village of the better class, built round a green, shaded with chestnuts, under which, sure enough, were hay-carts, cows, sheep, and goats, and their owners, taking refuge in a place thought to be out of the track of the invaders.

Here were the malicious defrauders of the hungry warriors. Down upon them flew the angry foragers. Soon the pretty tranquil scene was ringing with the oaths of the plundering and the cries of the plundered; the cattle were being driven off, the houses and farm-yards rifled, blood was flowing, and what could not be carried off was burning. The search for the Armagnac prisoner had, however, relaxed after the first inquiry; and Malcolm, surprised that this had been forgotten, suddenly bethought him of the distinction he should secure by sending a valuable prize to Esclairmonde's feet. He seized on an old man who had not been able to fly, and stood trembling and panting in a corner, and demanded where the sick man was. The old man pointed to a farm-house, round which clouds of smoke were rolling; and Malcolm hurried into it, shouting, 'Dog of an Armagnac, come out! Yield, ere thou be burnt.'

No answer; and he dashed forward. In the lower room was a sight that opened his eyes with horror—no other than the shield of Drummond, with the three wavy lines; ay, and with it the helmet and suit of armour, whereof he knew each buckle and brace!

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'Patie! Patrick! Patrick Drummond!' he wildly shouted, 'are you there?'

No answer; and seeing through the smoke a stair, he rushed up. There in an upper room, on a bed, lay a senseless form, suffocated perhaps by the smoke, but unmistakeably his cousin! He called to him, seized him, shook him, dragged him out of bed, all in vain; there was no sign of animation. The fire was gaining on the house; Malcolm's own breath was failing, and his frenzied efforts to carry Patrick's almost giant form to the stairs were quite unavailing. Wild with horror, he flew shouting down-stairs to call Halbert, whom he had left with his horse; but neither Halbert nor horse was in sight, nor indeed any of the party. Not a man was in sight, except a few hurrying far out of reach, as if something had alarmed them. He wrung his hands in anguish, and was about to make another attempt to drag Patrick down from the already burning house, when suddenly a troop of horse was among the scene of desolation, and at their head King James himself. Malcolm had not heard their approach through the roaring of the flame; and they had no doubt been sent to prevent the rapine. Malcolm flew to the King, cutting short his angry exclamation, with the cry, 'Help! help! he will burn! Patrick! Patie Drummond! There!'

James had scarce gathered the sense of the words, ere leaping from his horse, he bounded up the stairs, through the smoke, amid flakes of burning thatch falling from the roof, groped in the dense clouds of smoke for the senseless weight, and holding the shoulders while Malcolm held the feet, they sped down the stair, and rested not till they had laid him under a chestnut tree, out of reach of the crash of the house, which fell in almost instantly.

'Does he live?' gasped Malcolm.

'He will not,' said the King, 'if his nation be known here. Keep out of his sight! He must hear only French!'

Remembering how inexorably Henry hung every Scotch prisoner, Malcolm's heart sank. This was why no one had sought the prisoner. A Scot was not available for ransom! Should he be the murderer of his cousin, Lily's love?

Meantime James hurriedly explained to Kitson that here was the sick man left by the enemy, summoned Sir Nigel to his side, closed his own visor, and called for water; then hung over the prisoner, anxious to prevent the first word from being broad Scotch. In the free air, some long sobs shewed that Patrick was struggling back to life; and James at once said, 'Rendez vous, Messire;' but he neither answered, nor was there meaning in his eyes. And James perceived that he was bandaged as though for broken ribs, and that his right shoulder was dislocated; and no doubt had been a second time pulled out, when Malcolm had grasped him by the arms. He swooned again at the first attempt to lift him; and a hay-cart having been left in the flight of the marauders, he was laid in it, and covered with the King's cloak, to be conveyed to

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Corbeil, where James trusted to secure his life by personal intercession with Henry. He groaned heavily several times, but never opened his eyes or spoke articulately the whole way; and James and Sir Nigel kept on either side of the cart, ready to address him in French the first moment, having told the English that he was a prisoner of quality, who must be carefully conveyed to King James's tent at Corbeil. Malcolm was not allowed to approach, lest he should be recognized; and he rode along in an agony of shame and suspense, with very different feelings towards Patrick than those with which he had of late thought of him, or of his own promises. If Patrick died through this plundering raid, how should he ever face Lily?

It was nearly night ere they reached Corbeil, where the tents were pitched outside the little town. James committed his captive to the prudent care of old Baird, bidding him send for a French or Burgundian surgeon, unable to detect the Scottish tongue; and then, taking Malcolm with him, he crossed the square in the centre of the camp to the royal pavilion, opposite to which his own was pitched.

It was a sultry night, and Henry had insisted on sleeping in his tent, declaring himself sick of stone walls; and as they approached, his voice could be heard in brief excited sentences, giving orders, and asking for the King of Scots.

'Here, Sir,' said James, stepping in where the curtain was looped up, and shewed King Henry half sitting, half lying, on a couch of cushions and deer skins, his eyes full of fire, his thin face flushed with deep colour; Bedford, March, Warwick, and Salisbury in attendance.

'Ho! you are late!' said Henry. 'Did you come up with the caitiff robbers?'

'They made off as we rode up. The village was already burnt.'

'Who were they? I hope you hung them on the spot, as I bade,' continued Henry, coughing between his sentences, and almost in spite of himself, putting his hand to his side.

'I was delayed. There was a life to save. A gentleman who lay sick and stifled in a burning house.'

'And what was it to you,' cried Henry angrily, 'if a dozen rebel Armagnacs were fried alive, when I sent you to hinder my men from growing mere thieves? Gentleman, forsooth! One would think it the Dauphin himself; or mayhap Buchan. Ha! it is a Scot then!'

'Yes, Sir,' said James. 'Sir Patrick Drummond, a good knight, hurt and helpless, for whom I entreat your grace.'

'You disobeyed me to spare a Scot!' burst forth Henry. 'You, who call yourself a captain of mine, and who know my will. He hangs instantly!'

'Harry, bethink yourself. This is no captive taken in battle. He is a sick man, left behind, sorely hurt.'

'Then wherefore must you be meddling, instead of letting him burn as he deserved, and heeding what you undertook for me? I *will* have

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none of your traitor ruffians here. Since you have brought him in, the halter for him!—Here, Ralf Percy, tell the provost marshal—'

He was interrupted, for James unbuckled his sword, and tendered it to him.

'King Harry,' he said gravely, 'this morning I was your friend and brother-in-arms; now I am your captive. Hang Patrick Drummond, who aided me at Meaux in saving my honour, and such freedom as I have, and I return to any prison you please, and never strike blow for you again.'

'Take back your sword,' said Henry. 'What folly is this? You knew that I count not your rebel subjects as prisoners of war.'

'I did not know that I was saving a defenceless man from the flames, to be used like a dog. I never offered my arm to serve a savage tyrant.'

'Take your sword,' reiterated Henry, his passion giving way before James's steady calmness. 'We look into it to-morrow: but it was no soldierly act to take advantage of my weariness, to let my commands be broken the first day of taking the field; and bring the caitiff here. We will leave him for the night, I say. Take up your sword.'

'Not till I am sure of my liegeman's life,' said James.

'No threats, Sir. I will make no promise,' said Henry haughtily; but the words died away in a racking cough.

And Bedford, laying his hand on James's arm, said, 'He is fevered and weary. Fret him no longer; but take your sword, and get your fellow out of the camp.'

James was too much hurt to make a compromise. 'No,' he said; 'unless your brother freely spares the life of a man thus taken, I must be his prisoner—but his soldier never!'

He left the tent, followed by Malcolm, in an agony of despair and self-reproach.

Henry's morning decisions were not apt to vary from his evening ones. There was a terrible implacability about him at times; and he had never ceased to visit his brother of Clarence's death upon the Scots, on the plea that they were in arms against their king. Even Bedford obviously thought that the prisoner would be safest out of his reach; and this could hardly be accomplished, since Patrick had been placed in James's tent, in the very centre of the camp, near the King's own. And though Bedford and March might have connived at his being taken away, yet the mass of the soldiery would, if they detected a Scot being smuggled away into the town, have been persuaded that King James was acting treacherously.

Besides, the captive himself proved to be so exhausted, that to transport him any further in his present state, would be almost certainly fatal. A barber surgeon from Corbeil had been fetched, and was dealing with the injuries, which had apparently been the effect of a fall some days previously, probably when on his way to join the French army at Cosne; and the first fever of these hurts had no doubt been aggravated

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by the adventures of the day. At any rate, Patrick lay unconscious, or only from time to time groaning or murmuring a few words, sometimes French, sometimes Scotch.

Malcolm would have fallen on his knees by his side, and striven to win a word or a look; but James forcibly withheld him. 'If you roused him into loud ravings in our own tongue, all hope of saving him would be gone,' he said.

'Shall we? Oh, can we!' cried Malcolm, catching at the mere word *hope*.

'I only know,' said the King, 'that unless we do so by Harry's good will, I will never serve under him again.'

'And if he persists in his cruelty?'

'Then must some means be found of carrying Drummond into Corbeil. It will go hard with me, but he shall be saved, Malcolm. But this whole army is against a Scot; and Harry's eye is everywhere, and his fierceness unrelenting. Malcolm, this *is* bondage! May God and St. Andrew aid us!'

When the King came to saying that, it was plain he deemed the case almost past all other aid.

Malcolm's misery was great. The very sight of Patrick had made a mighty revulsion in his feelings. The almost forgotten associations of Glenuskie were revived; the forms of his guardian and of Lily came before him, as he heard familiar names and phrases in the dear home accent fall from the fevered lips. Coldingham rose up before him, and St. Abb's, with Lily watching on the rocks for tidings of her knight—her knight, to whom her brother had once promised to resign all his lands and honours; but who now lay captured by plunderers, among whom that brother made one, and in peril of a shameful death. Oh, far better die in his stead, than return to Lily with tidings such as these!

Was this retribution for his broken purpose, and for having fallen away, not merely into secular life, but into sins that stood between him and religious rites? The King had called St. Andrew to aid! Must a proof of repentance and change be given, ere that aid would come? Should he vow himself again to the cloister, yield up the hope of Esclairmonde, and devote himself for Patrick's sake? Could he ever be happy with Patrick dead, and Esclairmonde driven and harassed into being his wife? Were it not better to vow at once, that so his cousin were spared he would return to his old purposes?

Almost had he uttered the vow, when tugging hard at his heart came the vision of Esclairmonde's loveliness, and he felt it beyond his strength to resign her voluntarily; besides, how Madame of Hainault and Monseigneur de Thérouenne would deride his uncertainties; and how intolerable it would be to leave Esclairmonde to fall into the hands of Boemond of Burgundy.

Such a renunciation could not be made; he did not even know that Patrick's safety depended on it; and instead of that, he promised with

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great fervency of devotion, that if St. Andrew would save Patrick Drummond, and bring about the two marriages, a most splendid monastery for educational purposes, such as the King so much wished to found, should be his reward! It should be in honour of St. Andrew; and should be endowed with Esclairmonde's wealth, which would be quite ample enough, both for this and for a noble portion for Lily. Surely St. Andrew must accept such a vow, and spare Patrick! So Malcolm tried to pacify an anguish of suspense that would not be pacified.

(*To be continued.*)

CAMPANELLA.

CHAPTER VIII.

Not long after this, a great event happened to Campanella. In itself it seemed a trifle; but it was no trifle in its consequences to her.

It was half-past eight in the evening; Nella was in bed, for she had learned the lessons set her by Miss Charteris, and then darkness had come on. It grew dark now before eight o'clock, and although there were plenty of candles hanging by their wicks on a nail in the cupboard, Nella had been so often warned by Mrs. Lester about the danger of setting the house on fire, that she was half afraid to light a candle lest some wandering spark should hide itself and burn up everything. When it was dark, she had raked up the ashes and smothered the fire with them, pouring a little water on the top, as Mrs. Lester had taught her to do, so that Bill, when he came home, might find some smouldering heat which he could stir into a blaze. And then she had gone to bed. She was almost asleep, when a loud noise below awoke her. Bill had come home, bringing companions with him. He had never done this before since Nella came, and now she was frightened by the boisterous way in which the men talked and laughed and knocked the chairs about. She could not understand what they said, but their voices kept her awake. Presently there was a great poking of the fire, and afterwards a strong smell of spirits and tobacco came up through the trap-door to Nella's room. While the men were smoking they grew quieter, and by-and-bye the little girl distinctly heard Bill's voice, saying, 'Give us a tune, Dutchy.' What 'Dutchy' meant she did not know; but she had learned the word 'tune' from Miss Charteris, and heard it exemplified too, in a charming way, on the piano; so now she lay listening in expectation. Not expecting much pleasure, however. She did not think that very lovely music could be made by any friend of Bill Waters, whom, privately, she likened to everything rough and ugly which she had ever known. She awaited something like the harsh loud singing which hurt her so

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in church and school. But in a few moments she heard instead the gentle twanging of violin-strings. The sound bore her back at once to the happy nights when she had sat in the theatre to see her mother, in a rich dress, walk grandly like a queen and have flowers thrown at her feet. In a moment, and only for a moment, she saw the bright theatre again, and her mother's handsome face, and heard the clapping of the people's hands, and smelt the sweet heavy smell of sandal-wood from the ladies' fans. Then they all vanished as suddenly as they had come, and she was alone in the dark in a strange country, and her mother was dead. Her heart swelled, and she felt as though some strong cold hand were grasping it tightly and hurting it, and pressing the tears up into her eyes, and then she threw her little arms about her pillow, as though—poor child!—that were some living breast which she could cling to for comfort; and laying her head on the soft inanimate thing, she sobbed bitterly, and felt sorrow and yet a kind of gladness that she could cry alone.

On a sudden, when the violin was tuned, it began to sound sweetly with the same air which she had once listened to on the tower—'All through the night,'—so softly and gently! The notes brought to her mind, as clearly as though it were day-light, the face of Jesus in the picture over her bed, the ineffable love in it, and the kind hands touching the little children. The music made a stillness in her soul for itself to speak in. She felt as if she were in a church, and brought down her hands, which were clasping the pillow, and clasped them gently instead on her breast. Except for that, she did not move, but lay like one who fears to break a happy spell. The sobs would come still, now and then, but by degrees, more seldom.

In a little time, however, the tune broke off abruptly, unfinished; the breaking off was a shock to Nella, as though something had snapped with it in herself. The men's voices broke in, and then there was a little more tuning of the strings, and after that the player began again. This time the music was very different from what it had been at first; louder and more gorgeous; it made Nella think of bright colours, and brought back to her the heat of an Italian day, and the purple of rich grapes, and the many-hued dresses of her peasant country-women, and then that sunset which she had seen from the tower, when the clouds had stood round the red flush, like folded wings of angels standing there ready to open the gates to the voyagers on the airy sea. Nella could not lie still now; she sat up in bed, and then she felt restless, and got up, and crept to the head of the stairs and listened. She even peeped down; but she saw Bill and another man sitting in a thick cloud of smoke, and a third, with the violin on his shoulder. He looked as dark and dirty as the rest, and Nella did not care to look again; he was not like the music. Besides, she fancied, as one always does, that those whom she could see could also see her, so she crept back a little and still listened. The music poured on as though it

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would never stop, and soon it grew wilder and faster, and at the last even mad and furious. It frightened Nella. She seemed to see the sunset turn all of a fierce dark red, and the angel wings grow black, and fan to and fro violently, and the little airy bark sink in a great stormy sea. She ran back to bed, and covered her head with the clothes, and held her hands to her ears, but she could not help hearing the music which terrified her so; and she was trembling as if in great trouble, when at last the sound broke off, and the player, with a laugh, threw his fiddle clattering down upon the table.

Although Bill had on the next morning, as usual, gone down to the shore before Nella left her bed, he came in again to fetch something while she was eating her bread and milk.

'Did you hear the music last night, little 'un?' he asked.

She understood him when he had repeated the question, and answered, 'Yes.'

'What did you think of it?'

'Oh, how beautiful!' cried Nella; for although the music had frightened her at the last, she still loved it.

'You shall hear it again,' said Bill, nodding, as he went out of the cottage.

Nella had not long to wait, for on that very night, while she was sitting in her own room eating her supper, which she had carried up there because the place was prettier than the kitchen, she heard the trampling of men's boots without, and then Bill came into the cottage, and someone with him; and after a time, Bill called up the stairs, 'Little 'un—Nella—I say!'

She came to the trap-door and down one or two steps, but then seeing a stranger there, a great shyness came over her, and she dared not go further, nor yet dared go back, so sat trembling on that round of the ladder which she had reached.

'Music, music,' said Bill, nodding his head and pointing with his thumb towards his companion, who then took up a fiddle which was leaning against his chair and held it out to Nella, tapping it with the bow in a manner which he meant for fun. He smiled at her too; but all this notice taken of her made her only the more shy, so that it was now as hard for her to move as if strong hands had been holding her in her place. She was always afraid of Bill Waters and his friends, none of whom she liked; and although she now knew the stranger to be the man who had played the beautiful music, she could not as yet like him the better for that; he looked so unlike the music, as though it could not really come from him, but he was only in some way the instrument on which a greater hand was playing. So indeed, in a measure, he was; as all true artists are.

Seeing that the little girl would come no farther, Bill told the other man to play. He was a short thick-set fellow, with shaggy brown hair on his face and head, and light blue eyes, which looked vague and

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watery, except when he was thinking of music. He was very rough and dirty in his dress. But he took up the violin, and straightway he was changed. He laid his cheek upon the wooden thing as if he loved it, while he drew the strings to the proper tension, and then, as he played, his eyes grew kind and clear, and he smiled happily, and seemed to see far away. As on the previous night, Nella was drawn to the music. Hardly knowing how, she lost all her shyness because she lost all thought of herself, and came slowly down, not noticing Bill's encouraging look, and up to the knees of the player. There was a little stool beside him, and there she sat down, watching his face, in which she saw, not the plain round features, but something beautiful, like a faint reflection of light from the birth-place of the music. The player let the bow drop for a moment.

'Ah, do not stop!' breathed Nella, very earnestly and low in Italian; and then, remembering where she was, put the words into English.

'My little lady like de music,' said the man; for he too was a foreigner, a German, who had come to Brentholm, as he said, to look for work; but if he had found work, I fear he would not have kept to it. He was very very lazy; one of those people who are always wandering to and fro, and of whom one chiefly wonders that they do not starve. This poor German went from town to town, stopping at each, and playing his sweet tunes, and getting food in return for them, and then, when no one cared for more of his music, and all the people were tired of him, he would tuck his fiddle under his arm and saunter on to the next pretty place he came to. So now he had come to Holm, and Bill Waters had taken a fancy to him.

He went on playing when Nella asked, and soon he fell into a sweet Italian melody which she knew well; her mother had sung it so often. She kept her eyes fixed on the violin, as if she were drinking in the music with them as well as with her ears, until the tears blinded her, and then she let her head drop on her hands, and cried so quietly that Bill did not at first see that she was crying. When at last he did see, he called out, 'What's up with the little lass!' so loudly that he made her start. She seemed to awaken as if from a dream.

'It is for the music,' she said presently, when she could remember some English words.

Bill pulled her to him, and wiped her eyes with the corner of the Chinese neckerchief, no longer so gay as when he had first put it on in honour of Miss Charteris.

'No cry, no cry,' said the little German anxiously. 'I will to you my fiddle give—see.' He laid the fiddle in her arms as though that were comfort enough for any sorrow. It had been so to him in all his sorrows, which had mostly arisen from the want of beer, and of the sausages of his fatherland. He had often played himself to sleep, poor fellow! when he had had to lie down without a supper, and with no better pillow awaiting him than a heap of straw. So now he gave it to

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Nella as consolation for the trouble in her which he did not at all understand. Strangely enough, it was a consolation to her. She began to smile at him shyly as she murmured her 'Thank you,' which she never forgot; and then she slipped away from Bill into the darkest corner, and sat on the bottom step of her ladder holding the fiddle. She felt at once as if she loved it. It brought old times back to her mind very clearly, when she had seen the men playing on the violin in the theatre, and one or two days when a great violinist had come to her mother's rooms to practise with her an accompaniment to a song. On one of those days, seeing how eagerly the child watched his instrument, he had shown her how to hold the bow, and to press the strings with her fingers, just in play, and only for a few minutes; but she had not forgotten the lesson. Bill and his comrade began to smoke, and pulled out a greasy pack of cards to play with; and meanwhile, Nella laid the fiddle on her shoulder, and placed her hands as the Italian musician had taught her to do. There was a wonderful feeling in her; a feeling of wanting something very very much; so much that the want of it was a great pain, and yet in some strange way a great happiness too, and what the thing was which she wanted, she could not tell. She had felt the same before at times, when watching the sunset from the tower; or, longer back, but then more faintly, when her mother's singing had brought tears to her eyes, she did not know why. But she had never felt it so strongly and keenly as now. She raised the bow and drew from the violin a long soft tone like a gentle breath. The German raised his head quickly; but Bill said, 'Be quiet; let her be!' so no one disturbed Nella. She tried again, and again a beautiful tone came; it seemed to her that her soul was hot and thirsty, and that with that sound a drop of coolness fell on it. But the third note was harsh and out of tune. It shot through her like a sharp prick. She stroked the wood of the fiddle, feeling somehow as though she must have hurt it to make it speak so strangely. She carried it up to the German, hardly knowing what she was going to do, and said to him, 'Oh, teach me!'

The little round dirty face looked kindly at her, but he only said 'Wait a bit,' and went on playing his cards.

Nella stood by, waiting patiently; and presently, when the game was at an end, Bill said, 'Show her how to play;' and pushed the cards aside.

'That takes long time,' said the German; yet he began to show Nella how to draw the bow across the strings, and where to place the fingers of her left hand, so as to make new notes. She watched him with a breathless patient eagerness. She could not understand one word he said, although she was not as yet English scholar enough to know that he spoke English strangely. She could only watch his hands, and try to fix all he did in her memory. Then he gave her the fiddle again good-naturedly, and said, 'Now you play.' She tried, but her fingers would not go in the right places, and the notes still came out of tune.

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'Oh, I cannot!' she said, as if she were tired, laid down the violin, and presently went off to bed.

It chanced, by-and-by, that the German really did find a job of work to do in Brentholm, and then Bill told him he might sleep at the cottage by paying a small sum for each night.

When Nella afterwards told Mrs. Lester of this arrangement, the school-mistress grew quite excited over the news, and declared that the child should never go back to the cottage. But to her great surprise, Campanella looked very sad at this declaration, and begged that she might stay near the music. It was then her one great joy, and even more, a part of herself; so that no pleasure of any other sort could have consoled her for its loss. For at this time dear Miss Charteris had left Brentholm Meadow-sweet. She had been there more than six weeks; the English lessons had gone on well, and Nella could understand much of what was said to her, when the kind teacher told her one morning, 'I am very sorry to leave my little Nella; we shall only have two more days together; after that I must go back to my own home.'

You may think how grieved Nella was to lose her friend. When the last day came, the lessons were gone through as usual until one o'clock; then Nella dined; and afterwards Miss Charteris led the way through the pretty sunny Rectory garden, with its soft smooth grass dotted with clumps of evergreens, to a little arbour with a table in it and low chairs, and a basket of nice fruit on the table.

'Now we will give ourselves a half-holiday, and have a pleasant afternoon together,' said Miss Charteris. She made Nella sit in one of the low cosy chairs, and gave her some fruit to eat, and talked to her in Italian. Presently, she took up a square parcel, wrapt in white paper, which she had brought there in her hand and laid aside. She opened it, and showed Campanella that it contained two books bound in purple leather; they were a Bible and a Book of Common Prayer. She opened the first page of the Bible, and told Nella to spell some words which were written there in her own beautiful hand.

'CAMPANELLA,

FROM HER LOVING FRIEND,

AMY CHARTERIS,'

the little girl made out. The blood flushed up over all her face for pleasure; but the lady still pointed to some words below: 'He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters.'

'It was God who did that, Nella,' said Miss Charteris gently and gravely. 'He did it to you as well as to King David, who wrote the verse. You know what I mean, do you not?'

Nella looked at the words again, and then said 'Yes,' very thoughtfully; but quickly looking up with the flush still on her cheeks, and meeting the kind eyes of the friend whom she loved so much, she could

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restrain herself no longer, but threw her arms round Miss Charteris's neck, and cried in her own soft tongue, 'Oh, how much I love you for being so very very good!'

Miss Charteris smiled, drew down the two little hands and held them, telling Nella to seat herself on a stool at her feet.

'I have not been very good to you, dear child,' she said. 'If you think what I have done goodness, what must you think of what God has done?'

She went on to speak of the great love of our Heavenly Father, and of what we owe to that love, and of all that Campanella herself owed to it, especially perhaps for those blessings which had come to her in the shape of great trials.

'You have had more real trouble than any girl of your age whom I have ever known, Nella,' said Miss Charteris, holding closely the hand of the child, who watched her with thoughtful eyes; 'and I do not think it is without a purpose that you have been brought so far away from your beautiful home, and given over to so strange a keeper. It is hard for us to tell what God means to work in us, or for us, by the sorrows which He sometimes gives us to bear. It is, perhaps, bold of us to pry into His meaning too closely; and we are apt, when we have answered our own questions quite to our satisfaction, to find at last that we have been making a great mistake, and that God meant something which we had been far too short-sighted to see. But still, when an intention of His seems very plain to us, I think we must be right in humbly laying it to our hearts as a hope and a comfort, and urging on those whom it concerns to carry it out in a way which may please Him. I am talking rather to myself than to you, little one; am I not? I fear you can hardly follow me. What I mean is this: that you have a work laid on you by the very fact of being brought here, to Brentholm; and it seems clear to some of us, who think a great deal about you, that that work is to help poor Bill Waters to a better way of life. He is so anxious to be kind to you, and was so ready and generous in the manner of his taking charge of you from the first, that it is easy to see there is the making of a good man in him. Only, poor fellow! he has had very little chance of learning what life should be; his mother died when he was a little boy, and his father was a bad man, and led him into bad ways. Yet I believe it is not too late to make a Christian of him yet, and I think God is showing us it is not too late, by putting you in his way to give him one more chance. But you must try to do your part of the work, Nella; you must pray to be taught how to act, and you must be kind to Bill, and not shun him because he is rough in his ways. Then, if you are a good girl, and obey Mrs. Lester, and do what this book teaches you to do, (she gently pressed the Bible with her hand, as one presses the hand of a dear friend,) God will surely reward you some day by the gift of that poor man's soul. Will you try to do this work?'

Nella was too young, as yet, entirely to understand the lady's meaning.

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'I am to try to love Bill Waters, and to help him to love God?' she said.

'Yes, that is it,' answered Miss Charteris; and then she added, in a low voice, as if to herself, 'It seems to me that unless we can bring in our hands the soul of some fellow-creature as a thank-offering to Jesus, we can never prove to Him that we have really loved Him.'

Here she changed the conversation, and began to tell Nella of the pretty home she was going to; and afterwards she told her some beautiful stories; and so that happy afternoon came to an end—happy, yet sad, because it was the last Nella might spend with this dear lady for many a long day.

When Nella reached the cottage that evening, no one was there; it was still and lonely. A few days had gone by since the German had taken up his lodgings there; hitherto, he had taken his fiddle with him when he went out in the morning, but now a ray of moonlight gliding through the window showed the instrument with its bow hanging upon the wall beside the chimney. Nella felt as glad at that sight as though the wooden thing had been a kind face; she drew a chair near it, and mounted on the chair, because the violin hung above her reach as she stood on the floor. She stroked the strings gently with her hands; laid her head softly against the wood, and told it in a whisper, often broken through by crying, that Miss Charteris was going away. Then she felt comforted, and having kissed the strings which knew so well how to speak to her, she went to bed and to sleep. For Miss Charteris was not gone yet; she would see her once more to-morrow, and children cannot grieve very much over sorrows which have not yet come.

The next morning she went to the school; so her friend had bidden her; but she could not do her lesson; her fingers trembled as she tried to guide her pen; but Mrs. Lester took no notice of her, and let her write or not as she liked. At half-past ten, carriage wheels were heard upon the road: 'That's Miss Charteris going to the train,' one child whispered. Nella dropped her pen, and looked with wistful eyes at Mrs. Lester.

'Yes, you may go to the gate,' said the kind mistress, as though Nella had asked leave. The child slipped off her seat, and ran, and presently returned holding Miss Charteris's hand.

'I have come to hear the children sing one more song,' the lady said to Mrs. Lester.

So the children were told to stand up, and then they sang, in the best way they knew, 'O the roast beef of old England.'

'That is very pretty. Thank you,' said Miss Charteris. 'Now I must bid you good-bye. I have brought a basket full of toys, for Mrs. Lester to give them to you when school is over, if you are good.'

The children's eyes opened wide at the charming word 'toys,' and when the kind lady said 'Good-bye' again, they all bobbed their best curtseys and pulled their best bows. Nella went with her outside the door, and looked at her with a long sad gaze, which troubled Miss

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Charteris very much; it was like the dumb wistful look one sees at times in a dog's eyes, when the animal seems as if it longed to speak, yet could not; it was so unlike the common grief of a child, which is loud but soon over. Nella did not cry at all; she said 'good-bye' quite quietly, and when she had seen the carriage roll away with her dear friend inside it, she went back to her lesson, and her hand did not tremble much. When school was over, Mrs. Lester gave away the toys, and she gave a red-and-black ball, trimmed with gold cord, to Nella. The other children had grown used to her now, and the mothers did not any longer forbid them to play with her; so they would willingly have taught her to skip and run races with them, and sometimes she did try to do so, although she soon grew tired and never much enjoyed the fun; but to-day she could not play at all with the new toys; she wanted something, but it was not games of play.

'Will you stay and have tea and cake with me?' Mrs. Lester asked her kindly; but she answered, 'Please, no;' and so tied on her little black hat and went back to the cottage. There she found what she wished for, the violin, hanging in the same place as yesterday. She could not wait a moment; she had run great part of the way home, and now she did not even take off her hat before she drew a chair again to the wall and took down the violin, not satisfied to-day with speaking to it where it hung. It must speak to her, she felt, and not only to her but for her; she seemed to have some great thing in her heart to say, and no words to say it in. But the violin knew the proper words, and knew too what was in her heart better than she herself did. This was her fancy. She felt in some strange way, as though that wonderful something in her heart was like herself when she had first come to England, longing to speak, yet not able; and as though her real self were like kind Mrs. Lester, longing to hear what the child had to say, but not able to hear it. And the violin was like Miss Charteris, understanding everything, and able to make all clear. Now it only lay with Nella herself to make the violin speak. She carried it tenderly up the stairs to her own dear room; for since it had been made so fresh and pretty, she had begun to love that room much, and to take pains in keeping it clean. Here she sat down on the bed, placed her fingers carefully as she had been taught upon the neck of the violin, and gently, afraid of hearing only a discord in place of the sweet melody she longed for, drew the bow across the strings. The sound came, true and melodious; it seemed to still the thirst and longing in her at once. She forgot too that she had had no tea; and there she sat, until the night had long closed in, drawing sweeter and sweeter tones from her instrument, and at last framing them into something like a connected air. At length she heard Bill's voice in the lane; and then she ran quickly down stairs, and hung the fiddle in its place again, not so much because she feared lest the kind dirty little German should scold her, as because it seemed to her that her music was a precious secret not to be told of to anyone.

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CHAPTER IX.

The days went by, bringing only gradual changes at first to Campanella. The dirty little German still left his fiddle hanging on the wall when he went to his day's work; and he had once of his own free will told the little girl that she might play on it, if she would use it 'vary vary geentlee,' so he said. There was no doubt that she would use it gently; she loved it more than its own master did, and had a fanciful notion that when she drew a false note from the strings, the instrument was crying because she had hurt it. No day passed without some progress made in her dear music; all her spare time was given to it, unless by any chance the sound of the bells, from which she drew her name, came towards her on the breeze; then she would lay down even the violin to listen to them. As the ringing, when loud and close at hand, had filled her soul, and satisfied it, so the distant floating whisper of the bells steeped her in a wonderful quiet.

Bill continued to provide the weekly twopence for Mrs. Lester; and Nella, being quick and thoughtful, and more eager to learn English than the English children were, made great advances in her learning; and was even placed in a class with girls older than herself.

She did not see much of Bill at this time. Now that the novelty of seeing the little dark silent child in his house was wearing away, he began to feel more keenly and clearly how little she cared for him. She tried hard on her part to like the rough fellow, because Miss Charteris had told her she ought to like him. But she could not. Children seldom feel really grateful to those who clothe and feed them; it comes so naturally to them to be fed and clothed by someone else; a poor little gift of a toy or a flower, or even a pleasant word or smile, will often win from them more gratitude than that continual care which costs both thought and money. At last, however, Bill did gain something of true gratitude from his little Nella.

It came to pass, very naturally, after a time, that the good-natured lazy musician grew tired of his work, and of staying so long in one place. Therefore, having kissed Bill Waters on both cheeks, and bade him good-bye as his 'heart inward beloved,' he tucked his fiddle under his arm, on one fine October morning, trotted cheerfully away, and was seen no more in Brentholm Meadow-sweet.

When he saw how wistfully Nella eyed the departing instrument, he had said to her, 'Vary sorree; can't help it;' and put a sixpence into her hand.

Good-natured little soul! He had but a few shillings in the world; for the money which he earned never stayed long in his pocket, and sixpence was a large sum for him to give; but it was small comfort to Nella, who put it in her box, and then forgot it, for in the violin she had lost what had become a part of herself: her intelligence seemed suddenly

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gone; she was dull and abstracted; could not do her lessons; forgot many little messages which were entrusted to her; looked always heavy-eyed, as if she had a head-ache, and yet could not say that anything ailed her. Brisk active Mrs. Lester, who could not bear dullness or idleness, spoke sharply to her once or twice; but Nella could only look pitifully at her, and protest that she was very sorry, but indeed she could not help it. At last Mrs. Lester, being out of sorts one day, asked Nella to run on an errand for her, which the child was glad to do. She was returning from the shop, carrying her basket with great care, when on a sudden, hanging in the window where once upon a time her blue jug and basin had displayed its beauties, a violin caught her eye. It was hanging between a sailor's suit, the worse for wear, and a woman's gown of shabby silk; and fixed between the strings of the fiddle was a ticket, with these words written on it, in large printed letters, 'OBSERVE! FINE TONE, ONLY FIVE SHILLINGS!' Campanella did observe, as the ticket bade her; and straightway she forgot all about the butter and tea, for which Mrs. Lester was waiting, and stood rooted on the pavement, devouring the violin with her looks, and deep in a very hard sum. For, having suddenly remembered her sixpence in the box at home, she began to calculate how many sixpences made five shillings, and how many months were likely to pass before so many sixpences came into her possession. It was a sum to which there was no answer.

She was watching the fiddle, lost to everything else around her, when a heavy hand slapped her shoulder, and a rough voice cried in her ear, 'Hullo, little 'un! What's up?'

She started with a frightened look, as when one awakens suddenly out of sleep. Bill Waters was standing beside her.

'The violin!' she said. 'Oh!'

The 'Oh!' was so long, and so longing, that Bill's reckless good nature was aroused at once. He put his hand in his pocket, and brought out all his money.

'I hain't got but six shilling; but I'm danged if you sha'n't have five on 'em!' he said. Then he went straight into the shop, in his rolling reckless way. 'Look here! I want that there fiddle,' he began, pointing to it. 'That's a rum little 'un o' mine: rum for a gal to want a fiddle. There's your five bob. Thank'ee.'

So he brought out the violin and the bow, and laid them in the arms of little Nella, who was standing at the door, shyly peeping in, and not daring to hope that that great treasure could ever be her own.

When she felt it in her hands, a bright red colour flushed all over her olive skin. She caught Bill's hard hand, and kissed it; she forgot her English in her joy, and said, 'O grazie, grazie!' in a low breathing tone, which made Bill stare, it was so full of happiness.

He turned red too, when he found that the little Italian was actually kissing his hand in an overflowing gratitude, which he could not at all

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comprehend. He pulled his hand awkwardly away, muttered, 'There, there; you *are* a rum little 'un!' and rolled off.

Nella still stood contemplating her prize, till some one stooping down, said, 'Here, my little lass, you're losing your things;' and then she found that she had let Mrs. Lester's blue packet of tea fall out of the basket. Then she suddenly recollected her errand, and ran back to the school as fast as her little feet could go, hugging her violin to her heart, which was throbbing with delight.

Her love of music could no longer be a secret now, however. Some of her school-fellows laughed to see her running through the village with a fiddle in her arms. And Mrs. Lester greeted her with questions: How had she got it? What would she do with it? In her genial simple way, the school-mistress was amazingly surprised and delighted to hear that her pupil could play on an instrument so unusual for girls to learn upon.

'You'll play me a tune, won't you, my pet?' she entreated. And when Nella turned shy, and blushed, and tried to refuse, Mrs. Lester went on to say that she loved music dearly, and a tune was just what she wanted to send her head-ache away.

It was very crafty in the dear little woman to say this, for at the thought of curing her friend's head-ache, all Nella's shyness vanished, and she was even anxious to play. Mrs. Lester made a little feast on account of this great discovery; brought out some wonderful quince jam in a dish of rare old china, given to her mother by a lady with whom she had lived as maid, and put three lumps of sugar in Nella's cup. Then, when the girl had washed the tea-things, and set them aside in her dainty way, (everything her thin brown fingers did was dainty,) Mrs. Lester lay down on her snug little sofa, and Nella played her to sleep; but, having by that time quite forgotten that she ought to have an auditor, Nella played on for her own enjoyment, until the school-mistress woke in a bustle, and startled the little musician by her kisses and admiration.

On the next day, the children laughed at Campanella, and called her a 'little fiddler;' but Mrs. Lester, overhearing them, rated them soundly, telling them that to make game of their little companion was a very unchristian thing to do, and moreover very silly; for that it was clever to play so well as Nella did, and if they too could do it, they might well be proud. Whether the scolding had a good effect, or whether the children changed their minds after some of them had once chanced to hear Nella playing in Mrs. Lester's room, I do not know; but it is certain that they soon began to crowd round her when school was over, and beg her to fiddle them a tune. They would sometimes offer her their toys or apples as a bribe, but she never would take them; and it was not always that she could play when they asked her. Then they used to say to one another, 'Nella is cross to-day.' That was not true: she was not cross; but there were times when her mind was not in

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tune, and then her notes were out of tune also. If she could, however, she would always oblige her school-fellows; and it grew to be a favourite game with them, to point out beautiful objects to her, and ask her to 'play them.'

She had herself begun the game: in this way. There were near the school-house two trees, now tinged with autumn, two singularly well-shaped trees, standing together; a drooping golden beech, and a flaming spire of a poplar. These trees Nella used to watch as if she loved them, when, with every day, their burning colours deepened; and one morning, in the play-hour, she took up her fiddle, which she often brought to school, because the children liked to hear her, and began a rich and graceful melody, partly her own, made then and there, partly put together from airs which she already knew. The children grouped round, gaping with admiring wonder.

'What is that called, Nella?' one asked, when she had finished.

'It is those two trees,' she answered, nodding towards the beech and poplar.

The children stared still more; but they soon grew to understand what she meant, or thought they understood it; and then they began to bring roses, or corn, or a little heap of pretty stones and shells from the beach, and ask Nella to play them. She would play something; often something very pretty, which she said was meant for roses or shells; and although the children could not well trace the likeness, the mystery of the music made them all the more interested in the fun. They would also ask her to play people; and sometimes she would do that. On two special occasions she failed.

One day, she had refused to play such things as the children pointed out; and at last they said, 'Then what *will* you play?'

She presently answered, 'I will try to play Miss Charteris;' and began a very low sweet air; but after a few bars, she dropped the violin. 'I can make nothing enough good,' she said.

On another morning, her school-fellows had teazed her for some time, entreating her to play Bill Waters. 'No, no,' she replied, shaking her head; but at last, tired of their asking, she drew her bow queerly across the strings, and a few hard, harsh, sour notes came forth. Then she clasped the fiddle in her arms, and comforted it like a child whom one has hurt.

So weeks and months passed by, not unhappily for Nella; although her home grew more distasteful, and even almost unfit for her to live in; and this from a sad sad cause. Bill, who had been so kind and so much softened in manner, became Black Bill once more, and returned home often in a ferocious drunken state. He also began to bring home rough comrades, whom he had hitherto kept away from the cottage since Nella had been there; and he engaged in a wild smuggling venture again, and re-filled his cellars with contraband goods. He had seemed so much better a man since he gave way to the guardian angel, who

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had whispered to him, 'Be kind to the little orphan,' that it must have been a saddening thing for that pure guardian of his, to see him falling back so fearfully to his old ill ways.

It was but natural, however; mere good-nature will not keep us right; great ruffians can often be good-natured; and poor Bill, as yet, had no better, stronger stay to prop his character upon. It is not a pleasant nor a good thing to describe a drunken man. There is no need for me to tell you how he frightened Nella at first; but soon she learned to shut herself up, and bolt her trap-door, when she heard his footstep coming along the path, with that fatal unsteadiness in it. The winter nights had come, so that it was too cold for her to visit her beloved tower; and she dared not play when Bill was in the house; but there was plenty of wood in the shed, and no one to hinder her making a fire in her room; and so—although there were many truant little breezes racing among the rafters, playing peep-bo in the curtains, and leap-frog on the bed, and billowing out the canvas ceiling, as children blow out their cheeks when they say 'Eggs to sell!'—Nella still could contrive to keep some warmth in her chilly little body, used to Italian heat; and when she could not play, she would lay her fiddle on the pillow beside her, whisper to it all her thoughts, and make it whisper back an answer, by gently pulling a string with her finger. Often, when the noise below 'waxed fast and furious,' so that she could not shut her ears to wicked words, which now she understood only too well, she thought she would tell Mrs. Lester, and beg to live with her; but something held her back; some feeling towards Bill which was not affection, and hardly even gratitude, although she had always thought more kindly of him since he had given her the violin. It was rather love to Miss Charteris, and a faint sense of duty to God and to her neighbour, awakened by that kind friend's words. One sentence, which Miss Charteris had spoken in a low tone as if to herself, on the last afternoon of her stay in Brentholm, came often back to Nella, who repeated it over and over to herself, as well as she could recall it; and, because she only half understood it, dwelt upon it the more: 'I think, that unless we can bring one soul as a thank-offering to Jesus, we can never prove that we have loved Him.' She had also found a text in her Bible, deeply marked by Miss Charteris's hand: 'Be ye not weary in well doing.'

'Miss Charteris meant that I should help Bill to love God,' she said often to herself; 'I don't think I can do it; I don't think I love God much myself. But if I go away from Bill, I can't help him at all, so I will stay here; and when Miss Charteris comes back, she will tell me what to do next.'

So she stayed, and told no one how Bill and his companions frightened her of nights. And there she might have stayed until Miss Charteris came again, but for an event which happened in the village.

(To be continued.)

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LENA'S SEVEN BIRTH-DAYS.

CHAPTER VI.

I AM nineteen to-day. I have been engaged a whole year, and there is yet a year before my marriage. I should not mind this if I could sometimes see Charley; but in this morning's letter he speaks of being at home next July, so in two months more our separation will be over—happy, happy thought! so happy that it makes me restless and wild. This is my first birth-day without some rejoicings, and some pleasant fuss; but as I am now I greatly prefer it being a quiet unnoticed day; not that my own darling mother has not noticed it, for she was the first to greet me this morning with her loving words and her wonted gifts. From Herbert, too, I had a nice brother-like letter; he is not at home, and there is no one staying in the house. We are obliged to be very quiet just now, because my dear father has been extremely ill. Last week we were seriously uneasy about him, but the doctors have told dear Mother that they are not sorry for this illness, as it has shewn them more what is really the matter with him, and they are not so much in the dark as they were. I don't think they expect that he will ever be well again, but they say he may be much better than he is now, and may live for years. Another reason why we are quiet is, that Aunt Trevor died three weeks ago. She had been declining for some months, I may almost say years, and her life had become a very suffering one, and a burthen to herself—though a burthen most beautifully and patiently borne. Uncle Trevor feels her death keenly, and so does Edith; her gentleness, and thoughtfulness for others, and unselfishness, were wonderful even to the last day of her life; and she had a magic power of attaching those about her to herself. She will be a great loss in our circle, and in their parish, and in her own home. Edith will continue to live on with Uncle Trevor, as he will want her more than ever now. I have found out she does not like Lord Bandon, and won't have anything to say to him. I thought it must be so. Aunt Trevor's death has made a change in our plans, that is to say, in Charley's, for she has left him £600 a year. Edith told me that she had always intended this money should go to him after Uncle's death, but that Uncle had made her alter her will and make it so that this money should be Charley's on her death instead of on his; he says he has quite enough for himself, that more money would only bring more care, and that this will enable Charley to leave the army any time he wishes to do so. But whether he will wish this or not I don't know, because he never told me that he had any expectations from Aunt Trevor, therefore I think he will be taken by surprise; the money that some day is to be his will come to him from his father's elder brother, General Grey. I am sure he won't like to live an idle life; but I shall know more in my next letter, and then more and more still in

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eight weeks time. The luncheon bell is ringing, and I must go down-stairs, for immediately after luncheon I expect Edith, who is coming for a long drive with me in my pony-carriage.

Charley is come; he arrived quite unexpectedly last night. 'Oh! am I not happy? I am! I am!' too happy to write, too happy to think. He is changed; he looks older, and broader, and browner; but oh! so handsome and manly! and then was there ever anyone so tender and true. He tells me that he does think of leaving the army, partly because his regiment is very likely to be sent to New Zealand, and neither of us could bear that separation; and partly because he has and has always had a great wish to get some steady work in London, and to do something in his day and generation for the poor of that great city; but till after Christmas he does not intend to make any change, as he won't be sent out of England again for the present. Papa is better than he was some months back, but he still keeps very poorly, and so weak. This is the end of July, and a very hot day. I am going out now to sit under the great beech tree and talk to Charley.

To-morrow Herbert comes of age. Papa is extraordinarily nervous about to-morrow; he says that he has a feeling over him as though something bad was about to happen; he has harped upon this subject many times to-day. Charley does his best to cheer him up, and to interest him in the preparations which are going on. The house is filling rapidly; there are several of Herbert's friends come, and others coming. There is to be a grand ball here to-morrow night, and such feastings for the tenantry, and such a bonfire on the hill opposite our hall door; and all the country is asked. Mother has insisted upon attiring me in a lovely white dress, her present. I put it on last evening, just to see if it were all right, and Charley said it ought to be kept for a day, not so many months off now; and he seemed to think it was hard that to-morrow is Herbert's day, not ours. Herbert is very busy, and very gay, and withal very important; and both Mother and Father are so proud of him. 'There is no one can stand up with him in all the country round,' said Papa to-day. I don't think so, but I did not dare to dissent; but in very truth he is a handsome joyous-looking creature, and a general favourite. Sweet little Agnes says, 'Herbert is my brother, my only brother, and I love him very much indeed, of course; but Charley is my darling, but Charley is my darling!' She is very fond of Charley, and so is Herbert; but could it be otherwise?

Herbert's birth-day—he is of age to-day. Papa is painfully nervous this morning; he says some evil is hanging over him. There is a feeling in his heart which cannot be expressed, nor conceived by anyone else—a dark presentiment. I have heard that coming events do cast their shadows. Is then this a dark shadow of a really coming dark event? Charley won't let me attach any importance to my poor father's gloom;

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he says his state of health is quite sufficient to account for any amount of nervous depression, and that we are not in the hands of a blind fate, but of a living God, and beneath a providential care.

This morning that gipsy scene which took place the day I was fourteen, and which is noted down in this book, flashed suddenly across my mind—her look, her words, her ominous gestures. Is something coming? Have we been too happy? Papa has infected me. I must go down to Charley to be disinfected. . . . . I have been with Charley, and I find that he has persuaded Herbert to give in to my father's earnest, painfully earnest desire and entreaty that he will not go out shooting with a party of young men who are just starting after the partridges. Herbert was most unwilling to give in, and laughed heartily at these fears and fancies; but Herbert's merry laugh could not induce my father even to smile; all he said was, 'Herbert, my boy, do as I ask you; be guided by me; you'll be the death of me if you go;' &c. So Herbert and Charley have remained at home, and they are going to stroll about with their guns, and I to walk with Papa, and see how they are getting on with the preparations for to-night.

The last time I wrote in this book was the day Herbert came of age, the end of last September, and now it is Christmas Day. Did anyone ever have so much sorrow as I have had in these three months? Can I record it? Can I bear to write about it? Yes, I will. That gloom, that presentiment, that cloud which hung over my father and infected me that day—that awful day—what was it? Oh! can I go on? Go on in spite of the thrill of agony which has just now seized my heart, and made the pen fall from my hand. I must, because I write now more for my poor Charley than for myself, because this record may be welcome some day to him. I said, 'Could anyone suffer as much as I have suffered?' I think Charley has suffered more; but how—but why? that 'why' can never be answered. In looking back I see in my last page that I said Charley and Herbert were going out with their guns to stroll round home, and Papa and I were going for a walk together. And so it was. Those two took their guns and went out; they had scarcely been gone an hour, when Papa and I, who were standing at the end of the terrace and watching the pile being heaped up for the bon-fire, heard a gun fired, and then, oh! such a shriek of agony as never never will cease from ringing in my ears. 'The doom!' Papa screamed out, 'it is come!' and he set off at a rapid pace towards the spot from whence the report of the gun and the shriek had come. I followed him, spell-bound and terror struck, for well I knew that some accident had befallen Herbert or Charley. The workmen followed us in a troop. My father and I arrived first at the spot, and we saw Herbert leaning against a tree, ghastly pale, and Charley wringing his hands and quivering with mental agony, prostrate on his knees before Herbert; he seemed to me not to know what he was doing. When he saw us coming, he bounded up and

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exclaimed, 'I have shot him! I have shot him! Can you forgive me?' 'Never,' said my father, 'never;' and then turning to Herbert, who was bleeding from the mouth and cheek and head, he burst into such loud wailings of grief as cannot be described. 'O Herbert, my son, my son! O Herbert, my son!' I said to one of the men, 'Go for the doctor;' and then laying my hand on my poor Charley's shoulder, poured into his ear my pity for him; he only whispered to me, 'Help him, I can't;' and truly he could not, he was shivering with horror. Paler and paler poor Herbert was momentarily becoming, and apparently unconscious; we laid him down on the grass, and sent for the carriage. My father hung over him.

But to describe that scene is impossible. Once Charley tried to lift Herbert's head and raise it a little higher, whilst I held my hand to the mouth, from whence, and also from the cheek, the blood was flowing; but when my father saw my poor Charley, he said, 'Back, Sir, touch him not; you have murdered him!' Oh, those cruel words! I saw Charley stagger like a drunken man when he heard them. But my father was beside himself with grief, and alas! alas! he is so still! But to continue: moments went on, and each moment seemed an hour; at length the doctor came, and then the carriage, and my brother was lifted in and so taken home—that home which was full from end to end of bustle and preparations and rejoicings because of his coming of age. In a moment the scene was changed; the whole household, convulsed with grief and terror, gathered around the door and the stairs, through which, and up which, he was borne faint and tottering. And now came the fearful suspense of the doctor's verdict. Will he live, or must he die? An hour passed on slowly, slowly on before we knew. At length we heard them say that the wounds were dangerous, but not necessarily fatal—dangerous because touching the eyes and affecting the brain. My precious mother's calmness and self-control were perfectly wonderful. She told me, and she bade me tell Charley; she also bade me tell him not to leave the house, but not to see my father. Ah, she knew he could not have borne the uncertainty away from us, it would have killed him. Another doctor was sent for; all carriages were ordered to be turned back from the lodge; all strangers left the house; a few friends stayed on, and our watch began. For many hours that night Charley and I paced up and down, up and down a long gallery passage, where we could hear what was going on, and learn the doctor's opinion as they went in and out of Herbert's room. Charley then told me as well as he could how the accident had happened: they had been talking and laughing merrily together not three minutes before; and Herbert went away, going, as he told Charley, to the keeper's cottage; but a thorn ran into his arm, and he, unknown and unseen by Charley, stopped and rested himself against a tree, trying to take the thorn out. Charley fired at a rabbit which ran close by the tree against which Herbert was resting, and he, turning round at that very instant, received the whole charge from the gun in his

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face and shoulder. Charley heard a groan, but he could tell me no more.

I can't bear to think of that night, and can scarcely manage to write about it; such blinding tears will fill my eyes; such sad memories of my poor Charley's anguish, my father's mad anger, my mother's deep anxiety, my dear brother's sufferings, and the distraction of the whole household. And so it was for days. Two shots had entered the cheek-bone immediately under the eye; they caused inflammation, which extended to both eyes, and for a time to the brain; and then again, some shot had lodged in the shoulder-blade, producing exquisite pain, and followed by erysipelas to a frightful extent; and for a time there seemed more cause to fear than room to hope. That week was a week which we can never forget. Every hour of it seems stamped upon one's heart. Nothing would induce my father to allow Charley to stay in the house—the sight of him (poor fellow!) seemed to drive my father beside himself. This added fearfully to Charley's distress; had he been allowed, he would have nursed Herbert day and night, but he might not go near him, he might not see him; he saw my dear mother daily, and had her fullest sympathy and her tender thoughtfulness; he saw me every two or three hours, and he bore it as well as he could. Poor Herbert was in a terrible state for some days. I scarcely saw him, Nurse would not let me. She said no one but those who were really wanted must go into his room, as the quieter he was kept, the more hope there was of his recovery. I soon began to perceive what it was the doctors feared—a fear which has been, if not entirely, very much realized—and that fear was blindness. Yes; indeed, indeed it is so. My poor brother was entirely blind for six weeks; then one eye had partial sight again in it, but only one, and so it is now. The inflammation in the shoulder-blade was succeeded by abscesses, which have left the arm stiff and useless. Still, he has recovered even more than could have been expected, and he may by degrees regain both the entire sight of one eye, and the use of his arm; but it must be by degrees, and by the greatest care. It is very sad to see him, so pulled down, so changed, so helpless, so blind. I can hardly bear it at times; it has aged my mother wonderfully, and altered my father entirely. As for Herbert, he has behaved nobly. I never loved him as I do now; I never expected from him the generous kindness, the touching thoughtfulness for Charley, the patience and the fortitude which he has shewn through this great trial. As soon as the doctors would allow him, he saw Charley, unknown to my father; the interview must have been most affecting, but no one was present. Herbert particularly wished to see him for the first time alone. Charley told me that Herbert's conduct was beyond all praise; but what Charley suffered at seeing him so shattered can never be told. Day after day these two saw each other, but always when my father was out of the house.

One day my father sent for me into his study, and told me that now,

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of course, I should consider my engagement with Charley at an end; that as for himself, he never would see him again, nor would he ever allow him to enter his house. Oh! he said hard and bitter things to me that day; he made me cry as I had never cried in my life before. I don't know how I could have borne it, had not Herbert sent for me; he guessed that my father had been talking to me, from something he overheard him say to my mother. When I went into Herbert's room, he made me sit down close beside him, and putting his arm, his uninjured arm, round me, he said, 'Cheer up, darling. You must forgive Papa. He took too much pride in me; and then he is ill himself, and hardly able to control his words and feelings. Have you made him any promise?' 'No,' I answered, 'none; I could not speak, I only listened to what he said to me.' 'And you must make him no promise,' Herbert went on; 'but one to me, which is, that you will some day—we won't name the exact day yet—fulfil your engagement to Charley, and be his wife. Poor fellow! he will want you more than ever now; he cannot forgive himself—he cannot remember that we are all liable to accidents, and that had I been a soldier, I might have fared much worse in my first engagement than I did from that luckless shot. I should have been a terrible tyrant had everyone kept on bowing and bending to my will and whims, as I feel they had done up to the hour when the power to lord it over you all was taken from me.' This, and much more in this strain, he said; I was wonderfully comforted by his manner, and rejoiced at the tone of his words. Then he sent for Charley, who was talking to my mother; and when Charley came, he made us both solemnly promise not for any hasty words of my father's to break our engagement to each other, but to hold to it, and to remember, that let him have to suffer what bodily pain he might, the thought that we two were separated and miserable because of him would only increase his sufferings a thousand-fold. Dear Herbert! oh, how I admired him! After this interview, Herbert was left alone to rest and sleep, and Charley and I went out for a walk. During that walk, Charley told me that he should not leave the army, but had exchanged into a regiment about to be sent to the Cape, where war was going on; he said he had done this because, in my father's present mood, it was utterly impossible for him to stay on in the neighbourhood; that the sight of him, and the feeling that he was hanging about the house, might provoke my father to say words, and to act in such a way as might make it wrong for us to keep to our engagement; time might do much, both towards softening his bitter mood, and also towards Herbert's recovery; and that for himself, as he could not endure an idle life, nor a life in England separated from us, he had resolved to go where he should have active occupation, and feel he was doing some real service to his country. A year, or two years, might work a great change in poor Herbert's state, and with that change my father's feelings might soften; and his own bitter grief at what he accidentally had done might cease to weigh him

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down, as it was then doing. He said he had talked the plan over with Herbert, and that at first Herbert was most unwilling to part with him; but seeing how rooted in my father's mind is the intense animosity towards him, he counselled him to go, and said that he could well understand that some active occupation was almost a necessity for him. Oh! we did shrink from the parting, and that too for an uncertain time, and with such anxiety over both our hearts. Life has indeed lost its sunny gladness, and has become terribly earnest. Such stern duties to meet—such unmanageable feelings to control—such murmuring thoughts to quell—such bright hopes fled—such a changed life, and circumstances and all. But my love to Charley is the same as ever—no, not the same, but far deeper; he needs it more, he relies upon it more. He has been gone now six weeks, and we write as often as ever we can; we do everything in our power to console each other during our separation. As soon as Herbert can be moved he is going to London, to be under the daily inspection of a first-rate oculist. The most cheery and charming thing in the house is little Agnes. She is so sweet and so lovely. Herbert delights in her, and she will stay with him an hour at a time, chatting and coaxing him. It is wonderful how he bears his blindness, and how patient he is; when he began to see a little again, oh, he was so glad! Mother says he has shewn a nobleness of character which even she had never deemed lay hidden within him. And as for my father, he is more his slave than ever; but his love for Herbert is mixed up with such a bitterness towards others, that it is most distressing. He is much better than we had ever expected to see him again, only very restless and very irritable. I am obliged to keep out of his way as much as possible; I am so afraid of what he may say to me. Edith manages him beautifully. Strange to say, he has never connected her in his mind with Charley, though she is his sister, and he always connects me; and she can soften him, and say things to him which he would not hear even from dearest Mother, far less from me.

To-day is the 1st of March, mild and soft and balmy. I have just gathered some primroses and some sweet violets. This morning Papa and Mamma and Herbert and Edith went to London. Little Agnes is left at home under my care; Mamma was unwilling to take her to London, and to take her away from this garden, and from all her home delights, and pets, and pleasures. I have been but very poorly of late, and did not feel at all equal to the noise and bustle of London; and I was so thankful when dearest Mother consented to leave me here in peace, and little Agnes with me. The quiet and calm are very grateful to me just now; the last six months have been months of such anxious sorrow. Herbert is certainly progressing, though very slowly. One eye is gradually regaining power and sight; the other, alas! is still a dead eye—no, not quite that, for it is intensely sensitive, which, I believe, is reckoned a better sign than if he did not feel it at all. He suffers a

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great deal of pain from the shoulder still, and can't use his arm much; but this is a temporary evil, and nearly sure to be overcome in time. Edith has become quite his amanuensis, and his reader, and his companion, and I don't know what he would do without her. Ah! he estimates her very differently now to what he did, when he used to call her 'Full Moon,' and say her sunny smile was 'a broad grin,' and in fact, *depreciate* her. She is the best and dearest girl in the whole world, and neither Father, Mother, nor Herbert could do without her. Charley is so glad that she is able to be such a comfort to us all, and Uncle Trevor has been so good in giving her up to us. Just now, he really does not want her, because he is gone for three months to the south of France with some old friends.

I must not write more to-day in this book, as Agnes is waiting for me to teach her her daily lessons. I am her governess, and she is a most bright and intelligent little pupil. I am not alone in the house. Mamma would not hear of that, though I rather wished it; but I have two cousins staying with me, two nice good-natured girls, Helen and Lizzie Leslie, and they are full of spirit and fun. Ah! they have had nothing yet to teach them what those words sorrow and heart-ache mean!

(To be continued.)

BERTRAM; OR, THE HEIR OF PENDYNE.

CHAPTER XX.

Winter and spring had passed away without bringing any material changes to our acquaintances in St. Alban's parish. And now the summer was radiant with full beauty wherever beauty was; but laden chiefly with the oppressive glow of burning airless heat, to all whose willing or unwilling bonds retained them in the great metropolis.

Mr. Sandford was starting off one morning upon his daily round, when a large thin letter was presented to him by the postman. He scrutinized it carefully, as it is our habit to do in uncertainty; and having decided the authorship, returned into the house and called his sister.

'Ellen! here is our Australian letter—"Sydney." Now what will be the children's fate?' He opened it quickly, and turned to the signature.

'No, "Jane Parry." Yes, it is.' And he read its brief contents aloud.

Sydney, December 21st, 184–

Revd. Sir,

In reply to your advertisement, dated in August last, I beg leave to inform you that I never had a married sister, and have therefore no such relations as the boy and girl of whom you write. My only sister lived and died single, in most respectable service, with a high family; and I therefore fear that

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you must have been deceived by some designing person, who was desirous of securing a home for her children.

I left Lewisham nearly five years ago, and my poor sister had then been dead for some time.

My name being no longer Sutton, I subscribe myself, Revd. Sir, with my husband's respects and my own,

Your obedient servant,

JANE PARRY.

To the Revd. John Sandford,

St. Alban's Parsonage, North Road, London, England.

The brother and sister regarded each other for a moment in silence. Possibly they were deciding whether to be glad or sorry that the children should be so entirely disowned, and left to their protection for the future. It was a mingled feeling, but satisfaction very soon gained the day.

'Poor little creatures!' exclaimed Ellen Sandford, disturbing her brother's cogitations. '*They* have never deceived us, I am certain!'

'No one can have deceived us,' replied Mr. Sandford, 'since we picked up the little wanderers as "Flotsam and Jetsam."'

'To which our claim will not be disputed now,' continued the lady; 'and we must consent to Robin's giving his full attention to boots.'

'But not his whole attention,' added Mr. Sandford; 'however, I wish you would go, Ellen, and settle affairs with Mrs. Easdale; we are bound to inform them concerning the result of our Sydney advertisement.'

'Certainly I will; but perhaps you can inform me as to what sort of a person she may be.'

'Not in the least; I only know that there is such an individual, and that she is supposed by her husband to know more of the domestic affairs than himself.'

'If she should be like him, it will be satisfactory. He was very agreeable when he came here in the autumn, about Robin.'

By two o'clock that afternoon, Miss Sandford was traveling out into the heat, to fulfil her brother's request. Arriving in St. John's Wood, a man in black answered her inquiry for Mrs. Easdale. The lady was at home, so Ellen had happily selected her hour. After a little delay in a pervading and very harmless odour of boiled mutton, the two ladies met, and Miss Sandford went straight to her point at once.

'I am afraid we are hardly able to keep to the same arrangement now,' observed Mrs. Easdale, in reply to Miss Sandford's statement concerning Robin's freedom; 'boys have given us trouble, and now my husband prefers a man.'

Mrs. Easdale might have added, 'Now my husband finds himself able to *afford to keep a man*,' but there was no necessity for adverting to their private affairs with a stranger, and particularly as they had reference to a severe affliction which caused her to appear in very deep mourning attire.

Mrs. Easdale was quite a lady in feeling, as well as by birth and

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education; and Miss Sandford soon discovered her visit to be an agreeable one, particularly as Robin's prospects brightened sensibly before long.

'I do not think my husband is proposing to relinquish his pupil, Miss Sandford; but I will summon him to give you all information himself.'

Mrs. Easdale rang the bell, and sending a message to the painter, he made his appearance with very little delay.

'I could have given up your Robin last winter, perhaps,' observed he, addressing himself earnestly to the subject in hand, 'but now it would be an impossible cruelty. The boy draws in his dreams, I should imagine; and his continued progress increases my interest in his advancement. He shall go through the course, with your permission. You are aware, perhaps, that there must be long and varied study before figure drawing can be prosecuted by Robin with any chance of success.'

'So much the more admirable on the part of his kind instructor,' replied Miss Sandford; 'but my brother thought it would be only right for me to call and tell you that from a recent Sydney letter we find that the children are quite unknown to this Mrs. Sutton to whom we applied.'

'Indeed! then I put in my claim for Robin Gray, subject to your convenience.'

'We very thankfully consent, Mr. Easdale, at once. Perhaps you will kindly not mention to him at present that we have had this letter. It will cause such a puzzle in his young mind as to the conduct of his mother, which we cannot understand ourselves.'

'Probably a simple case of imposition. You know that women *have* made up a false tale occasionally to serve a purpose.'

'Undoubtedly. But what purpose could it serve to commit her poor innocent children to the care of an unknown person, who, without doubt, would immediately consign them to the workhouse.'

'I cannot think. If she had despatched them off to the Revd. John Sandford, and Miss Sandford, I could have understood that perfectly.'

Miss Sandford smiled. 'I think they are safe with us, and also with you, Mr. Easdale. And now of course my brother withdraws his objections concerning the intended position of Robin in your house.'

'But now there will be my own objections to contend against,' replied Mr. Easdale. 'Robin Gray is to be my equal, remember, Miss Sandford; and as we stand side by side in our future walk, he shall not reproach me with having driven my brother to the polishing of my high-lows for his daily bread.'

'It would not hurt him,' returned Miss Sandford, somewhat amused; 'and I hope he would not disgrace himself by such an ungrateful return for your kindness; but you are the best judge as to the feelings of your fraternity.'

'Besides,' added the painter, 'if James admitted you, you will have observed that we have a larger and more available servant.'

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'Your butler did let me in, certainly.'

'Not quite that, but—' as Mrs. Easdale had been summoned from the room upon some nursery business, he continued—'we are able now to do many things which would have been very imprudent; my wife's father having left her recently a very ample fortune. You will, I feel sure, understand that I do not mention this boastfully; but only *to you*, as being interested in our establishment for the sake of Robin.'

'I am interested and very glad also for the sake of Robin's kind friends,' replied Miss Sandford, 'and your present intention of a pupil assures me that the lovers of art are not to learn what would be a great disappointment to them.'

'They are not to lose any pleasure I am able to afford to them, certainly, for I am an enthusiast, and would not separate myself from my great enjoyment.'

Miss Sandford now rose to take her leave.

'We have not settled our Robin's position now,' continued the painter; 'but perhaps you will leave it to me and my wife,'—who now re-appeared by his side. 'If you will keep your boy for a time, and let him travel to me daily, I will undertake him whenever you think proper for him to be leaving the Home.'

'Then we will agree to keep him for twelve months as a commencement,' said Miss Sandford; 'and he will have thereby some further general instruction, and Sunday teaching.'

'And we will adjourn the final arrangements for the present. If he had been a low kind of boy, you will understand that I could not have thought of his being here; but he must have been brought up by a tolerably careful mother. I am forgetting, though, that we have decided upon her being an impostor.'

'Mr. Easdale did,' said Miss Sandford, smiling.

'Does not Miss Sandford? Can you learn nothing from the children concerning their antecedents?'

'Nothing which would give them caste. I suppose Robin did not tell you from whence they came to us?'

'No; he wished not to say it. I saw that he would have done so if urged; but I did not desire to do that.'

'You can learn it from my brother, as information due to you under the circumstances. The children have certainly nothing low about them, and must have had a certain amount of imperfect training; though there has been very much to teach them which they ought to have known before. The mother must have had a degree of mental refinement, comparatively speaking, although the children were very shabby, and not particularly clean. And now I must express myself warmly for your kindness, and apologize for the length of my visit.'

And after the few customary words of farewell, Ellen Sandford toiled home through the heat, to report progress to her brother.

(*To be continued.*)

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TRADITIONS OF TIROL.

V.

NORTH TIROL—UNTERINNTHAL.

(RIGHT INN-BANK.)

KUNDL—WILTSCHENAU—NIEDERAICH—KUNDLBURG—OBERAU—NIEDERAU—THIERBERG—SILVER-MINES—LEGENDS OF DWARFS AND KNAPPEN—MOIDL AND THE GOLD-CAVE—LEGEND OF THE LANDMARK—DER UMGEHENDE SCHUSTER—PERCHTL, PILATE'S WIFE—COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGISTS—WODIN, WILDER JÄGER, WILHELM TELL—SYMBOLISM IN TALES OF ENCHANTED PRINCESSES—PERAHTA, THE DAUGHTER OF DAGHA—BRIXLEGG—BURGLECKNER—CLAUDIA DE' MEDICI—BIENER'S DYING CHALLENGE—THE BIENERWEIBLE—SANDBICHLER, THE BIBLE-COMMENTATOR.

(LEFT INN-BANK.)

CROSS THE INN TO KRAMSACH—BRANDENBERGER ACHE—VOLDEPP—THE MOOSERTHAL—THE MARIATHAL—RHEINTHALERSEE—ACHENRAIN—MARIATHAL, VILLAGE AND RUINED DOMINICAN CONVENT—GEORG V. FREUNDSBERG—THE BRANDENBERGERTHAL—STEINBERG—HEIMATHTHAL, FREIHEITTHAL—THE GOLD-HERDS OF THE REICHE SPITZE—DIE KALTE PEIN—MARIASTEIN—THE IRREMOVEABLE IMAGE.

'. . . Men prate of mountain solitudes,
Paths barren of life; dark caves that fill
The heart with dread of loneliness.
Yet the air round us lives and breathes;
Thick as the sunbeam motes
The spirits watch around.'

Justorum Semita.

KUNDL, whither we were bound before being tempted to make this digression, gives entrance to the Wildschönau according to modern orthography, the *Witschnau*, or *Wiltschnau*, according to local and more correct pronunciation, as the name is derived from *wiltschen*, to flow, and *au*, water, the particular water in this case being the Kundler-Ache, which here flows into the Inn. It is a little valley improving in beauty as you pursue it eastwards, not more than seven leagues in length, and seldom visited, for its roads are really only fit for pedestrians, hence its secluded inhabitants have acquired a character for being suspicious of strangers, though proverbially hospitable to one another. One of its points of greatest interest is the Church of St. Leonhard, described in the last chapter. Overhanging the road leading from it to Kundl, stand the remains of the Castle of

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Niederaich, now converted into a farm stable, and its moat serving as a conduit of water for the cattle. At the time it was built by Ambrose Blank in the sixteenth century, the silver mines then in work made this a most flourishing locality. At that time, too, there stood overlooking the town the Kundlburg, of which still slighter traces remain, the residence of the Kummerspruggers, who, in the various wars, always supported the house of Bavaria. The chief industry of Kundl at present is the construction of the boats which navigate the Inn, and carry the rich produce of the Tirolean pastures to Vienna. Oberau is situated on a commanding *plateau*, and its unpretending inn '*auf dem Keller*,' offers a good resting-place. The church was burnt down in 1719, and the present one, remarkable for its size if for nothing else, was completed just a hundred years ago. It is, however, remarkable also for its altar-piece—the Blessed Virgin between S. Barbara and S. Margaret—by a local artist, and far above what might be expected in so sequestered a situation. At a distance of three or four miles, Niederau is reached, passing first a sulphur spring, esteemed by the peasants of the neighbourhood. The openest and most smiling—most *friendly* to use the German expression—part of the valley is between Auffach and Kelchsau, where is situated Kobach, near which may be seen lateral shafts of the old mines extending to a distance of many hundred feet. From Kelchsau a foot-path leads in an hour more to Hörbrunn, where there is a brisk little establishment of glass-works, whose productions go all over Tirol. Then westwards over the Plaknerjoch to Altbach, passing Thierberg, (not the same as that mentioned near Kufstein,) once the chief seat of the silver-works, its only remaining attraction being the beautiful view to be obtained from its heights over the banks of the Inn, and the whole extent of country between it and Bavaria. From Altbach it is an hour more to Brixlegg.

The memory of the former metallic wealth of the valley is preserved in numerous tales of sudden riches overtaking the people in all manner of different ways. I have already given some specimens in the last number. Here is a similar one belonging to this spot. A peasant going out with his wagon found one day in the way a heap of fine white wheat. Shocked that God's precious gift should be trodden under foot, he stopped his team and gathered up the grain, of which there was more than enough to fill all his pockets; when he arrived at his destination, he found them full of glittering pieces of money: the origin of the story doubtless may be traced to some lucky take of ore which the finder was able to sell at the market town; and the price which he brought home was spoken of as the actual article discovered. Another relic of the mining works may perhaps be found in the following instance of another class of stories; though some very like it doubtless refer to an earlier belief in hobgoblins closely allied to our own Robin Goodfellow, I think a large number date from occasions when the *Knappen* or miners, who formed a tribe apart, may have come to the aid of the country people when in difficulty.

The Unterhausberg family was once powerful in Wiltschnau; when

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their mighty house was building, the great foundation stone was so ponderous, that it defied all the efforts of the builders to put it in its place. At last they sat down to dinner; then there suddenly came out of the mountain side a number of Wiltschnau dwarfs, who, without any effort, lowered the great stone into its appointed place; the men offered them the best portion of their dinner, but they refused any reward. They were not always so urbane, however, and there are many stories of their tricks: lying down in the pathways in the dark to make the people tumble over them; then hiding behind a tree and with loud laughter mocking the disaster; throwing handfuls of pebbles and ashes at the peasant girls as they passed; getting into the store-room, and mixing together the potatoes, carrots, grain, and flour, which the house-wife had carefully assorted and arranged. It was particularly on women that their tricks were played off, and this to such an extent that it became the custom, even now prevailing, never to send women to the Hochalm with the herds, though they go out into other equally remote mountain districts without fear, for their *Kasa* (the hut for shelter at night, here so called, in other parts *Sennhütte*,) was sure to be beset with the dwarfs, and their milk-pails overturned. All these feats may, I think, be ascribed in their origin to the *Knappen*.

The neighbourhood of Thierberg has a story which I think also has its source in mining memories. 'On the way between Altbach and Thierbach you pass two houses bearing the name of "*beim Thaler*." In olden time there lived here a peasant of moderate means, who owned several head of cattle; Moidl, the maid, whose duty it was to take them out to pasture on the sunny hill-side, always looked out anxiously for the first tokens of spring, for she loved better to watch the cows and goats browsing the fresh grass, or venturously climbing the heights, than to sit in the chimney-corner dozing over the spinning-wheel. One day as she was at her favourite occupation, she heard a noise behind her, and turning round saw a door open in the mountain side, and two or three little men with long beards peeping out. Within, all was dazzling with gold like the brightest sunshine. The walls were covered with plates of gold, placed one over the other like scales, and knobs of gold like pine-apples studded the vault. The little men beckoned to Moidl to come in, but she, like a modest maiden, ran home to her father; when he returned with her, however, to the spot, the door was no more to be found.' I think it may very well be imagined, that Moidl came unawares upon the opening of a lateral shaft, and listened to the accounts the Knappen may have amused themselves with telling her of the riches of their diggings, which she may very naturally have been afraid to explore. The disappearance of the mysterious opening is but the ordinary *refrain* of marvellous tales.

The Wiltschnauers cannot be accused of any dreamy longings after the recurrence of such prosperous times; they are among the most diligent tillers of the land to be found anywhere; the plough is carried over places where the uneven gradients make the guiding of horses or oxen a too great expense of time; in such places they do not disdain to harness

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themselves to the plough, and even the women take their turn in relieving them. Of one husbandman of olden time it is narrated that he was even *too* eager in his thrift, and carried his furrow a little way on to his neighbour's land year by year, so that by the time he came to die he had appropriated a good strip of land not his own. His penance was, that after death he should continually tread up and down the stolen soil, dragging after him a red-hot ploughshare, in performing which his wail was often overhead—

'O weh! wie is der Pflug so heiss
Und niemand mir zu helfen weiss!' *

until one of his successors in the farm, being a particularly honourable man, removed the boundary stone back to its original position; he had no sooner done so than he had the satisfaction of hearing the spectre cry—

'Erlöst, Gott sei Dank, bin ich jetzt
Der Markstein ist auch rechtgesetzt.' †

Another class of legends has also a home in this locality. It is told that a peasant from Oberau was once going home from Thierbach, one Epiphany Eve; it was a cold night, his feet crunched the crisp snow at every step; the air was clear, and the stars shone bright. The peasant's head, however, was not so clear as the sky, for he came from the tavern where he had been spending a merry evening with his boon companions. Thus it happened that instead of walking straight on he gave one backward step for every three forward, like the *Umgehende Schuster*,‡ and thus he went staggering about till he came to the *Rastbank*, which is even yet sought as a point to rest and overlook the view. It struck twelve as he seated himself on the bench; then suddenly behind him he heard a sound as of many voices, which came on nearer and nearer, and then *the Berchtl* in her white clothing, her broken ploughshare in her hand, and all her train of little people§ swept clattering and chattering close past him. The least was the last, and it wore a long shirt which got in the way of its little bare feet, and kept tripping it up. The peasant had sense enough left to feel compassion, so he took his garter off and bound it for a girdle round the infant, and then set it again on its way. When the Berchtl saw what he had done, she turned back and thanked him, and told him that in return for his compassion, his children should never come to want. This story, I think there is little doubt, may be genuine; your Wiltschenauer is as fond of brandy as your Zillerthaler, and under its influence the peasant may very likely have passed a troubled night on the Rastbank. What more likely to cross his fancy on the

* Woe is me, for the plough is burning hot, and there is none to relieve me.

† Released, thank God, am I now, the boundary is also now correctly marked.

‡ The haunting cobbler—a popular name for 'the wandering Jew.'

§ (The souls of all unbaptized children.) Börner. *Volkssagen*, p. 133.

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Epiphany Eve than the thought of a visit from the Berchtl and her children? They always appear in rags and tatters; and his own temperament being compassionate, that he should help the stumbling little one, and that the Berchtl should give him promise of reward, was all that might be expected from certain premises. But what are those premises? Who was the Berchtl? If you ask a Tirolean peasant the question, he will probably tell you that the *Perchtl* (as he will call her) is Pontius Pilate's wife, to whom redemption was given by reason of her intervention in favour of the Man of Sorrows, but that it is her penance to wander over the earth till the last day as a restless spirit; and that as the Epiphany was the season of favour to the Gentiles, among whose first-fruits she was, it is at that season she is most often seen, and in her most favourable mood. It must be confessed that some of his stories of her will betray a certain amount of inconsistency, for he will represent her carrying off children, wounding belated passengers, and performing many acts inconsistent with the character of a penitent soul.

If you address your question to one of those who, like Grim, and Wolf, and Simrock, Kuhn, Schwartz, or Mannhardt, have made comparative mythology their study, he will tell you that the stories about her, and he will probably add all the other marvellous tales of the people also, are to be traced back to the earliest mythological traditions of a primeval glimmering of religion spread abroad over the whole world; and to the poetical forms of expression of a primitive population describing the wonderful but constantly repeated operations of nature.* That the *wilde Jäger* was originally the god Wodin, the hunter of unerring aim, that his impetuous course typifies the journey of the sun-god through the heavens, his mighty arm represents his powerful rays; and in even so late a tale as 'that of William Tell, he will see the last reflections of the sun-god, whether we call him Indra, or Apollo, or Ulysses.'† He will tell you that all 'the countless legends of princesses kept in dark prisons and invariably delivered by a young bright knight can all be traced back to mythological traditions, about the spring being released from the bonds of winter; the sun being rescued from the darkness of night; the dawn being brought back from the far west; the waters being set free from the prison of clouds.'‡ And of the Berchtl herself, he will tell you that she is Perahta, *(the bright,)* daughter of Dagha, *(the day,)* whose name has successively been transformed into Perchtl and Bertha; whose

* 'It is now known that such tales are not the invention of individual writers, but that they are the last remnants—the *detritus*, if we may say so—of an ancient mythology; that some of the principal heroes bear the nicknames of old heathen gods; and that in spite of the powerful dilution produced by the admixture of Christian ideas, the old leaven of heathendom can still be discovered in many stories now innocently told by German nurses, of saints, apostles, and the Virgin Mary.'—*Max Müller*—'*Chips from a German Workshop.*'

† Max Müller. *Review of Dasent's Works.*

‡ Ibid. *Comparative Mythology.*

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brightness or whiteness has made her to be considered the goddess of winter; who particularly visited the earth for twelve winter nights, and spoilt all the flax of those idle maidens who left any unspun on the last day of the year; * who carries in her hand a broken plough in token that the ground is hardened against tillage; whose brightness has also made her to be reckoned the all-producing earth-mother, with golden hair like the waving corn; the Hertha of the Swabian; the Jörtha of the Scandinavian; † the Berecynthia of the Phrygian; ‡ and to other nations known as Cybele, Rhea, Isis, Diana. §

Such ideas were too deeply rooted in the minds of the people to be easily superseded; as my friend, the Feldkirch postilion, said, they went on and on like the echoes of their own mountains. 'The missionaries were not afraid of the old heathen gods; . . . . their kindly feeling towards the traditions, customs, and prejudices of their converts must have been beneficial; . . . . they allowed them the use of the name *Allfadir*, whom they had invoked in the prayers of their childhood, when praying to Him Who is "our Father in Heaven."' And as with the greater, so with the less, the mighty powers they had personified and treated as heroes and examples, lived on in their imagination, and their glorious deeds came to be ascribed to the new athletes of a brighter faith. Then, 'although originally popular tales were reproductions of more ancient legends, yet after a time a general taste was created for marvellous stories, and new ones were invented in large numbers. Even in these purely imaginative productions, analogies may be discovered with more genuine tales, because they were made after the original patterns, and in many cases were mere variations on an ancient air.' ‖ More than this, there came the actual accession of marvels derived from the acts inspired by the new faith: but it cannot be denied that the two became strangely blended in the popular mind.

Brixlegg presents some appearance of thriving, through the smelting and wire-drawing works for the copper ore brought from the neighbourhood of Schwatz. It also enjoys some celebrity as the birth-place of the Tirolean historian Burgleckner, whose family had been respected here for generations: and it is very possible to put up for the night at the *Herrenhaus*. It is not much above a mile hence to Rattenberg, of which I have already spoken.

Rattenberg was, in 1651, the scene of a tragic event, sad as the denouement of many a fiction. The high-spirited consort of Archduke Leopold V., Claudia de' Medici, who, at his death, governed the country

* A tradition still held of the Berchtl in many parts of Tirol.

† Nork. *Mythologie der Volkssagen.*

‡ Abbé Banier. *Mythology explained from History.* Vol. ii. Book 3, p. 564, note *a*.

§ Nork, Banier, &c.

‖ M. Müller. Review of Kelly's *Indo-European Traditions.*

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so well, and by her sagacity kept her dominions at peace, while the rest of Germany was immersed in the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, yet did not altogether escape the charge of occasional harshness in collecting the revenues which she knew so well how to administer. Her chancellor, Wilhelm Biener, a trusty and devoted servant and counsellor, drew on himself considerable odium for his zeal in these matters. On one occasion he got into a serious controversy with Crosini, Bishop of Brixen, concerning the payment of certain taxes from which the prelate claimed exemption, and in the course of it wrote him a letter couched in such very unguarded terms, that the bishop, unused to be so dealt with, could not forbear exclaiming, 'The man deserves to lose the fingers that could write such an intemperate effusion!' The exclamation was not thought of again till years after.

Claudia died in 1648, and then the hatred against Biener, which was also in some measure a hatred of races, for Claudia had many southerners at her court, broke forth without hindrance. He was accused* of appropriating the State money he had been so earnest in collecting, and tried by two Italian judges, he was ultimately condemned, in 1651, to lose his head. Biener sent a statement of his case to the Archduke Ferdinand Karl; and the young prince, believing the honesty of his mother's faithful adviser, immediately ordered a reprieve. The worst enemy and prime accuser of the fallen favourite was Schmaus, President of the Council, this time a German, and he contrived by detaining the messenger to make him arrive just too late in Rattenberg, then still a strong fortress, where he lay confined, and where the sentence was to be carried out.

Biener had all along steadfastly maintained his innocence, and stepping on to the scaffold, he had again repeated the assertion, adding, 'So truly as I am innocent, I summon my accuser before the Judgment-seat above before another year is out.'† When the executioner stooped to lift up the head before the people, he found lying by its side three fingers of his right hand, without having had any knowledge that he had struck them off, though he might have done so by the unhappy man having raised his hand in the way of the sword in the last struggle. The people, however, saw in it the fulfilment of the words of the Bishop, as well as a ghastly challenge accompanying his dying message to President Schmaus. Nor did they forget to note that the latter died of a terrible malady some months before the close of the year. Biener's wife lost her senses when she knew the terrible circumstances of his death; the consolations of her director, and of her son, who lived to his ninetieth year in the Francescan convent at Innsbruck, were alike powerless to calm her. She escaped in the night, and wandered out into the mountains no one knows whither.

* Weber says the only accusation was grounded on a pasquinade against Claudia found among his papers, but that he should calumniate her seems inconsistent with his general character. Though his unsparing lampoons on his adversaries had excited them more than anything else against him.

† Compare Gebhart, ii. page 240.

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But the people say she lives to be a witness of her husband's innocence, and may be met on lonely ways proclaiming it, but never harming any. Only, when anyone is to die in Büchsenhausen,* where her married life passed so pleasantly, the 'Bienerweible' will appear and warn them. It is a remarkable instance of the easy way in which one myth passes into another, that though this event happened but a little over two hundred years ago, the Bienerweible and the Berchtl are already confounded in the popular mind.†

Another name prized in Tirolese annals, which must not be forgotten in connection with Rattenberg, is Alois Sandbichler, the Bible-commentator, who was born there in 1751. He passed a brilliant career as Professor in the University of Salzburg, but died at the age of eighty in his native village.

By crossing the bridge at Rattenberg you come upon Kramsach, and in the woods near it the Hilariusbergl, once inhabited by two hermits, and still held sacred. Here another river Ache runs into the Inn, distinguished from that on the opposite side, as the Brandenberger Ache. At its debouche stands Voldepp, whence the Mariathal and the Mooserthal may be visited, and 'the neighbourhood is rich in marbles used in the churches of Innsbruck.'‡ The Mooserthal is remarkable for three small lakes, which can be formed and let off at pleasure; they are the property of the Barons of Lichtenthurm, who fatten carp in them. The lowest of the three, the Rheinthalersee, has the prettiest surroundings. Weber says they are all fed by subterranean currents from the mountains. Ball (Central Alps) treats them as overflowings of the Inn.

The most flourishing town of the Mariathal is Achenrain, where there are extensive brass-works. Mass is said for the outlying operatives in the Castle-chapel of Lichtenthurm. The village of Mariathal is very snugly situated, almost hidden by its woods from the road; its chief feature is the deserted Dominican convent founded in the thirteenth century by Ulrich and Konrad v. Freundsberg; their descendant, Georg v. Freundsberg, celebrated in the Thirty Years' War, whom we learn more about when we come to Schwatz, also endowed the pious nuns liberally, bidding them pray for him; his effigy may still be seen in the Church of Mariathal; the convent, even in its present condition, is a favourite pilgrimage. Hence a rocky defile of wild and varied beauty, and many miles in length, leads into the Brandenbergerthal, which reaches to the Bavarian frontier. Its highest point is the Steinberg, to be recognized in the distance by its pyramidal form, which is situated within what the Germans graphically term a *cauldron* (Gebirgskessel) of mountains, and is shut off from all communication with the outer world

* Near Innsbruck.

† Staffler, *Das Deutsche Tirol*, i. 751; and Thaler, *Geschichte Tirols v. der Urzeit* p. 279.

‡ Ball's Central Alps.

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by the snow during the winter months; the Brandenbergers have been famous for their patriotism and defence of their independence during all the various conflicts with Bavaria, and they love to call their native soil the *Heimaththal* and the *Freiheitthal*. The only tale of the supernatural I was able to meet with as connected with this locality is the following; it has a certain wild grasp, but its moral is not easy to trace; it is analogous, however, to many traditions of other places.

'One of the peaks surrounding the Brandenbergerthal was called by the people *die Reiche Spitze;* on its alm * the cattle often found pasturage even late in the winter. The *Senner* † here watching his flocks was visited one Christmas Eve by an old man in thick winter clothing, with a mighty pine-staff in his hand; he begged the *Senner* on the coming night to heat his hut as hot as ever he could, assuring him he would have no cause to regret his compliance. The *Senner* thought it was a strange adventure, but congratulated himself that it might be the means of propitiating the goblins, of whose pranks in the winter nights he was not without his fears. So he heaped log upon log all day, till the hut was so hot he could hardly bear it. Then he crept under a bench in the corner where a little chink gave a breath from the outer air, and waited to see what would come to pass. Towards midnight he heard steps approaching nearer and nearer, and then there was a sound of heavy boots stamping off the snow. Immediately after, seven men stepped into the room in silence. Their boots and clothes were all frozen as hard as if they had been carved out of stone, and their very presence served to cool down the air of the hut to such an extent, that the *Senner* was now obliged to rub his hands. When they had stood a considerable space round the fire without uttering a word, they all seven left the hut as silently and solemnly as they had entered it. The *Senner* now crawled out of his hiding-place, and a loud cry of joy burst spontaneously from his lips, for his hat which he had left on the table was full of bright shining golden *zwanzigers*.

'These seven,' the legend goes on to say, 'were never seen but this once. They were the seven *Gold-herds* of the *Reiche Spitze;* for up there, there are exhaustless treasures, and whatever mortal takes of them during life, he must suffer *the Cold Torment* and keep watch over it after death; and of such there have been seven in the course of the world's ages.'

With regard to 'the Cold Torment,'‡ they have the following legend in the neighbourhood of Innsbruck:—There was once a peasant who had been very unlucky, and got so deep in debt, that he saw no way of extricating himself. Unable to bear the sight of his starving family, he wandered out into the forest, until at last he met a strange-looking man

* Pasture-ground lying at the base of a mountain.

† Alpine herd.

‡ Respecting the curious idea of the *kalte Pein*, consult Alpenburg, *Mythen Tirols.;* Vernaleken, *Alpensagen;* Beckstein, *Thuringer Sagenbuch.*

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in the old Frankish costume, who came up to him and said, 'You are poor indeed, and know no means of help.' 'Most true,' replied the peasant; 'of money and good counsel I can use more than you can have to bestow.' 'I will help you,' said the strange-looking man; 'I will give you as much money as you can use while you live, and all you will have to do for it will be to bear *the Cold Torment* for me after you die; nothing but that, only just to feel rather too cold, and all that long time hence—what does it matter?' The peasant retraced his steps, and as he drew near home his children came out to meet him with their pinafores full of gold, and all about the house there were heaps of gold, more than he could use, and he lived a merry life till the time came for him to die. Then he remembered what was before him, so he called his wife to him and got her to make him a whole suit of the thickest rough woollen cloth, and stockings, hood, and gloves, of the same. In the night, before they had buried him, his boys saw him, just as the De profundis bell rang, get up from the bed in all this warm clothing, and shut the gate behind him, and go out into the forest to deliver the spirit which had enriched him.

To the north-east of this valley, and still on the left bank of the Inn, is the favourite pilgrimage of Mariastein. I have not learnt its origin, but there is a tradition that, in 1587, Baron Schurff, to whom the neighbouring Castle of Stein then belonged, being desirous to take the precious likeness of the Blessed Virgin honoured there to his Bavarian dwelling, thrice attempted the removal, and on each occasion it was found by the next morning restored to its old sanctuary, which is in a chapel at the top of a high tower. A little lake at no great distance affords excellent fish, and from several points there are most enjoyable views of the *hohe Salve*, and the little towns of Wörgl, Kirchbühel, and Häring, across the river.

(To be continued.) R. H. B.

ANTIQUE GEMS AND SIGNET RINGS.

DIAMONDS.

'Adamas punctum lapidis, pretiosior auro.'

THE diamond, a mere speck of stone, is yet more precious than gold, says Manilius, (iv. 926.) But the name ἀδαμας, the untameable, was given to so many other substances besides the true diamond, that in reading the early Grecian poets, many have been curiously misled. Diamonds were very rare in Europe until after the Macedonian conquests, and even as late as the time of Pliny, who declares that 'the diamond bearing the highest value, not only amongst precious stones, but amongst all human

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possessions, is known only to kings, and to but very few of *them*.' The same learned writer has devoted much space in his Natural History, the parent of our modern encyclopædias, to the diamond. Although accurate in his descriptions, and wonderfully graphic in the epithets which he applies to the different varieties, he accepts the popular idea that these gems were produced from gold.

It is a curious coincidence that all the most celebrated gold mines have yielded great quantities of diamonds, but we now know for certain that they are neither more nor less than the purest carbon or coal—the gold if you will of the steam-engine, the wealth of commercial England. Three thousand years before the Christian era, superstition claimed the diamond for her own, so far back according to native tradition does the custom of using fine specimens for the eyes of their hideous idols extend.

The famous Orloff diamond, 194½ carats in weight, now in the Russian sceptre, was once an eye in the head of Buddha or Vishnu; it was stolen by a Frenchman who became a priest of the temple on purpose; he obtained £2,800 for it, and in 1774 Catherine II. purchased it of the Armenian Schoffras for 450,000 roubles, an annuity of 20,000, and a patent of nobility. The Greeks and Romans, unable to cut and polish this intensely hard stone, wore it untouched as an amulet, which was supposed to keep off insanity, bring good luck, relieve sickness, and dispel melancholy.

> 'Making both gods and men forget their cares,
> With influence bland it soothes the soul to rest,
> And rouses pleasant thoughts in the human breast,'

says the legendary poet Orpheus;

> 'In magic rites employed, a potent charm,
> With force invincible it nerves the arm;
> Its power will chase far from thy sleeping head,
> The dream illusive and the goblin dread.
> Baffle the venom'd draught, fierce quarrels heal,
> Madness appease, and stay thy foeman's steel,'

is the testimony of Marbodus, Bishop of Rennes, in 1060, whose 'Lapidarium' or treatise on the occult virtues of stones, supplied the superstitious with an inexhaustible fund of charms and amulets during the dark ages.

According to a tradition of the Jews, there is at the bottom of the human spine a mystic bone called 'Luz,' about the shape and size of an almond, the seat of the soul, which can neither be lost, burnt, broken, nor destroyed, and from which the whole body will be restored at the end of the world. Rabbi Jehoshuang tried one, says report, before Pope Adrian IV., when it resisted the grinding of millstones, splitting them into fragments, and shattering the iron anvils upon which it was hammered.

Diamonds have never been considered the embodiment of human souls,

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though many may have bartered their own souls for them; yet it is curious to note how similar was the fancy connected with the infrangibility of the royal gem. The ancients firmly believed that the diamond was literally ἄδαμας, untameable, that it resisted every attempt to break it, and destroyed the weapons used against it. Ben Mansur, a famous Eastern mineralogist, assures us that the only way to procure diamond splinters for the engravers, is to soak a good-sized stone in goat's blood, and then wrap it up in lead, or wax and turpentine, and hammer it on an anvil. This process he considers so ingenious, that he declares it must have been revealed to men from heaven.

In 1609, J. de Boot, a 'magician,' or alchemist, boasted that without any other tools than his finger-nails and teeth, he could fix a diamond on the top of a needle, or divide it into fine scales like a piece of talc. There must have been some deception in this trick, but many years later Dr. Woollaston proved that by striking a diamond 'the way of the grain' with a knife, the different strata might be easily separated. By buying imperfect stones at a low rate, and breaking them up into smaller but perfect brilliants, avoiding the flaws far more effectually by splitting than by cutting, Woollaston realized a considerable sum. On this subject a curious story is related by Dr. King. 'The jeweller,' says he, 'in whose hands the Koh-i-noor, or "Mountain of Light," her Majesty's famous Indian diamond, was left to be re-cut, at a cost of £2,000, shewed it to a noble customer just after the re-modeling was completed. The stone somehow or another dropped from the visitor's hand upon the floor of the shop. The jeweller rushed in an agony to pick it up, explaining, when he had recovered from his fright, that had it fallen in one particular manner it would have been split into fragments.'

Albertus Magnus, Baptista Porta, Rhasis, the famous Arabian physician, Camillus Leonardus, and many other weighty mediæval authors inform us, that while the diamond worn outwardly is a sure charm against poison, indicating its approach in the same manner as the opal, by changing its colour, yet taken inwardly it is the deadliest poison of all. Of the occasional use of this supposed poison there is no doubt. Benevenuto Cellini relates in his memoirs, how his life was saved from his enemy Farnese's treachery by the avarice of an apothecary, who, when paid to mix diamond dust with the artist's salad, substituted the cheap and harmless beryl. And again, when that wretched trio, a dissolute earl, a depraved countess, and an abandoned woman, determined to murder Sir Thomas Overburie in the days of James I., diamond dust mixed with the juice in fruit pies was one of the many poisons they made trial of. But in point of fact, however irritating diamond splinters may be to the coats of the stomach, the stone itself cannot be poisonous, so many cases being on record of its having been swallowed with perfect impunity.

Instead of repeating here those well-known histories of celebrated diamonds, which have been so often set before the reading public, I

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will endeavour to give a short account of the mines from which diamonds principally come, their chemical characteristics and properties, and the relative value of the different sizes.

The ancients give us but little information on the subject of diamond mines. Pliny mentions the Acesines or Jenaub, and the Ganges, as gem-producing rivers; and Ammian says that the land of the Agathyrsi, beyond the Sea of Azof, where certain spurious diamonds, whose use is strictly forbidden by the Russian Government, are still found, abounded with them in his day. Oriental writers indulge us with many marvellous stories of an inaccessible 'valley of diamonds' on Mount Zulmeah, or Sarendip; a translation of some of them may be consulted in the Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society for 1832. It is therein related that when Alexander of Macedon visited the mysterious valley, he ordered raw flesh to be thrown down into it, with which the eagles and vultures who resort to it to feed on snakes, flew away, dropping the precious stones in their course on more accessible places. Marco Polo in the thirteenth century assures us that this trick was a very common one amongst the natives of India. The first real authority on this subject is Jean Baptiste Tavernier, born in 1605. The son of an old Antwerp map-maker who had settled in Paris, young Tavernier caught from the geographical conversation of his father's customers, a violent passion for travel and adventure. At the age of twenty-two, having learnt the trade of a jeweller, he determined to gratify his longing for travel, and at the same time continue his traffic in precious stones. Passing first through France, England, the Low Countries, Germany, and Italy, he travelled for no less than forty years all over Turkey, Persia, India, and the far East, and realized a considerable fortune. On his return in 1664, he was, although a Protestant, ennobled by Louis XIV. as Baron d'Aubonne, near Geneva, where he retired to end his days, as he hoped, amongst his fellow Calvinists. But the mismanagement of a nephew to whom he had confided his business, soon broke up his long-coveted repose. Jewels to the amount of several hundred thousand livres, on which a profit of a million should have been realized, were so carelessly disposed of, that the loss nearly ruined him. At the age of eighty-four he was compelled to sell his estate, and start again for the East, hoping that his experience and tact would enable him to found a fresh fortune. But anxiety and the fatigues of the journey were too much for him, and he died, *en route*, at Moscow, 1689. His works, edited by two of his friends, were published at Paris in three volumes, ten years before his death, besides many interesting details of his travels; they contain special descriptions of three celebrated mines, that of Coloor in the Circars, now British territory; that of Sumelpoor or Guel, on the south-western frontier of Bengal; and the well-known mines of Golconda. From these latter most of the diamonds in the European market originally came; they were discovered by a shepherd who bartered the first specimen for a little rice; it must have been of enormous value, for we are told he actually

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stumbled over it. The passing traveller into whose hands it had thus passed from the poor ignorant and nearly starving shepherd, sold it for a good sum to a native jeweller, who never rested till he discovered the mine itself; and when Methold, an English traveller, visited it in 1622, he found 30,000 labourers at work. The mine was then farmed to a jewel merchant, named Marcander, for £37,500; the king claiming all stones above two carats weight, a usual stipulation, which accounts for the fabulous wealth in precious stones of Eastern Princes, one sovereign after a reign of forty years having collected four hundredweight of jewels. The slaves, however, manage to secrete the larger specimens at times, either by swallowing them, or by throwing them away when found, and going back to look for them by night.

One of the most singular portions of Tavernier's narrative is his account of the boy-traders of Golconda. A company of boys, whose age varies from ten to sixteen years, assemble under a large tree in the public square, each with a bag for diamonds, and a purse sometimes containing £100 or £150 by way of a bank. These lads act as 'middlemen' between the finders of the gems and the 'administration,' as our Gallic friends would have it, of the mine. When a diamond is brought to them, it is silently examined by each in turn; the captain of the firm then makes a bid, rising by slow degrees if necessary. When the bargain is struck, if the firm think he has paid too much, he is obliged to keep the diamond and run all risks himself; but if they are content, he is paid a certain proportion by each. The stone is then taken to the authorities, who buy it at a small advance on the boy's payment, and the profits are then divided, the captain receiving one-fourth per cent. more than the rest. So accurate is their judgment, that if the captain after having a diamond thrown on his hands, is willing to lose his commission of one-fourth per cent., the others will almost always relieve him of it. These mines, once so productive, employing, as Tavernier tells us, more than 60,000 men, are now entirely deserted, the great supply coming from Brazil, which since 1727 has supplied more than two tons weight.

That the diamond is simply carbon is now undisputed, but the manner of its formation is still a mystery; as also are the flaws which sometimes disfigure it, and the varieties of its colour, white, yellow, orange, red, pink, brown, green, blue, black, and opalescent.* Liebig imagines that the flaws arise from the presence of uncrystalized vegetable matter; Harry Emanuel, that the imperfect crystalization of the carbon is the real cause; but on the subject there is great obscurity.

Diamonds are combustible under tremendous heat; Francis of Austria exposed some with a few rubies in an assayer's furnace for twenty-four hours, and found on opening it that the rubies were unhurt, while the diamonds had vanished.

Lavoisier, after burning a fine diamond in oxygen, obtained the same result as from burning carbon, viz. carbonic acid. Diamonds having

* Harry Emanuel, 'The Diamond,' &c.

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been thus proved to be after all a most simple material, produced, it is true, in a most subtile manner by the chemistry of nature; many and many an experimentalist has devoted his time, health, and fortune to endeavouring to manufacture them; a vain attempt, worthy to be classed with those mediæval fallacies, the elixir vitæ, and the philosopher's stone. The Romans believed that this gem possessed a superior magnetic power to the loadstone, and that if placed together the power of the latter was neutralized—an idea which, though it must have been exploded at the first trial, still survives in the French word 'diamant,' or Pierre d'Aimant, as it originally stood, used indifferently for the loadstone or the diamond.

It is, however, electric, attracting light objects when heated with friction, and alone among gems has the power of becoming phosphorescent in the dark after long exposure to the sun. Between the specific gravity of the pure white and yellow, or other coloured varieties of the diamond, there is some little difference, as well as between those of Golconda and of Brazil.

White Golconda	3·524
Yellow Golconda	3·556
White Brazil	3·442
Yellow Brazil	3·520

The Indian again is octahedral, the Brazilian doxecahedral in its crystals. The diamond reflects light falling on its posterior angles at an angle of 24°13′. It does not polarize light, though Sir D. Brewster thought light changed slightly in passing through it; its power of refraction is enormous. All diamonds *scratch* glass, but only those with a certain acuteness of angle will *cut* it truly, these are worth £10 per carat, (a weight used in oriental nations, derived from the Indian word kerua, Greek form κεράτιον, a small seed weighing three grains.) The following table of values, taken from the most practical work on the diamond which we have, that of Harry Emanuel, must be considered as referring only to the purest and best white brilliants, other varieties varying according to the mania of the day, an influence which no precious stone of any kind is totally exempt from.

			£	s.
A pure brilliant of	¾	carat is worth	9	10
,,	1	,,	18	0
,,	2	,,	65	0
,,	3	,,	125	0
,,	3½	,,	150	0
,,	4	,,	220	0
,,	4½	,,	250	0
,,	5	,,	320	0

After which size they are so difficult to value, that one may say 'they are worth what they will fetch,' ten to fifty thousand pounds having been

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given for some fine specimens, and some few in the Royal Treasuries of Russia, Portugal, Spain, England, and Austria, being valued by the £100,000. I cannot conclude this brief sketch better than by referring anyone who may like to go further into the subject to the treatises of Harry Emanuel, 1866; Mr. King, 1867; Mme. Barrera, A. Caire La Science des pierres precieuses, Paris, 1833; and W. Cole, 'Diamonds,' 1861; and generally to the transactions of the Royal Society.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN MAIDEN AND THE HOSPITABLE CHILD OF THE DESERT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HAREEM LIFE IN TURKEY AND EGYPT,' ETC.

Not long ago, I was introduced to a French physician at Nizza, of the name of Dubois. He had arrived from Algeria, accompanied by the *daughter of his soul*, an orphan maiden whom he had adopted. I felt much interested to learn what events had produced the melancholy impression which her countenance always assumed. One evening, when we were seated in the balcony of the pretty villa, which he had rented for the season in the Promenade des Anglais, which commanded a fine *coup d'œil* of the Baie-des-Anges, and sipping our café after dinner, Dr. Dubois related to me the antecedents of Mademoiselle Natalie, who had on that evening gone to visit some friends, who had arrived from Corsica.

'Natalie's father,' said the worthy physician, 'was a sutler, attached to the French army; and being in the rear of the column, was slain by the Arabs, together with his amiable wife. She was their only child, and being about twelve years old, accompanied her parents in the same vehicle. After their death, the adjutant of the corps caused active search to be made for the hapless girl, but no traces of her could be discovered: it was conjectured, that her tender age had excited commiseration in the hearts of Arabs, and that they had carried her off to their mountain fortresses. But such was afterwards found not to have been the case; for it was entirely owing to her courage and presence of mind that she owed her safety. The leader of those bold marauders, as soon as her parents had been sent "*to certainty*," raised his *yatagan* for the purpose of dealing the poor orphan *nusranee* a mortal blow, when suddenly the scout of the plunderers, who had kept watch, perceived a troop of cavalry approaching, gave the alarm, and hurried away in another direction. Natalie, profiting by that propitious circumstance, hastily concealed herself in the morass; and there snugly ensconced in her hiding-place, kept her eyes fixed upon the Arabs, and watched them dart off into the wood, in search of the driver of the vehicle which her parents had occupied, thinking to rob him of his hard-

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earned pittance. As soon as they had disappeared, she rallied her spirits, hastened from the morass, and throwing herself upon the bodies of her murdered parents, took a last embrace; her courage, notwithstanding the imminent danger to which she thus exposed herself, did not forsake her, neither were the mutilated bodies of her unfortunate parents revolting in her sight. There she remained for some time, by the side of her parents, alternately covering them with kisses, and breathing forth prayers to the Almighty to protect her in her lonely state. Suddenly, a slight noise aroused the poor orphan from her orisons, and warned her to think of her own safety: once again she returned with the fleetness of a fawn to the morass; and after wandering about for several hours, she sank down upon the ground, exhausted with fatigue, close to an Arab's mud hut. She had not remained there long, before a little boy in nature's full dress came to the door; and Natalie, taking courage from the appearance of the little dark-skinned urchin, who was much younger than herself, approached him, and embraced him. The young descendant of Ishmael returned the salutation, and thus took the little Christian maiden under his protection. Ali, for so was he called, clapped his hands, at which signal his *nina* (mother) issued from the hut, and Natalie soon found herself in the company of a host of Arab women, who, to their honour be it recorded, made her break bread and eat salt with them, for their feeling hearts being moved by her tears, took compassion on her sad *kismet.* (fate.) They resolved, with true parental feeling, to conceal her for some time: soon, however, their *babas*, (fathers,) as they called their *aghas*, (lords,) returned from their plundering expedition, which obliged them to reveal the poor orphan's hiding-place.

'Those hard-hearted marauders reproached the daughters of the Prophet with affording hospitality to the unbelieving daughter of a Nusranee. One, by far a greater barbarian than the others, perceiving that Natalie was satisfying the cravings of hunger with two boiled eggs, hurled his matchlock at the head of the kind-hearted *nina.* Poor Natalie was compelled to remain the guest of the assassins of her parents for several days, during which she had to subsist upon *dourra;* (bread;) nevertheless, she bore all the hardships and privation of her position with most exemplary patience and resignation, her principal object being to gain as much time as possible. The Arabs, knowing full well that the French would not long permit those two murders to go unpunished, were in hourly expectation that a strong military force would be despatched against that tribe that had been guilty of them; consequently, they determined to preserve poor Natalie as a means of justification. The father of the kind-hearted Ali, who had so hospitably protected the Christian orphan, took advantage of the Kabaïles being encamped in the plain, hastily saddled his mule, and conveyed her in safety to the barracks at Algiers, where she was received by the commandant, who treated her with the greatest kindness.'

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Dr. Dubois, who was at that time the director of the military hospital, and had known her parents, took compassion on the poor orphan, and adopted her as his daughter.

The hospitable child of the desert who had so nobly conveyed the Christian maiden to her compatriots, was rewarded by the commandant with a purse of twenty napoleons, a superb rifle, an excellent mule, with panniers laden with two bales of sundry articles of clothing, suitable for the little good-hearted Ali and his exemplary nina.

ST. STEPHEN'S MISSION, CLEWER FIELDS.

MANY of those who so kindly and liberally responded to the appeal made on behalf of the Clewer Fields Mission, may be interested in hearing a little of the progress the work has made since the opening of the Mission House and Schools.

A site very near to the cottage, in which the Sisters commenced their ragged school, together with the funds for building, having been kindly given by two individuals, the house and schools have been erected, and were opened on the 29th of October last.

St. Stephen's Schools are now divided into two distinct classes, a poor or 'ragged' school, and one for the children of the middle classes. Both of these schools have separate rooms for infants and for older children.

In the Infant Ragged School there are at present eighty children, boys and girls, of ages varying from ten months to six years, who are learning to take a pleasure in coming to school clean and tidy, so that a stranger entering the room would be able at a glance to distinguish the fresh comers from those who have been for some time at the school. The average attendance here is seventy. The other school for the same class numbers one hundred and thirty boys and girls; the daily attendance being about one hundred and fifty, from six to fifteen years of age.

A few only of these can pay one penny or twopence a week; indeed, the whole weekly amount is only two shillings and twopence. Here also a great change is observed in the outward appearance; it would hardly be believed from what wretched homes the greater part of the children turn out each morning.

From this school five girls and one boy have been confirmed, and have become communicants, and several more are preparing for Confirmation.

The school for the middle class is in a different part of the house. The charge is sixpence a week for children under eight, and one shilling and a penny for older ones. For this they receive a plain English education; music and French being an extra charge. There is here also a separate room for infants; but no boys are taken over ten years of age. This school has been but lately commenced, and numbers at present thirty-six

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boys and girls. It is hoped it may in time help to support the poor school.

It is most earnestly to be wished that funds may be forthcoming to build a church, attached to the Mission; but in the meantime, a room in the house has been fitted up as a temporary chapel. The daily evensong at five is well attended; and on Wednesday evenings when the service is at seven, the room has been so crowded with the parents of the school children, that it has been impossible to seat them all.

There is a celebration of the Holy Communion every Thursday morning at half-past seven, and the number present has been twenty-five.

The Mother's Meetings also continue to be held, and the women gladly avail themselves of them.

Many other works connected with St. Stephen's Mission are contemplated, and the Sisters earnestly hope that funds may be forthcoming to enable them to carry them out. But at present the whole income of the Mission consists of £8 a year annual subscriptions, about £1 a week from the payments of the children of the upper school, and what the Sisters can collect from week to week, with an occasional donation.

Besides this, four persons send each one loaf of bread weekly, and a butcher contributes bones for soup.

It will be seen that this is totally inadequate to support the Sisters and four teachers in the house; and their being unable to live entirely on the spot, is a great cause of hindrance to the work. Much time is lost in going to and from the school, and it renders the commencement of night schools almost impossible, although these are greatly needed, and of great importance.

Thus help is much needed. Until aid is given, it will be impossible to place the Mission in anything like working order. So much having by God's blessing been accomplished, it is earnestly hoped St. Stephen's Mission will not be suffered to languish for want of funds.

Any subscriptions, donations of money, new or old clothes, Scripture prints, school books, would be most thankfully received, addressed to

THE SUPERIOR,

HOUSE OF MERCY, CLEWER, WINDSOR.

'For Clewer Fields Mission.'

THE BROCKHAM ORPHAN HOME, REIGATE.

IN The Monthly Packet for February, 1867, an account was given of 'The Brockham Home and Industrial Training School for Orphan Girls.' This excellent institution has now been carrying on its useful work for nearly ten years; but it is, we regret to say, greatly in need

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of funds—so much so, that it is feared it may be necessary to lessen the number of girls admitted.

Perhaps our readers may remember that the girls are maintained in the Home partly by parochial, partly by charitable means. According to the Act of Parliament under which this and other similar institutions is certified, a fixed sum—generally, we believe, four shillings a week—is paid by the Poor Law Guardians of any parish sending an orphan girl to be trained in the Home. This sum is, however, inadequate to meet all the expenses of a Home in which training for each branch of domestic service is so carefully carried out. The remainder, therefore, is derived from the donations and subscriptions which are given to the funds of the Institution.

Of the usefulness of these institutions we may form some estimate from the great number of applications received at the Home, for servants. So numerous have these been at Brockham, that it has been found necessary to make a rule that all letters requiring an answer must enclose a stamp.

There is scarcely any way in which we can confer a more permanent benefit upon girls who have become orphans, than by assisting to maintain them in such homes as these, where they receive all the instructions requisite to qualify them to fulfil their duties as servants, and where they are watched over with tender care by those who take a real loving interest in their moral and spiritual welfare.

Donations and subscriptions are earnestly requested, and will be thankfully received by

MISS LANG,
BROCKHAM, REIGATE,

or by the Matron at the Home; and we hope that this excellent Institution, which, as far as means will permit, is ready to open its doors to any orphan girl for whom the guardians of her parish or friends who are charitably disposed to help in this way will pay the required four shillings a week, may not be suffered to languish for want of funds.

IVANOVNA.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MANY MANSIONS.

My dear L——,

I feel very grateful to you and W—— for telling me what you miss in the little paper called 'Many Mansions.'

I fully meant that every word should *imply*, if it did not express, the great truth that

'that Heavenly Love,
Which knows no end in depth or height,'

must be to us 'Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending,' of all our happiness.

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But as in looking at that beautiful old oak at B—— the eye rests on the massive trunk and the stately branches, while the roots, though of even greater importance, pass unnoticed, so I have taken for granted—perhaps too confidently—that everyone who knows anything of himself and of his God must, as it were, by a kind of moral necessity, depend for the support of his whole being (the roots, so to speak, of his Tree of Life) on a full, firm, heart-felt belief of the Trinity in Unity; of the Almighty Father, the everlasting Son, and the Holy Ghost the Comforter, as working together for us men and for our creation first, then for our new creation—that is, our redemption—afterwards; so that the acmé of all bliss, the endless felicity, the exceeding and eternal weight of glory, is that which St. Paul describes as 'being filled with the fullness of God.'

But only 'in a figure' can we at all understand what these words must mean. Thank God, we have a similitude, which God Himself vouchsafes to use when He calls Himself the Sun of Righteousness, the Light of the World, the bright and Morning Star.

Without light there is no joy, no colour, no brightness; without heat there is no life, no comfort; yet the blank that our physical life would be without light and heat is but a shadow of the blank that our moral and spiritual life would be apart from the Father, the Saviour, and the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of Life!

Light is the similitude that God Himself gives us; as we read in the Revelation—'The city had no need of the light of the sun, neither of the moon, for the glory of the Lord God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.'

There is a wild legend in Cornwall of one Jannie Tregagle, doomed to empty the largest pool on Bodmin Moor with a limpet shell in which is a great hole, when the winds howl over the open moor the voice of Jannie Tregagle is heard still, wailing over the hopelessness of his task; and it would be just *as* impossible to bring out the full beauty, the unfathomable depth of meaning, which these words, 'I am the Light of the world,' convey; our imagination fails—nay, faints—before the thought of the King in His beauty, as our eyes, unshaded, must close before the glory of the noonday sun.

And it seems to me that the force of this similitude is enhanced by the way in which darkness—outer darkness—is spoken of as the punishment of such as *will* not come to the Light; of those who, as is so strikingly pointed out in a series of sermons* on Holman Hunt's wonderful picture, do bolt and bar out the Light that is shining around them, the Light that God has commanded to shine in our dark hearts to give the knowledge of the glory of God, in the Face of Jesus Christ.

And I have often thought, too, that the instinctive horror children have of 'the dark' ought to be most carefully and tenderly treated, for darkness and the power of darkness are spoken of all through the Bible as something far more fearful than the mere negation of light.

A day or two ago, while watching by the quiet death-bed of one very dear to me, my Bible opened on that most comforting passage, 'Thou shalt know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer.' I returned to the sick-room in the dim twilight of very early morning; my Bible lay open as I had left it, and I turned back the page to read the chapter through. 'Arise, shine, for thy Light is come.' The verse struck me most forcibly, as the sun rose, and the long red light glittered on the hoar-frost, while the shadows of the old farm-buildings lessened in the growing light of a bright winter's day; and more and more I thought of the wonderful way in which all we know of the sun, and all we learn of the properties of light and heat, only serves to illustrate more and more perfectly the influence of our Lord Jesus Christ's grace and love, when God, our Father, makes us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the Saints in Light; when it is indeed the simple truth that

'All our radiance, all our glow,
We borrow of our Sun!'

* Preached at Maidstone, by the Rev. W. Glover.

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For this is life eternal, to know Thee, the only God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent. 'I am the Life,' our Lord says of Himself; the knowledge of God will be to us Life; it will be to us all-in-all.

And this will help me to explain what I meant in that which seemed to you as if I were inclined to make our *wishes* the rule of our belief in regard to things heavenly. If it were only that the architect's sense of proportion, the painter's love of colour, and the poet's joy in beauty, would be intensified and enhanced, but still essentially the same, then, as Keble says, the heaven we idly dream would be but

> 'Poor fragments of all this low earth,
> Such as in sleep would scarcely soothe
> A soul that once had tasted of immortal truth.'

But though 'we shall not all sleep, we shall all be changed.' Changed from glory to glory; and what I wanted to bring out is the thought that all these gifts, all real science, all true philosophy, all the grace of art, all the beauty of poetry, all are lights reflected from Him, who is the Father of Lights; and that as in the natural world, wherever we see the sunlight fall, no matter what be the opening through which it shines, the spot of light is, as Ruskin has beautifully explained, an image of the source of Light, a circle or an oval representing the form of the sun either exactly, or as seen in perspective. So all our arts and sciences ought to be as the openings through which we see God's truth shine. Or, as the very word we use for them ought to remind us, they are talents, to be dealt with for God.

I do not know if you may not think it too fanciful, but I sometimes think of that mysterious connection of the sciences which makes it impossible to follow up one without entering in some degree upon others; and then in the blessing on the faithful servants, 'Thou hast been faithful in a very little, be thou over ten cities; thou who wast also faithful, though with feebler powers, be thou over five cities.' I fancy I see that they who cultivate to the best of their means their talents, be they what they may, will receive hereafter powers as far above what they now possess as the five cities were above the five pounds of the parable; and in the preface to Max Müller's 'Chips' there is a passage from St. Clement which I think goes to support my fancy. 'It is clear,' he says, 'that the same God to whom we owe the Old and New Testament, gave also to the Greeks their Greek philosophy, by which the Almighty is glorified among the Greeks.' And a few lines before he had said that 'God is the cause of *all* that is good; only of some good gifts He is the primary cause; of others, the secondary.'

I have lately met with a little book, abridged and translated in 1794 from a French essay, 'Sur la Felicité de la Vie à venir,' par C. L. de Villette. In the introduction the writer says, 'It is the object of this essay to prove that the knowledge we have of the nature of the universe, and of the ways of God as revealed to us in the Gospel, may furnish us with strong reasons to be persuaded that we shall possess in heaven our present faculties, and enjoy many of our present pleasures, though improved and refined beyond all human conception.' Further on he says, 'In many respects our knowledge here below far exceeds what is necessary to direct us in providing for our natural wants, so that if the Creator had limited our duration to the short space of human life, it would be impossible to comprehend with what design He could have given to man a capacity which extends to innumerable speculations not requisite for the supply of our necessities; and this is of itself a strong proof that the present state is only the beginning, the infancy, of our existence.'

The whole passage is well worth considering, though too long to copy here. In one sentence he makes exactly the same assertion as Kingsley does in 'Glaucus,' 'that thousands of ages of such a life as ours would not suffice to glance slightly over the ten thousandth part of God's works in creation;' and he continues, 'That as we know even in this world there *are* sensations of which some individuals are entirely

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ignorant, it is not unreasonable to conclude that our glorified bodies may be endued with new modes of perception;' adding, that by 'attempting entirely to spiritualize our celestial existence we reduce ourselves to the impossibility of forming the least idea of it, and so *while we acknowledge a resurrection of the body, we in fact deny it*, and that to this cause, perhaps, amongst others, is owing the coldness and indifference with which even the best people too often regard the joys of heaven.'

Is there not in Keble's beautiful paraphrase on Isaiah, xxxiii. 17, as has been so well pointed out in the last number of 'The Monthly Packet,' something of a similar feeling, that the very imperfection of our powers here, the unsatisfied yearnings for an ideal beauty, point on to that time that shall come when 'in fearless love and hope uncloyed' we shall lose ourselves in the ocean of God's love.

Again we return to the *root* of the whole matter—'Love is Life's only sign.' 'I am the Life; the life eternal is to know God, and God is love.'

It is very difficult to put into words that which will often satisfy one's own mind as to the sense of any passage of the Bible, or of any really great idea, whether of what St. Clement might have called primary or secondary inspiration. But my own impression is that in the Hereafter the ardent affection, the true loyal love of husband and wife, will remain, none daring to put asunder that which God hath joined; but that in this, as in everything else, there will be a change from glory to glory—from the glory of the love here below, honoured by being the type of the union between Christ and His Church—to the full blessedness of 'those who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.'

The dearest, the holiest affection we know on earth has still a something of earth, a something of selfishness, adhering to it, from which we need a constant effort, an unceasing watchfulness, to free ourselves. 'Ceux que j' aime le plus, j' ai si mal aimé,' is Mme. Gasparin's complaint; but in Heaven we shall be 'as the angels,' and if while on earth we have striven to

> 'Hallow Love, as knowing surely
> It returneth whence it came,'

hereafter that love will

> 'Find its own immortal level
> In the Charity of Christ.'

'There is a River the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God.' Again, as with everything else that is good, this thought brings us back to the roots of our 'yggdrasil,' the tree of life which grows 'on either side of the River.' For only see what St. Paul says: 'We have fellowship one with another, and our fellowship is *with God*, and with His Son Jesus Christ.'

I have not Rudolf Stier's 'Words of our Lord' to refer to, but if it is in your church library you will find there a very interesting passage on this point, connected with the words (St. Matthew, xxii. 30) which you thought I had passed over too lightly. If I recollect rightly, he finds the justification of second marriages in these words; and I like the thought, for I have always especially liked to think of the feeling which prompted Niehbuhr and his second wife to keep as a kind of holy-day the wedding-day of his first; and I think there is something of the same kind in the letters from Klopstock's second wife to her friends.

Do as you would be done by; or to borrow the more graphic way in which one of Miss Edgeworth's delightful characters would have said it, 'Put the case, the case was your own.' It would be bitter pain to think that a second love could obliterate the love so precious to oneself: it would be still more bitterly painful to think that the love for another, which seems a part of our own very being, *could* wax cold. No, all who have ever really loved must feel the truth of those words—

> 'They never loved
> Who dream that they *loved* ONCE.'

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And this thought, that we have fellowship one with another, and this fellowship is in Christ, is it not the most exquisite comfort for all who have 'loved and lost,' but more especially for those who have been on earth forsaken and grieved in spirit, whom God has called when they have 'been refused?' 'With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee,' saith the Lord, thy Redeemer; and though the words refer in the first instance to Jerusalem, we may well use them each for himself, as we may use the song of thanksgiving, which the same Prophet teaches us.

'I will greatly rejoice in the Lord,
My soul shall be joyful in my God,
For He hath clothed me with the garment of salvation;
He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness,
As a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments,
And as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels.'

Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have a right to the Tree of Life, 'the branch of His planting,' and may enter in through the gates, into the City, 'whose walls are Salvation, and her gates Praise.' 'And the name of the city shall be, The Lord is *there*;' and *we*, let us ever comfort one another with these words, 'So shall *we* ever be *with the Lord*. He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus.'

I shall feel very grateful to you, dear L——, if you will tell me whether these pages supply what you thought wanting; and above all, if W—— would also look them over. For in trying to write on things like these, which belong to our very highest holiest feelings, the truth there is in that Chinese proverb has forced itself upon me over and over again—

'Man's words are like an arrow—straight to the mark; woman's are like a broken fan'—starting from the right centre, from the true loving heart, but as likely as not to point to the opposite quarter from that intended.

Ever, dear L——,
Your most affectionate
R. L. C.

HINTS ON READING.

Two useful books on the History of the Church have come under our notice this month—*The Early Church*, by the Rev. John Pryce, (Longmans,) *The History of the English Church*. (Rivingtons.) The one, a little book of one hundred and fifty pages, going only through the first three centuries, and dwelling a good deal on what can be traced respecting doctrine and liturgies; and in a very useful manner; for we believe that hundreds of those who talk of going for authority to primitive times, have no notion what is really known to have been then said or done. The other, *History of the English Church*, by M. C. S., (Rivingtons,) is a kind of Hook's Archbishops for young people; except that M. C. S. has by no means resigned personal affection for Edward VI. We do not mean that it is a mere abridgement, for many other authorities have been consulted, and the author has thought for herself; but Dr. Hook has been her chief guide; and with so safe a one, and a pleasant simple style of narration, her book is a very nice one, which ought to be very useful.

Uncle Peter's Fairy Tale, (Longmans,) edited by Miss Sewell, seems to charm all ages. We have seen people from eighty years old to five greatly amused by it, though not always by the same parts; and the sober humour of the conversations, and the irony throughout, are as good as the fun of the literal fulfilment of the wishes.

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How will our young readers like *Alice in Wonderland* in a German dress? Here she is, to be had of Macmillan and Co., with her pictures as charming as ever, and her fun even quainter for her grave German dress; though of course the parodies and plays on words lose something, yet it is very little comparatively.

Mr. Palgrave's *Five Days Entertainments at Wentworth Grange* (Macmillan) ought to have been earlier noticed. It is a mixture of old and new tales; each bearing on one of the five senses; and very pleasantly and brightly they do so—treating them poetically and romantically, not scientifically. We are glad that some of the old Italian and Eastern apologues should thus be put in our children's way.

Soimême (Masters) professes to be true. It is a dreary picture of perverseness, and we feel sad over it; but there are many clever little bits of description, and excellent maxims worth remembering. The scenery is all charmingly described.

Margaret Vere (S. P. C. K.) is a well-written tale of a selfish girl. It is a young lady's, not a poor girl's, story; and is written very well and thoughtfully; only happily people are not apt to go out upon tours, when the governess has a holiday, and the nurse-maid is new. The governess's difficulties are neatly put, and in a manner calculated to show girls the need of consideration.

And a tale called *Erick Thorburn* deserves special mention; for it is a beautiful pure high-minded story, with some exquisite characters in it, and must not be overlooked because (having been published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett) it has been forced into three volumes, when it really contains no more reading than one such volume as 'One Year.' The hero himself, the sweet little heroine, and the mother, are as delightful home figures as we ever met with.

One book of solid reading must be added, Major Malleson's *French in India*, (Longmans,) an excellent historical study of an interesting time.

And whoever loves cool glades of quiet thought and observation, should keep Nathanael Hawthorne's *American Note-books* for calm moments. It is just the book to lie open on the table of a busy mother, who likes a fresh idea to brood over at her needle-work.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Please acknowledge, with many thanks, 7s. 6d. from Ella, *for* The Sisters of the Poor, St. Michael's, Shoreditch.—*Also,* a Parcel of Clothing *from* Seuga.

Can you tell me of any book or pamphlet containing an account of the Chartist Riots, about the year 1842. *I want particularly to know about Rebecca, and the riots in the south-western counties. Pray state the price.*—P. F.

E. B.—*In the concluding number of* Events of the Month. *(Moxley.)*—Ed.

Baldie.—*Date and particulars of confiscation of alien priories by Henry V.?—Dean Hook's* Lives of the Archbishops, *Vol. V., p.* 44; *Rapin Thoyras'* History of England, *Vol. I., p.* 509, A.D. 1414. *Reference is there made to the Rolls of Parliament.*—Ed.

Ignorance.—*The origin of the expression,* 'Shakspeare and the musical glasses'?—*Goldsmith's* Vicar of Wakefield *thus—with delicious quaint irony—describes the conversation of his wife and daughters with Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs. Alas for our English classics!*—Ed.

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Anna *and* Olive *both ask for Manuals of Private Prayer for girls from nine to eighteen. We should recommend both either Bishop Ken's* Manual for the Scholars of Winchester College, (*Parker,*) *or Mr. Brett's* Office of the Most Holy Name. (*Masters.*) *They should, however, be shewn where to begin in the latter, as the daily prayers are to be found in the middle of the book. There is a short form for self-examination; but the best* instruction *on that subject for girls is in Miss Sewell's* Readings before Confirmation. (*Longmans.*) *The Cards published by the S. P. C. K. are the most suitable for poor children.*

If a letter be sent to the Editor for Greta, *it shall be answered with full information about* The Society of the Apostolic Rule.

Declined with thanks.—Nona; C. J. C.; Legend of the Rhine. *Not one of these has an address on the same paper with the MS.*

In reply to H. H.—*Does* 'H. H.' *know* 'English Mediæval Embroidery,' *published by Parker; and* 'Church Needlework,' *by Miss Lambert (Murray)?* H. H.'s *second question is asked in* Vol. VIII. of Penny Post, *and thus answered:*—'*Poetry is the history of ancient times. To* Herrick *we must confess our obligation for acquaintance with some of the manners pertaining to this great feast (Candlemas)*—

> "Down with the Rosemary, and so
> Down with the Baies and Mistletoe,
> Down with the Holly, Ivie, all,
> Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas hall." '

In Vol. IX. *the query is again asked, and thus answered:*—'*Christmas decorations are generally removed on the vigil of the Purification.*' *In* Vol. X. *of the* Penny Post, *in* Minor Notes for the Month:—'*There seems a very clear tradition that this is the day for taking down holly and ivy from our churches and houses, (referring to Candlemas,)*—

> "Down with the Rosemary, and so," ' &c.

Answer to Eva.—*The repetition of the Psalm was a mistake, owing to its not having been erased from the list of material in type.*

Can anyone who is a working member of The Ladies' Industrial Society, *the depôt of which is, or was,* 75, *Westbourne Grove, speak encouragingly of its results, to one who would be glad to dispose of her works?*—H. E. H.

H. C.—The Sisters of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, *are of the Church of England. A convent simply means a place of coming together; and we can see no reason against its adoption. If no name ever used by Roman Catholics was permitted, our ecclesiastical nomenclature would be small indeed, and would certainly exclude Sisters and Sisterhoods.*—Ed.

Muriel.—*Collections of varieties of postage stamps had better be advertized in the exchange columns of the* Queen *or the* Mart *newspapers.* Miss E.'s—*if old English penny stamps—would be best in the fire. It has been requested—we believe by authority—that such collections should not be made, as they are of no possible use, and are liable to fall into hands that use them fraudulently.*

St. Luke's Mission, Burdett Road, Stepney.—*The Rev. W. Wallace acknowledges with thanks:*—F. B., a Parcel of Clothing; F. P., Farnham, 3*s.*; M. P., £2; C. F., £2 7*s.* 6*d.*; from Burnley, 1*s.*; K. P., £1; from Wellington, Salop, a *very* useful Parcel of Clothing; F. L., £10 10*s.*

N. N. *would suggest to* Helen, *if she wishes for modern and fashionable patterns, to get paper models from* Madame Adolphe Gouband, 30, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. *A flat pattern is sent, as well as the same made up—trimmed.* N. N. *has found it a good plan to let the children (if it is a class in a school) pay for pinafores and other garments as they make them, as it gives the children an interest in their own work, and leads to saving habits; but* N. N. *should add it is a rather more troublesome way than an ordinary saving club.*

J. E. *asks for means of obtaining employment as an illuminator, or of disposing of her illuminations.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 42. JUNE, 1869. PRICE 1s.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

DANTE, in the ninth Canto of the Inferno, has drawn afresh upon the stores of classical legend. The Thessalian witch Erichtho is mentioned by the poet Lucan in his *Pharsalia;* but we have no means whatever of identifying the spirit evoked from the Giudecca, if indeed Dante had any one individual in his thoughts, and was not merely devising a way to account for Virgil's knowledge of the lower circles of hell. Proserpine, the 'queen of everlasting woe,' is apparently in a position of greater honour than her husband Pluto: she does not, however, appear further in the narrative. It will not be necessary here to narrate the details of the old story of Medusa, and the head which turned those who looked on it to stone. We shall better act up to the poet's exhortation by referring our readers to Dr. Neale's 'Stories from Heathen Mythology,' in which he allegorizes with his accustomed skill the ancient fable, wherein Perseus during his fight with the Gorgon dares not look upon her face, but views her reflection in the polished mirror which the goddess of wisdom had given him: signifying to us Christians 'the shield of faith, which will be as a mirror to us, shewing us sin in its true light; whereas if we look at it as it seems, we shall be, as Lot's wife was, turned to stone, and have no power to flee from it.' We do not think such an interpretation will be found unsuitable to the present passage. The beauty of the description of the Angel's approach needs no pointing out. The last line of his speech refers to the legend of the capture of Cerberus by Hercules, who dragged him up to the world above in obedience to the command of Eurystheus.

THE INFERNO.—CANTO IX.

THE coward hue with which my cheek was stained
When back to me I saw my master wending,
The sooner his unwonted air restrained.

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Mindful he stopped, as one by ear attending,
For eye soon failed in its comprehension
Through the black air and grossest clouds impending.
Then he, 'We needs must win in this contention,
If not . . . 'twas such did offer . . . one expected
By me . . . O how delays his intervention!'
Well did I notice how that he corrected
His opening words by those thereafter spoken,
In meaning with the former unconnected.
Yet since perhaps I strained his sentence broken
To worse significance than he intended,
His utterance seemed of fear the certain token.
'Hath any e'er from the first round descended
To the pit's bottom through these drear expanses,
One whose sole pain is hope for ever ended?'
This question when I asked, 'It seldom chances
That any of us,' he in turn replied,
'Along the road which now we take, advances.
'Tis true, I once this downward journey tried,
By that fierce Erichtho's enchantments taken,
Who souls and bodies joined that erst had died.
But lately was my flesh of me forsaken,
When she within that city made me enter,
A spirit from Judas' circle to awaken.
There is the lowest place, gloom's very centre,
Farthest from heaven's all-circling sphere: unfailing
I know the road; be this thy fear's preventer.
This pool, its pestilential fog exhaling,
Lies round about the city full of mourning,
Whither we go not without wrath prevailing.'
And more he said, which I forget; for turning
My fixed glance under the full attraction
Of that high pinnacle with summit burning,
I saw uprise there in a moment's fraction
The three infernal furies, blood-besprinkled,
Who seemed feminine in limb and action,
With greenest hydras girt, while intermingled
Were horned snakes for hair and vipers growing
With which were bound their temples fiercely wrinkled.
And he, of those hand-maidens not unknowing
The queen of everlasting woe that tended,
Said, 'Lo, the Erinyes, with hot anger glowing.
That is Megæra, to the left ascended;
Alecto on the right; in mid position
Tisiphone.' And therewith his words he ended.

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With nail and palm to horrible condition
Each beat and tore her breast, with cry so lurid
That to my guide I turned in suspicion.
'Medusa, come; to adamant assured
So shall we change him,' cried they, downwards gazing,
''Twas ill the assault of Theseus we endured.'
'Turn thyself round, no more thy vision raising;
For if it once the Gorgon's face beholdeth
No chance is left thee for thy steps' retracing.'
So saith the Master, and himself enfoldeth
My face turned backwards, and with act imperious
Me with his own hands, mine not trusting, holdeth.
O ye of understanding sound and serious,
Regard the doctrine which is here concealed
Beneath the veil of this my verse mysterious.
Now came, across the turbid waves revealed,
A crashing sound, tremendous, awe-inspiring,
Whereat in terror both the fosses reeled;
Not otherwise than as a wind untiring,
Born of opposing solar heats, which heweth
The forest through, and no respite desiring
Rendeth the boughs, and far their fragments streweth:
Before it rolls a cloud of dust immensest,
And beasts and shepherds in full flight pursueth.
He freed my eyes, and said, 'With gaze intensest
Direct thy vision o'er the foam long-standing
There where the bitter fog to view is densest.'
As frogs before the serpent foe disbanding
Speed through the water, all their powers employed,
Till each is gathered on the welcome landing;
So I beheld some thousand souls destroyed
Fly before one who passed the Stygian river
With unwet feet upon the surface buoyed.
His left hand waved he often, to deliver
His face from the gross air suspended o'er him,
And of this sole annoyance seemed receiver.
I saw how like one sent from heaven he bore him,
And turned me to the Master, who then signed
That I should quiet stand, and bow before him.
Ah me, with what superb disdain he shined!
He reached the gate, one touch with wand was given,
And straight it opened, free and unconfined.
'O abject race, from heaven's high palace driven!'
Began he on the threshold fear-frequented;
'Whence is't such insolence in you hath thriven?

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Against that will why kick ye discontented,
Whose law its end unmutilate declareth,
And oftimes hath your bitter woe augmented?
What profits it to push at fate? Ill fareth
Your Cerberus, be it to your mind recalled,
Who chin and throat hairless to this day beareth.'
Then backwards o'er the foul road unappalled
He went, without a word to us, appearing
As one whom other cares have spurred and galled,
Than of the things that lie before him. Fearing
No longer, towards the land our steps we carry
After those words of blessed import bearing.
Then enter we without an adversary;
And I who was desirous of discerning
The lot a place so strong enclosed, tarry
When once within, my eyes around me turning,
And lo, on all hands a great plain extendeth,
With woes replete and evil torments burning.
Like as at Arles, where Rhone its waters lendeth
To the lake, or where Quarnaro's gulf comprising
The Italian limits, up to Pola sendeth
Its laving tide, the tombs all round arising
Destroy the level; so 'twas here repeated,
Save that the method was of worse devising;
For roots of flame amid the graves were seated,
Which to such glow to kindle them were able,
No art on earth needs iron more fiercely heated.
Their lids were lifted all in balance stable,
And out there issued such wild lamentation,
As well might suit the lost and miserable.
And I, 'O Master, say what is this nation
That here within these vaults to woe allied
Make known with sighs their grievous situation.'
Then, 'Here are the heresiarchs,' he replied,
'With their disciples of all sects: the spaces
More than thou wouldst believe, are occupied.
Like here with like is buried; and their places
With less or greater heat are circumvented.'
Then passing to the right, we turned our paces
Between the ramparts and the souls tormented.

(To be continued.)

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MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

We must begin with the Lyra to-day, that we may ascend the scale, and, like the lessons to mankind, begin with 'Thou shalt do no murder,' and end with 'Love.'

Though St. John's reference to Cain does not form part of the Epistle of to-day, it naturally connects itself therewith; and 'He that hateth his brother is a murderer,' is the passage of the New Testament that responds to Cain's wrath and fallen countenance. Here, then, we have a paraphrase of the reproof of the Almighty to Cain.

In a sermon, (published, I *think*, among the *Plain Sermons by the Authors of Tracts for the Times,)* reference was made to the remarkable force of the expression, 'Sin lieth at the door,' as though it were a couching monster outside, ready to spring upon the unwary, the instant the least occasion should be given. Any envious malicious sensation of pining at the favour of another, is such a monster, and the first slight annoyance or provocation, will be his moment for mastering the soul, and leading to word and deed of violence.

Chain the evil, then, while there is time. Unlike the miserable Cain, learn to rejoice in the superiority of thy brother, and to be thankful, even though his gain be thy loss. For a time there must be grief and pain; the sensation leaves a mark in its degree; but alms, prayer, and repentance, may wear it out; deeds of love will force the eye to acquire a kindly glance, and the sullen answer become a meek confession. Prayer and acts of love are the only cure for envy and jealousy.

The lovely Song of Love in the Christian Year is one of the gems of the whole collection; and we could not but keep it to the last. The sunset verse, with the clouds mantling round the sun for love, and the ocean verse, are equally exquisite in the scenes they call up, and the ideas they connect with them. Everyone, we imagine, must have some special glowing sunset called up by this verse—one, mayhap, when the west is a sea of pale burnished radiance, into which tiny clouds of ineffable light, like Fouqué's dream of Aslauga's golden hair, seem to float, and lose themselves; or it may be an azure vault, dappled with roseate cloudlets, like the half-developed angel heads that crowd the back-ground of the Madonna di San Sisto, and glowing with cherubic fire, deep but calm, as they become lost in the central radiance about which they throng, as it were for love.

Everyone too has their own remembrance of some woodland walk, winding along above the beach, letting 'the many-twinkling smile' be now and then glimpsed through the foliage, and the gentle gasping ripple, flow, and dash, making still music in the shade, as 'of a great

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moving and heaving thing struggling for life.' Perhaps by the light thrown by Sir J. T. Coleridge's memoir, some of the woods around Sidmouth may be taken to have suggested the description.

In cloud and sea, an appearance suggesting love and life is the charm; and love is the only sign of life in a soul. The love of Christ, 'as man embraced, as God adored,' must be the spring of the Christian's life.

'But he, whose heart will bound to mark
The full bright burst of summer morn,
Loves, too, each little dewy spark
By leaf or floweret worn.
Cheap forms and common hues, 'tis true,
Through the bright shower-drop meet his view:
The colouring may be of this earth,
The lustre comes of heavenly birth.

Even so, who loves the Lord aright,
No soul of man can worthless find;
All will be precious in his sight,
Since Christ on all hath shin'd;
But chiefly Christian souls, for they,
Though worn and soiled with sinful clay,
Are yet to eyes that see them true,
All glistening with baptismal dew.'

No wonder, then, that the most innocent are the most universally loving; or if they who hate the sin most, yet love the poor sinner best. Just as nothing can break the tie of blood, and brothers are brothers evermore, so Christians keep their brotherhood in kindness and pity for ever.

Would that we did so! Great is the need; for the Church is beset by 'wild thoughts within, bad men without;' and all that can be done for our consolation, is to 'draw nearer day by day,' each to his brethren, all to God; never changing our road for any persecution, nor marvelling in wonder or dismay to find 'the martyr's foe,' the wicked world, as hostile to good as she always was.

'But fixed to hold Love's banner fast,
And by submission win at last.'

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE angels, who, as our blessed Lord tells us in the Gospel for this day, rejoice over one sinner that repenteth, are the subject of the meditation before us.

First, we have the agony of shame and self-reproach that comes over a nature not yet hardened or callous, and makes it unable to brook the gaze of any human eye; driving the conscious offender to take refuge as far as possible from his kind—seeking the loneliest depths of forest or mountain. Children, under a deep sense of shame, will thus seek

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solitude; and thus, too, has many a conscience-stricken man become a hermit: the inclination for loneliness, under distress of mind, is everywhere to be found. Yet is the solitude ever attained? The guilty conscience everywhere feels a present gaze; and the very leaves seem to tell out the sad secret of the heart; and this is verily the intuitive sense of the watchfulness of the Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps; it may be, too, of the Cherubim, 'who are full of eyes within,' and of the great cloud of witnesses who encompass us; and moreover, of our own guardian angel, whose bound we cannot pass, and who grieves to see our heedlessness of the lovely works with which our God has filled every spot in His creation. So profusely has He scattered them, that man's selfish murmur is,

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The mute unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

Forsooth, everything is wasted that man does not enjoy, from the rainbow-tinted shell, to the gorgeous paradise depths of a tropical forest! But who knows whether purer beings do not delight in their beauty, and make it a fresh subject of adoration for the Maker of heaven and earth. (The idea has been dwelt on and drawn out in Dr. Newman's Sermon for St. Michael's Day.) So, if indeed the woods and fields be full of God's messengers, the angels, what a grief and shame to think that their joy should be dimmed by the presence of a human creature, one of God's own children, and moreover, in the very crisis of renovation! The moody shame and sullen grief that has brought the sufferer to his present misery, will become either remorse and despair, or repentance and hope.

'O turn and be thou turned; the selfish tear
In bitter thoughts of low-born care begun,
Let it flow on, but flow refined and clear,
The turbid waters brightening as they run.'

The sorrow for shame and punishment—let it become sorrow for sin. Then comes hope of pardon; then comes comfort; then comes humility and acknowledgement; then comes the welcome of the loving below, the more full rejoicing of the angels above, when the lost sheep is brought home by the Good Shepherd.

The same most touching thought, that of the angels' joy, is the key-note of Languor, that other poem for this day, of which Sir J. T. Coleridge has told us the history—namely, that he suggested that the tender welcome of a convalescent in the family, is a likeness, as it were, of the joyful watch over the reclaimed sinner in his penitence.

Very sweet are the opening verses, describing the happy children, who

'Mark in playful pensiveness
How fast the evening clouds undress

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O'er gleaming waters far away,
And by the tired sun gently lay
Their robes of glory, to be worn
More gorgeous with returning morn.
There, and where'er our fancies roam,
Our trusting hearts are still at home;
For at our side we feel
Our father's smile, our mother's glance:
Say, can this earth a loving trance
Of deeper bliss reveal?'

The answer is, that there is a deeper bliss; and we are led to the 'cottage home,' to see if aught is so precious as the 'pale form, half slumbering there,' the little convalescent! and are told that,

'Like a bruised leaf, at touch of fear,
Its hidden sweetness Love gives out.'

And thence we are carried to the thought of the angels, watching the recovery from sin. How, when the prodigal returns,

'They watch the all-ruling Eye for leave
One flower of Paradise to give,
Bid amaranth odours round him float,
Or breathe into his ear one note
Of that high loving strain,
Which rings from all the harps of Heaven,
When from the Shrine the word is given,
The dead soul lives again.'

We are inclined to think this the *tenderest* of all Mr. Keble's poems.

However, this well-endowed day also possesses one of the characteristic Lyra poems—one of those that are most like Mr. Keble's sermons—each line, each stanza, most simple in structure; yet the force of meaning in the whole so great, that it takes us by surprise, as when we take up what looks light as air, and find it full of weight. The young child at his prayers is described; and the angel who bears prayer aloft, is said to perceive in it 'more than we know, and all we need.'

'More than we know, and all we need,
Is in young children's prayer and creed.'

Their childish intercession, that God will guard their home, includes His Church, which *is* their Home. The father, mother, brothers, and sisters, on whom they pray for blessing, extend from the family they know, to the great Family to which they belong; to priests as fathers, to elder women as mothers; to brethren and sisters, pure, sinful, or penitent, dying, toiling, or new-born. It is not a fanciful poetical imagination. Prayer has a sacramental force, depending not on the understanding, but on the purity and innocence of the suppliant. Intercession is the great privilege of the Church; and in the divine words of our prayers, such as the Lord's Prayer and the Psalms, we

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ask for multitudes of benefits to ourselves and others, such as He only could conceive, who put such supplications into our mouths; and yet they are fulfilled. So the babe's home prayer is verily an intercession for the entire Church.

And again: the child's constant repetition of the Ten Commandments—what is it but the denunciation of God's judgment on offenders? In like manner, the child Samuel, whose very name was an allusion to the efficacy of prayer, uttered his prayers within the Tabernacle, unknowing, as yet, that it would be 'his crying unto God' that should chiefly win back the Ark of God, 'forfeit for priests' and people's sin;' and that he should be the first renovator of sinful Israel, preparing the way for David and Solomon. Thus too he repeated the dread warning to Eli.

> 'Ye hearts profane, with penance ache;
> A wondrous peal o'er Israel rung,
> Heaven's thunder from a child's weak tongue.'

The thought is somewhat that of 'Advent Buds,' but more awful. These little ones, who stand around us saying the Catechism, are denouncing our sins in the words of God, as surely as Samuel did those of the sons of Eli, when he repeated the message of the night. Yet who knows that among them may not be a Samuel, who may revive that which is ready to perish, strengthen the weak, and be the means of saving our Candlestick from being removed?

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

'The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together,' is the theme of this most lovely poem; very lovely to those who delight in looking back at the ancient classical world, though perhaps less interesting to such as heed little behind the present.

Yet even those who have no sympathy with the 'feelings after truth' of the Greek of old, must feel the harmony of the verses that begin, as though replying to the words of St. Paul upon the suffering of creation for the sake of Adam's sin, and with Adam's hope. So then, declares the verse, here is the declaration of the Apostle himself; that it was no mere poetic fancy that there is a certain longing and yearning in all nature for their perfection;

> 'Which bids us hear, at each sweet pause
> From care and want and toil,
> When dewy eve her curtain draws
> Over the day's turmoil,
>
> In the low chant of wakeful birds,
> In the deep weltering flood,
> In whispering leaves, these solemn words—
> "God made us all for good."'

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So it was, that 'Creation's wondrous choir' began with full harmony of praise; and still 'all' the 'works of the Lord praise Him, and magnify Him for ever;' and nothing mars their sweet music save man, who should have been its leader, but now overpowers

'with harsh din
The music of Thy works and word,
Ill matched with grief and sin.'

Sin and the world overpower the voice of nature all day; but in the silence of evening, any susceptible soul must become alive to the solemnity and purity of the scene; and the 'still and deep,' though often undefined, impressions that fall on our souls, are the same

'At which high spirits of old would start,
Even from their pagan sleep.'

It would not be easy here to specify the proofs of such yearnings; they are too numerous, and perhaps more in the spirit than the letter of individual passages; but let us recollect Hesiod's four ages, Homer's wonderful passage on the halting prayers that follow in the track of evil; the Pythagorean theory of the harmony of creation; the grand Promethean legend, and that of Eros and Psyche, and the whole tone of Æschylus, and we feel the throbbings of those great bewildered hearts.

Or, again, take these lines of Euripides:

'We will not look on her burial sod
As the cell of sepulchral sleep;
It shall be as the shrine of a radiant God;
And the pilgrim shall visit that blest abode,
To worship, and not to weep.'

Even a child cannot read of Socrates' life and death, without reverence for his grasp of the truth, almost out of reach; and Plato's system was only too perfect for a heathen. Nay, Virgil almost divined the restoration at hand; and though Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, 'the Seekers after God,' failed to comprehend the Light when it was already shining in the world, they were deeply sensible of the longing for perfection. Even the rude north looked beyond the dread 'Twilight of the gods,' to a perfect restitution of all things. These thoughts were 'the wreck of Paradise,' and long upbore whatever was good or pure; but though the suffering of nature was perceived, neither reason nor hope could have discovered the remedy.

'The hour that saw from opening heaven
Redeeming glory stream,
Beyond the summer hues of heaven,
Beyond the mid-day beam.

Thenceforth to eyes of high desire,
The meanest things below,
As with a seraph's robe of fire
Invested, burn and glow.

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The rod of Heaven has touched them all,
The word from Heaven is spoken;
Rise, shine, and sing, thou captive thrall;
Are not thy fetters broken?'

Yet all is not mirth and joy in creation. Living things still feel pain, the more acute in proportion to their finer development; decay passes on all in existence; and, as Dante touchingly says, the loveliest forms in nature are as if made by an artificer with a trembling hand. Why is this? Because, though the world is redeemed, 'sin lingers still:' the full adoption of the sons of God is not complete; 'the redemption of the body,' which belongs to the world of Adam, is not yet complete; and until our Lord return, creation still must be subject to vanity, *i.e.* nothingness and decay, in hope of that hour when He shall make new heavens and a new earth; when old things shall have passed away, and all things shall have become new.

'The creature' sings his chant of promise again in the person of the robin-redbreast, that so often haunts our churches, that it seems hardly needful to specify one which spent its winters in Winchester Cathedral as a home, and which we believe to have been the subject of this poem, especially as it was often heard singing throughout the Anthem, and continuing through the ensuing prayers and the Thanksgiving. To the poet, the sweet joyous song, breaking forth from the top of the old crowned chests of the bones of kings a thousand years ago, and chiming in as we bless God for our creation, preservation, and the redemption of the world, seems to say,

'Not man alone
Lives in the shade of Jesu's Throne,
And shares the saints' employ.'

The angels, who were not purchased by the Death of Christ, like us, adore It with us, we know; and may not some gleams of light have fallen from our Lord on our sinless companions, who suffer because he who has dominion over them has transgressed?

We know that the sheep at Bethlehem saw the angelic choir; and the ox and ass shared the cave where the holy Babe was born; nay, the patient and often misused animal, whom our Lord selected for His triumphal procession, bears the mark of His own Cross. Surely we who bear that sign should fear to enthrall to woe and wrong His

'creatures sealed
For blessing; aid to earn and yield,
As ere our father's fall.'

The spirit is akin to that of the beautiful legends of St. Francis and the birds; or of St. Antony of Padua and the frogs, whose croakings he silenced because they interfered with his devotions, until he felt himself rebuked by coming to the words, 'O ye whales, and *all that move in the waters*, bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify Him for ever.'

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FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MUCH more simple than those we have had lately to study, is this song of the fishermen of Bethsaida. It is of course primarily the meditation of one of the 'fishers of men,' the ministry of the Church; but it also touches the hearts of all who are in any way 'set to seek the souls' that 'Christ hath bought;' and who is not? Who has not felt how far from tranquil is our ocean? who has not watched in anxiety? who has not been disappointed in the best considered schemes, and known the 'sad dawn of cheerless day,' when those for whom we have most earnestly sought refuse to be brought in? Yet still there is the same confidence:

'Our Master is at hand
To cheer our solitary song,
And guide us to the strand:'

but only in His own time, and when we have toiled in many waters, still patiently, hopefully, dutifully. There are times of success too; and then well is it if we take the warning from the prophet of old, against worshipping our own nets; namely, ascribing the work to our own contrivance; adoring, so to speak, our own influence, our pains, care, or good management, and saying, 'My own right hand, and the strength of my might, hath gotten me these.'

'To our own nets ne'er bow we down,
Lest on the eternal shore
The angels, while our draught they own,
Reject us evermore.'

Perhaps St. Bernard best met such a temptation when, on feeling some complacency in a sermon of his own, he burst forth aloud, 'Satan, I did not make this for thee; neither hast thou any part therein.'

In the Lyra, the Christian child is addressed as anointed, even as David was, and reminded of his Christian conflict. The lion and the bear represent childish faults conquered by prayer; but the mightier foe, the battle of the life, is approaching. Confirmation bestows a stronger life, and the armour must be put on; not sword, shield, or spear, but 'Charm words from our Book,' and 'Gems from our baptismal brook,' are the weapons. For since Satan attacks us through all our 'five gateways' of the senses, each must be guarded 'with the smooth stones from the Fount; namely, the Commandments, the Word of God, that we know to be the best weapon against Satan. Then

'Keep thy staff, the Cross in hand;
Thou shalt see the giant foe
By the word of faith laid low,
O'er him conquering stand.

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Mark and use the trial hour;
When his whispers nearest sound,
Be thou then most faithful found;
Then tread down his power.

Stripling though thou be and frail,
Thy right hand shall wield his sword;
From him take his head abhorred,
Christ in thee prevail.

(*To be continued.*)

MEDIEVAL SEQUENCES AND HYMNS.

No. XVIII.—ON THE HOLY TRINITY.

(Vox clarescat, meus purgetur)

Voices clear and souls unstained
Bring with emulation high,
Joining innocence unfeigned
To the lips' best melody.
Father, Son, and Spirit praise we,
With exultant hearts and minds;
To the Three one anthem raise we,
Whom One simple Essence binds.

God the Father, self-existent,
God the sole-begotten Son,
Love of God, in them subsistent,
Are in very Nature One;
Three in Person unconfounded,
One in Godhead, One in Name,
One in Majesty unbounded,
In all attributes the Same.

Each in His own function truly
From the Two distinguished is,
But no human mind can duly
Fathom such deep mysteries.
Father, Son, and Spirit, ever
Aid us in our ghostly strife;
Us from bonds of sin dissever,
Bring us to eternal life.

Amen.

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ENOUGH TO KNOW.

We need not seek for strange outlying lands
  Of thought and knowledge: as we onward go
In paths of God's appointment and commands,
  There is enough to learn, enough to know.

Was Moses bound to teach geology
  To the young world, scarce able to avow
That God is not the earth, or sea, or sky?
  That God made all things was enough to know.

Yon stars may be the homes of heavenly bliss;
  They may be hells of unimagined woe:
Christ's Passion may have saved more worlds than this:
  It saved this world; this is enough to know.

This earth is one among a million orbs;
  Our system one 'mid myriads more that glow:
Nor need we think that our sad state absorbs
  God's mercy: His mercy is enough to know.

Throughout His universe may be a plan
  Of worlds and creatures, high in the scale and low,
Intact, fallen, redeemed; like this world's man,
  Perhaps: *our* Saviour is enough to know.

We know not yet the history of our earth;
  Yet think to see God moving to and fro,
Among the ages ere our planet's birth:
  God was and is; this is enough to know.

Some think God cannot wash away our sins
  In water; or in bread and wine stoop low
To feed our souls: but our reply begins,
  'The Truth spake thus—:' This is enough to know.

How little even the wisest knows! The child
  May know all needful things; and even so
As children we receive Truth undefiled:
  Our God is Truth; this is enough to know.

F. Harrison.

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PSALM XCV.

(Venite Exultemus.)

As we journey along, let us break into song,
To the Saviour whose love is so faithful and strong;
Let us gather our palms to the music of psalms,
Till the storms of the wilderness die into calms.

Gladly we sing to our God, to our King,
And the proof of our love is the joy that we bring:
There is none like Him, none; give Him thanks every one,
From the gates of the east to the set of the sun.

Fair lies the green land in His peace-giving hand,
The strength of the hills too is His as they stand;
The low solemn roar of the sea on the shore
Is the song of the waters to Him they adore.

O come, let us kneel, while His presence we feel,
And ask Him more clearly Himself to reveal;
We are His, He is ours, all our life, all our powers,
Or we serve Him far worse than His rocks or His flowers.

Lost, soiled, and defaced, as we browsed on the waste,
He saw that we shunned Him, yet sought us in haste;
He has toiled, He has bled, that His flock might be fed,
We are marked for His pasture, both living and dead.

He is seeking to-day for His sheep as they stray;
If ye hear Him, O stragglers, return and obey:
Like dew on the grass, down the hard rocky pass
His voice comes lamenting, 'Alas and alas!

'Will it always be so? in your blindness and woe
Will ye flee from your Shepherd, and follow your foe?
Will hard unbelief still mock My relief,
Rouse Me to anger, and wring Me with grief?

'Weary and worn with your doubt and your scorn,
I wandered among you, the King I was born;
Your hungry I fed, healed your sick, raised your dead,—
You filled Me with sorrows and slew Me instead.

'O wander no more! I am here as before,
The Way, and the Truth, and the Life, as of yore;
Come home to My breast; believe and be blest;
For doubt cannot enter the joy of My rest.'

M. C.

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SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

X.

THE MONGOL INVASION.

A. D. 1235 TO A. D. 1241.

BELA IV. was crowned at Stuhlweissenburg,* immediately on the death of his father; and, after the ceremony, rode through the streets of the town with S. Stephen's crown on his head, to exhibit himself to the people. His horizon was, to say the least of it, not a very bright one; and even during the transient gleam of sunshine caused by the coronation festivities, he could hardly forget the dark clouds looming in the distance. The scene was gay enough externally, but there were fierce dark looks of resentment on many a face, which boded little good to the young King, and seemed to warn him that his father's sins and his own mistakes were all to be visited on his own head.

Things in general could scarcely have looked more gloomy. The treasury was empty; the highest offices of state were held by unworthy and mercenary men; the Magnates were so overbearing and so taken up with their own private interests, as to have no thought for the fatherland; and the lower nobility were exhausting their strength in fruitless struggles with the Magnates; while the people had been so down-trodden as to lose the independence of character and public spirit which are the great guarantees for a nation's welfare. Add to this, that Béla himself was unpopular on account of his severe measures, and the picture is dark enough. On the other hand, he was in the flower of his age, had had ten years experience in the art of governing, and possessed great natural qualities, which only needed training and moderating to be invaluable.

One of his first acts was to bring to justice those who had fomented the misunderstandings between himself and his father; his next was to take measures for raising the dignity of the throne from the depths to which of late years it had sunk. Among other decrees he issued one commanding that only Bishops, and the highest officers of state, should be permitted to sit in the royal presence, and that the chairs of the other nobles should be burnt. Further, no one was to be allowed to plead his cause in person before the King. These measures, together with the confiscation of all State property, whether in the possession of ecclesiastics or laymen, excited great displeasure among all the upper classes; whose vexation was still greater when they found it impossible to stir up strife

* He had been previously crowned A. D. 1217, before the departure of András for the Holy Land.

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between the King and his brother. Kálmán had borne the sword before Béla on the coronation day, and continued to wield it faithfully in his service till the day of his death. One fertile source of trouble to the country was therefore happily removed; but the malcontents, in their selfish folly, finding they could not humble the King through his brother, turned to Friedrich of Austria, promising to meet him with an army on the frontiers, and place the crown on his head. Nothing loth, Friedrich obeyed the summons; but the plot had been discovered, the ring-leaders secured, and when he reached the place of rendez-vous, he found himself confronted by the King and his brother at the head of an army which pursued him to the walls of Vienna, and obliged him to buy peace on Hungarian terms—a disgrace which Friedrich neither forgot nor forgave.

Shortly after this, Béla was urgently entreated by Pope Gregory IX. to assist in maintaining Baldwin II. on his tottering throne; and, for that purpose, to attack the Bulgarian King Asan, who, besides having entered into an alliance with the Emperor of Nicæa * against the Latin Empire, had yet more grievously offended the Pope by returning to the Greek Church.

Béla did not enter with much zest into the affair, even though he extorted from Pope and Emperor a promise that they would renounce in his favour all claims to the sovereignty of Bulgaria, should he succeed in dethroning King Asan. There were home affairs of more pressing importance; and Béla, after making a few preparations, abandoned a project which he seems never seriously to have entertained, in favour of one much more singular and romantic, so romantic indeed that it sounds more like a passage from the Arabian Nights, than matter-of-fact history.

From ancient chronicles † (now unhappily lost,) the brothers of St. Dominic had learnt that, when the seven Magyar tribes emigrated from the old fatherland, part of the nation had remained behind. The Dominicans were zealous missionaries, and it so grieved them to think that their fellow countrymen were still living in the darkness of heathenism, that in the reign of András II. (Béla's father,) they despatched four of the brethren to Asia in quest of the old mother country. Three years long did they wander about, enduring all manner of dangers and hardships, till one of their number, Otto, who was travelling as a merchant, met a few men who spoke the Magyar tongue, and informed him where he would find the old home of the Magyars. Delighted with his success, he at once turned his steps homewards, in order that he might make the discovery known, and also procure some companions. But he had scarcely reached Hungary and related his discoveries, when he died from the effects of the great hardships he had undergone. The Dominicans, however, by no means abandoned their

* John Dukas Vatazes, successor of Theodore Lascaris.

† Fessler and Jókai Mór.

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project, and early in King Béla's reign, proposed again to send out four missionaries. Hungary was but thinly peopled; and Béla, anxious to induce any kindred tribes to come and settle in it, gladly promised to furnish the cost of the expedition.

The four monks set out by way of Constantinople, and crossed to the eastern shore of the Black Sea, where dwelt a strange people, calling themselves Christian, and having indeed priests and prayers of the Greek Church, but living under the rule of a prince with a hundred wives. After wandering for thirteen days in the Caucasus, they reached the land of the Alani, where each little district had its independent prince. For fear of the neighbouring Tatars, they remained here six months, and were supported by the labours of one of their number, who was skilful in making wooden utensils.

At sight of the wild people and endless forests, two of the little band lost all courage to proceed further, and turned back to Hungary. The other two, Bernard and Julian, attached themselves to a caravan of merchants, and set off to discover, if possible, the unknown route by which Almos had led his seven tribes four centuries and a half before.

They found the sudden appearance of the proud Magyar warriors had not been forgotten. It was commemorated in many a dark legend and oral tradition; but whence they had come, and whither they had gone, no one knew. The caravan travelled on through lands inhabited by wild strange people, through wide deserts, through pathless forests; and on emerging from these, they found themselves before large towns of whose existence they had never before heard or dreamt. The inhabitants, who were Mahometan, gave them alms, but refused to allow them to come within their walls. The caravan had reached its destination, and they must now wander on alone, and as it seemed friendless; but at the next town their reception was more friendly, and one Mahometan even received them into his house. Bernard, however, had suffered so much from the wanderings and privations of the long journey, that he sank down and died, leaving Julian in a strange land, among strange people, to prosecute the almost hopeless search alone. Still he never gave up the hope that it would ultimately be successful, and, entering the service of a Mahometan priest, he continued his lonely wandering through Great Bulgaria. One evening, worn and weary, he stopped to rest by a well, before the gate of a large town; and having for a time watched in silence the women who were gathered there, with their tall earthen pitchers on their heads, he presently ventured to address one of them whose countenance was the most friendly and pleasing.

To his joy and astonishment, she understood him, and answered in his own language, Hungarian as pure as his own. Her words fell upon the poor monk's ear, with a sound as soothing as that of water in the desert; and he hastened to inquire whence she had come.

'From far off,' answered the woman; 'beyond the white mountains

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from which flows the great blue river, lies the great land of the Magyars, confined by no boundaries, and inhabited by a great and powerful nation.' The Dominican blessed the woman, gave thanks to God, and set out again on his way; but he no longer felt hunger, thirst, or weariness; his eyes were fixed upon the land to which he was daily drawing nearer, and the sweet sound of his mother tongue was always in his ear. On the twentieth day he reached Hungaria Magna, and there found the Magyars living just as they had done four hundred years before. They were pagans, but they worshipped one God, and were not idolaters. All their wealth consisted in their arms and horses; they possessed neither bread nor slaves, lived on the flesh of horses and wild animals, drank mare's-milk and blood, and made no attempt at cultivating the land. By the old traditions they knew that part of their nation had emigrated, and they listened well pleased to all that Julian could tell them of their relations. Many a time had the neighbouring Tatars tried to drive them from their dwellings, but, having always been repulsed, had at last made an alliance with them. At this very time an ambassador of the Tatar Khan was staying with the Magyar chief, and being able to speak the Magyar, Kuman, Russian, and German languages, informed them that 'five days' journey thence was the Tatar army, ready to march westward, for a powerful nation had lately arisen on the confines of Tatary, which threatened to be dangerous both to Tatar and Magyar. This people,' he said, 'was the broad-faced, small-eyed, blood-thirsty Mongol nation, which had determined to march westward, subduing all before it, till it reached the end of the world.'

The old chief assembled his warriors to hear what the monk had to say to them; and they listened with rapt attention while he told them of the new and powerful Hungary in Europe, of the glory of the Magyar nation, its renown, and its great kings. Their hearts throbbed when they heard him tell of the great battles, and they nodded their heads with satisfaction to think that their distant brethren had maintained the national reputation. When he announced the doctrines of the new Faith, a longing sigh rose from their hearts, as they thought 'how good it would be for the two nations to become one, to dwell in one land, and own one God and one king.'

The old chief beckoned Julian to him.

'Go back to your country,' said he to him, 'tell your brethren that evil times are at hand, for us and for them. It may be the approaching summer will sweep us from the earth. The danger, whatever it be, will find us prepared; may it be so also with them. We are the first who shall have to confront it; if it overpowers us, it will be your turn. You have heard the words of the Tatar ambassador; do not forget them, for they are true. If in a few years time, no deadly misfortune has overwhelmed our brethren, then return hither, you and as many of your fellow countrymen as you will, to seek us; but if the storm reaches your country, do not come hither, for it will not reach you till it has

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passed over our dead bodies.' Julian obeyed the old man's words; much as he was tempted to linger, he feared to do so, lest the Mongolians should suddenly appear, and then, maybe, the news of his discovery would never reach home. He started off therefore in June, crossed the Volga, and, reaching Hungary in six months time, entreated the people to prepare for the approaching storm. But they only mocked him; no one but the King believed his words till two years later, when the Mongolians were on the frontiers, and no one was prepared to resist them. The old chief had prophesied truly. The Mongolians had not been able to attack 'Lesser Hungary' save across the dead body of the 'Greater.' 'What became of our relations? They died, were dispersed, there is not one left; we are alone.'*

The Mongolians, usually but inaccurately† called Tatars, had dwelt, from time immemorial, in the wide chiefly desert district between China and Siberia. Their early history is involved in obscurity; but towards the end of the twelfth century, Temudschin, a son of one of the Khans, made himself by degrees master of chief part of Mongolia, and of many of the Tatar tribes, took the title of Dschingis or Chief Khan, subdued part of the Chinese empire, took Pekin, attacked the Petschenegen and Kumans dwelling near the Caspian and Black Sea, and after an unparalleled career of conquest, died A. D. 1227. One of his sons, Uetegai, or Oktai, succeeded him in the Great Khanship, while the three others received large inheritances under their brother. After subduing the whole of north China, Oktai sent his nephew Batu westwards, with an army of five hundred thousand men. This vast multitude marched in swarms across the Caucasus, while the people fled before them. Here and there some brave-spirited nation, such as the Circassian or Kuman, stood up to oppose them, but, after a short battle, it was overwhelmed in the storm, and the vast mass still moved swiftly and steadily on towards Hungary; and Hungary was indeed ill-prepared to meet it.

'The land was sick; so much the more bitter was the necessary medicine. The Hungarian nation has died many times, but it has never remained in the grave. God has always raised it up, renewed it, and glorified it. As then we read one of the darkest pages of Hungarian history, let us draw from it at least this consolation—that a people which has survived sword and pestilence, must be destined for ever to maintain its place among the nations of the earth.'‡

Already the frontiers were in a blaze. The squabbling noble sheathed his sword, shut himself up in his castle, and raised the draw-bridge; the Ishmaelite left half his taxes ungathered, tied his treasure up in a bundle, and fled to the fortified towns; penitential litanies resounded from the cloisters; the peasant left his plough, and inquired anxiously what was the meaning of the blood-red glare in the sky, so long after the sun had set.

* The above is taken chiefly from Jókai Mór.

† Fessler. ‡ Jókai.

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Suddenly appeared a King's-messenger, carrying a bloody sword through the land, and proclaiming wherever he went, 'Ruin! ruin! the Tatars are coming. Russia is beaten to the ground, Circassia blotted out; the Kumans are driven from their home, Poland has fallen, and now it is our turn! Asia is steeped in blood, heaps of skulls mark the site of her noble cities; it is our turn! To arms! to arms!'

The cry of terror sounded throughout the land, and was listened to as long as it lasted; but when it had died away in the distance, the peasant shrugged his shoulders and said, 'The country is not mine, I plough for all alike.'

'It is not mine,' said the merchant, 'I can go away and take my treasure with me.'

'It is not mine,' said the noble. 'It is the King's; let him defend it.' And no one moved.

Then followed more warnings.

Chiefs without people, kings without kingdoms, came flying into the country; forty thousand families, the remains of the once powerful Kuman nation, sought an asylum in Hungary, with bleeding wounds and blood-stained garments, showing that they had not given up their country without a struggle. The Kuman Prince, Kuthen, appeared at the court of his neighbour, King Béla, which was filled with fugitive chiefs, each of whom had seen his people fall, and could draw terrible pictures of the battles in which his kingdom had perished, and of those by whom it had been destroyed. But no one could say so much about them as Kuthen, whose sword was still black with their blood; and the Magyars listened attentively while he described the enemy and his mode of warfare.

But the arrival of the Kumans only added to King Béla's difficulties. They were still in a state of semi-barbarism, the Magyars distrusted them, and when a district was assigned them between the Danube and the Tisza, endless were the quarrels and misunderstandings between them and the people of the land. In order to have them better under control, it was determined to disperse them through the different counties, much to their own dissatisfaction.

Meanwhile, the Palatine with a small force of patriotic men went north to defend the mountain passes; but the greater part of the nation still either refused to believe that the Tatars were coming, or affected to believe that if they were, it was only to pursue the Kumans. Some even hoped the King might be humbled by a defeat. But all doubt as to the reality of the Tatars' intentions was soon dispelled by the arrival of messengers from Batu, summoning the King to acknowledge him as his lord, if he would save his kingdom from destruction.

Béla instantly summoned the Diet to meet at Buda, and sent ambassadors to the Princes of Western Europe, calling upon them to help him in his extremity.

It was a cold drizzling day in spring when the Diet met; everybody was out of humour. There were but two or three Magnates to be seen,

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and they kept their eyes fixed on the ground. The nobles were scattered about on the hills; here and there a few had dismounted, and were gathered in groups, listening to some eloquent demagogue. The standards of the counties were left on the hills, wet through, and hanging dismally in heavy folds, while the standard-bearer lay beneath them on the ground, wrapped up in his large rough cloak.

The King was some little time in making his appearance, as before addressing the general assembly, he wished to give audience to the ambassadors, whom he had sent to solicit assistance. Cold and comfortless answers were all they had to bring him. There was no help forthcoming. Deep despondency was depicted on the faces of all present; and the King with his uncovered head resting on his hands, for the moment seemed to despair, as he said, 'We are then left to ourselves.' He rose, and was about to leave the tent, when one of those present observed that he was uncovered, and the Archbishop Mátyus placed the crown on his head.

'It will not be mine long,' said the King bitterly; but when he came out before the people, all trace of weakness had vanished from his brow, and every look and movement was dignified and kingly. A few *eljens* were heard as he made his appearance, but they were not hearty; and as he mounted the tribune, not a single sunbeam nor a human face smiled upon him.

'Few of those summoned are here,' said the King, looking round, and taking in at a glance who of the Magnates were present; 'and those who are here have come without their troops. Yet we have but a few days in which to make preparations.'

'They dared not come,' said a voice from the crowd; and a spectre-like figure rose up to answer the King. 'You have burnt their seats, and they have nowhere to sit if they came. As for ourselves, under King András we used to bring our whole retinue, but since you have taken away our estates, we have been obliged to leave our sons at home to plough and sow.'

The King looked indignantly at the group of nobles from whom the voice proceeded. It was from them he had taken the crown-lands; and now, to show their contempt, they appeared at the Diet in old uniforms, with rusty swords; but he said quietly, 'I know you, I have seen you in every civil war, but never before the enemy. It is as I expected, those who have the largest possessions in the country are least willing to defend her. But there are still the people;' and turning from the nobles, he continued, 'I still trust you, the lower nobility, and freemen, the poorest in the land except myself. You share with me the glory of the fatherland; I call upon you to defend it.'

At any other time such a speech would have evoked a storm of *eljens*, but now there was only the same murmur as before, while an old man came forward and stood before the King, saying, as he stroked back his grey hair, 'My Lord King, you have said that the dog-headed, infidel,

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Mongolian-Tatars are at hand, and that they will burn our houses, massacre ourselves, or make slaves of us. But, in the name of my companions, I reply that there are here in your kingdom worse oppressors than the dog-headed Tatar—namely, the usurers, Jews, Ishmaelites, whom your departed father made lords not only of the country but of himself. Our houses are burnt, only the smoke is not seen; we have wars, and enemies who do not kill but flay us; they do not carry us away captive into a foreign land, but make slaves of us in our own. Therefore, if you wish us to raise our hands in your defence, you must first loose them, for they are bound.'*

As he concluded, a loud cry burst from the people, 'Down with the Ishmaelites! death to the infidel!'

The King took his signet-ring from his finger, and gave it to the Chancellor, saying, 'They shall be banished.' But still the people howled incessantly, and the old spokesman's endeavours to quiet them were quite in vain. The concession only emboldened them to make fresh demands, and one rough-looking leader came forward, saying insolently, 'I will follow you, my Lord King, but there are so many enemies in the land, we do not know against whom to fight. What use is it for us to take up arms against the enemy, when we see his comrades sitting before you, and allowed to go in and out of your palace night and day, while we can address you only on paper or through the window? It is this foreigner,' continued the demagogue, pointing to the Kuman King, 'who has brought an army into the land to prepare the way for the Tatars. He is in league with them. Did not a Kuman lately steal an ox from our herds? Two nations cannot dwell in one kingdom; either they must go out, or we. Choose, then, whose King you will be.'

But before Béla had time to speak, Kuthen laid his sword at his feet, praying him to take him prisoner and put him to death if the accusation were true. The King's body-guard meantime surrounded the unhappy Prince, and taking him out of reach of the raging multitude, placed him under a guard in one of the wings of the palace.

Again the King urged the people to prepare to follow him and attack the enemy before he crossed the frontier; but he was met by fresh murmurs, and the reminder that, by the *Bulla Aurea*, no noble was bound to follow the King to war beyond the frontier, unless the latter paid his expenses.

Disgusted with such coldness and selfishness, when every moment lost brought the nation a step nearer her grave, the King rose impatiently from his seat, saying, 'Go; your assistance is not needed. Go home! I will defend the country with mercenaries.' But, alas! the treasurer whispered to his Majesty that there was no money wherewith to pay troops.

Béla turned to his usual money-lender, a baptized Mahometan, who was wont to lend him money at a high rate of interest; and the money-

* In his extremity, Béla had obtained the consent of the Pope to farming the taxes to Jews, &c., in spite of the *Bulla Aurea*.

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lender, bowing humbly to the earth, said, 'My Lord, I am an Ishmaelite, banished from your kingdom. I leave this land to-morrow.'

It was enough to drive any poor king wild, and Béla struck his forehead in despair.

The Diet lasted several days, but with little satisfactory result. The deliberations were still going on, when, on the 11th March, a message came from the Palatine, saying that the enemy in great force was close upon him, and would shortly cross the Carpathians, for it would be impossible for him to defend the pass unless he were reinforced without delay.

Four days later the Diet was suddenly disturbed by the sound of a trumpet, and presently a small band of men were seen toiling wearily across the heath, bringing with them a few tattered banners. Before them rode a man with battered helmet, pierced armour, and a shield so indented with blows that the crest was hardly distinguishable. His followers, who scarcely numbered a hundred, were in similar plight. Struck dumb with terror, the crowd recognized in him the Palatine, whom they supposed to be defending the mountain pass in the Carpathians. He rode up to the King, and stood, unable to speak. At length, after several attempts, he stammered, 'God and the Holy Virgin bless your royal head!' then, turning to the people, he told how 'he had defended the pass for seven days, till overpowered by the Mongols, who had poured through in vast numbers, and were already in Hungary.' A terrible cry rose from the hearts of all present, as he concluded his short speech. The King alone showed no signs either of grief or fear. All his indecision was gone. He signed to the Bishop of Vácz* to approach, gave his wife and children, together with the holy crown, into his charge, bade him take the relics of St. István from Stuhlweissenburg, and convey all the most precious treasures of King and country to a place of safety in Austria. Then his face brightened; he drew his sword, and raising it on high, exclaimed, 'The life of the country is in the Hand of God, but its honour is in mine. Let all who are ready to die for the glory of their country follow me! but let all those who prefer to live in shame, remain behind!'

Thousands of swords flashed from their sheaths at these words, and their owners shouted, as with one voice, 'We will follow you, and die with you!' The Magnates waved their rusty swords; the Ishmaelites, with the enthusiasm of fear, emptied their money-bags before the throne; the Bishops put on armour, and the people raised the King on a shield and bore him about in triumph. It seemed at that moment as though the country were saved; for the nearness of the danger had startled all out of their selfishness; and lord and peasant, noble and priest, hastened to the rendez-vous at Pest.

Kálmán, the King's brother, came with the legions of Croatia; Friedrich of Austria too came with a small escort, rather fit for a

* Waitzen.

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hunting party than a battle field. Had it been possible to gain time, all might have been well, but already the Mongols were within half a day's journey of Pest; the horizon was red with the flames of burning towns and villages, and scarcely a third of the Hungarian army was assembled. Cities and castles which had been deemed impregnable had fallen before the terrible foe, whose march was so rapid and so noiseless that the inhabitants had no notice of his approach until he was already upon them, and it was too late to arm in self-defence. Batu Khan's scouts came sometimes up to the very walls of Pest, plundering all they could lay hands upon in the neighbourhood; and the Hungarian army burnt with eagerness to begin the attack. But Béla was determined to wait till all his forces were collected, though the delay irritated the people, who looked upon his prudence as cowardice. One Sunday, indeed, Ugrin, Archbishop of Kalócsa, disobeyed orders, and attacked the Mongols beneath the walls of Vácz. The Mongols fled at this unexpected attack, and the Archbishop pursued them till they came to a morass. The Mongols, unencumbered by armour, flew lightly over it on their swift small horses; while Ugrin's heavy-armed troops floundered piteously, sinking deeper and deeper as they tried to struggle onwards, till at last, being unable to move, they fell an easy prey to the showers of arrows which the Mongols turned to pour on them. The Archbishop and four of his followers escaped with great difficulty to Pest, upbraiding the King for not coming to his assistance. Meanwhile, the Mongols fell upon the now defenceless city of Vácz, and slew its inhabitants. The women had taken refuge in the Cathedral, but they did not escape, for the Mongols set fire to it, and all perished in the flames. Meanwhile, the Duke of Austria, after a skirmish, in which he had himself taken a prisoner, returned home, having done harm rather than good; for, unfortunately, his prisoner turned out to be a Kuman, one whom the Mongols had taken captive and compelled to join their army. The Hungarians were furious, and they shouted beneath the windows of the palace, that the King himself had brought the enemy upon them by receiving the Kumans. The enraged mob at last broke into the palace, slew the King's guards, made their way to Prince Kuthen, and, after a desperate resistance on his part, slew him and his children, and threw their heads into the street. The Kuman troops were just then advancing to join the King's army. Béla at once sent a messenger to warn them of what had occurred; but alas! the news had travelled faster; and as soon as it was known in the country, the Magyars and Kumans fell upon one another. After destroying several Magyar towns, the Kumans retreated southwards, having given up all idea of joining the Hungarian army; and on the way, unfortunately encountered Count Miklos and a Bishop hastening with their followers to Pest. Not one of these escaped the vengeance of the Kumans, who soon after, for the most part, quitted Hungary.

(To be continued.)

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RECOLLECTIONS OF HURSLEY VICARAGE.

BY FRANCES M. WILBRAHAM.

'He who hath found a fledged bird's nest, can tell
At first sight that the bird is flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.'

Vaughan.

My dear Friend,

You express a wish for some more detailed and connected account than we have hitherto given you, of our visits to Hursley Vicarage, and of its late beloved inhabitants. It will be a real refreshment to endeavour to gratify the wish, for I reckon it one of the tenderest amongst the many tender mercies which have brightened my life, that for thirteen years that dear spot was open to me, becoming more and more home-like each time that I visited it. What a treasury of 'sad sweet memories' have those visits, and the frequent letters which bridged over the intervals between them, stored up, memories fraught with comfort and hope, and supplying strong incentives to the practice of all that is pure, lovely, and of good report. Would that I had the power of setting them vividly before you!

It was in the autumn of 1852 that I first saw Winchester, the grand old town, whose Cathedral and grey walls carry one back in thought far beyond the Norman conquest. The friends who welcomed us under William of Wykeham's College roof had been for many years on terms of affectionate intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Keble; and before a week had passed they proposed that we should accompany them to Hursley, one calm warm October forenoon, and stay for evening service at four o'clock.

Some of us drove there, some walked. I was of the latter faction, and much enjoyed crossing the undulating chalky downs, with their round green heads, here and there scarred with dazzling white, and topped with yew trees in single file that shewed dark and ragged against the sky. After a walk of some miles, which a soft pure breeze rendered less fatiguing than it must otherwise have been, my brother and I came rather suddenly upon woodland scenery, and followed a narrow lane, rich with masses of downy white wild clematis, till it led us down into the Romsey road. I remember noticing near this lane a draw-well, with a picturesque pent-house roof sheltering it. Straggling houses, all neat and cared for, now betokened the nearness of Hursley village, and also of a manorial residence. In fact, Hursley Park skirted our road, a rising ground clothed with trees, either in masses of rich autumnal colouring, or standing single like golden lamps, their foliage full, though discoloured. Soon the church met our eyes, half hidden by tall lime

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trees, but before reaching it we turned through the Vicarage gate, leaving the village school-house and play-ground to our left. It so happened that the little girls were at play, some singing, others dancing in a ring; all paused and curtseyed to us as we passed. At once that description in the Lyra Innocentium flashed across my mind, of village maidens making

'Their obeisance low
As forest blue-bells in a row,
Stoop to the first May wind, sweeping o'er each in turn.'

The Vicarage porch looks north, and is covered, or rather loaded with ivy, which climbs up to the roof of the house. Here Mr. Keble greeted us, emerging from his little study, the door of which, as I afterwards noticed, oftener than not, stood open. It gave one a thrill to be thus brought into contact with the author of the Christian Year, the man who more than any other living person, had moulded one's thoughts, defined one's Church-principles, sobered yet deepened one's feelings on the most momentous of subjects. Was it really he, the helper and guide of thousands, who now received us with such unaffected kindness, led us to the sunny room, half library half drawing-room, where Mrs. Keble was, and invited us to rest after our four miles walk? His features indeed were familiar to us, as to most people, from the engraving of Richmond's first portrait of him, taken in middle life for Sir John Coleridge. Now the original stood before me, and I saw at a glance that face and figure had been faithfully portrayed. The forehead was pale and serene, the hair silvery; doubtless this token of advancing years must have helped to give softness and refinement to the features; eyebrows sprinkled with white shaded eyes of singular brilliancy and depth of expression, as ready (I afterwards well knew) to light up with mirth and mischief while playful talk was going on, as they were to melt into mournful earnestness when graver topics were broached. He habitually wore glasses, but used often to take them off and hold them in his hand when conversing with animation. An old and dear friend of his has told me that he 'looked almost boyish till about fifty, and after that rapidly aged in outward appearance.' At this time he was in his sixty-first year, healthy and strong, and active. Often since have we been privileged to accompany him in his parish walks; and even when close upon seventy, we have seen him scramble up and down steep banks and hill sides with ease. In appearance he was quite one's ideal of an old-fashioned country clergyman, but of one whose Oxford days were fresh in his mind; there was a touch of '*vieille cour*' in his manner, which added, I think, to its charm. His voice in speaking was rather low, and especially so when the subject of conversation was very near his heart. It often struck me, when listening to him, that without the slightest effort or aim at effect, he always hit upon the most suitable and telling words (and the shortest) in which to clothe his ideas. This unconscious beauty of language, coupled with the originality and wisdom

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of the ideas themselves, riveted them in one's memory; the look too, with which they were uttered, could not be forgotten, and rises as vividly before my mind's eye 'through the golden mist of years' as though it belonged to the present, instead of the 'long ago.'

But these are impressions left by many days of happy intercourse. We must return to that first meeting, and to that drawing-room, and to Mrs. Keble, its sweet presiding genius. Two windows, one looking east, the other south, one framed with jessamine, the other (at that time) with yellow and white Banksia rose trees, lighted this room. The former looked out on the old church tower and its newly added taper spire, only divided from the Vicarage by a terrace, a garden-plot, very bright and trimly kept, and a line of tall bushes. A few flower-beds, and a gravel walk leading down a slope to the churchyard; beyond that a paddock shut in by trees, 'faded yet full,' were the objects visible from the south window. It was a completely *homey* view, suited to the spot which one who afterwards rested there a day or two after hard work and conflict at the Antipodes, designated 'a paradise of peace and tranquillity.' It made me think of a lark's nest, so sheltered and warm, greenery all round, and blue sky overhead. It had not the charm of hazy distances and far-away hills; but these, with sea and island, and indented shore, were visible from several points in the parish, so Mr. Keble had not far to seek for most of the word-landscapes which his poems contain. It is not often that such Arcadian scenes present themselves to us, dwellers north of Trent, hemmed in, as we increasingly are, by coal or iron or manufacturing districts; so we enjoyed their quiet beauty to the utmost.

I well remember how fully Mrs. Keble seemed to enter into our enjoyment. Dear Mrs. Keble, the acquaintance of an hour then, the truest, wisest, most revered friend afterwards! I would not, if I could, attempt, even to you, to describe such an one; it is enough to say that her graceful, fragile, yet dignified figure, those delicate features, varying in colour and expression, and that sweet low voice, more than realized my ideal of the exterior of a poet's wife; there was nothing in her surroundings to jar with this first impression. Her dress (then and always) seemed to me peculiarly resting to the eye by its soft colouring and texture. On the open piano-forte lay an inviting selection of music, much of it Mendelssohn's; and in after days, I frequently heard her play, not indeed brilliantly, but with a delicate touch and intense delight in good music, especially sacred. Her pencil drawings were singularly effective; one of them you will remember, a copy of Raphael's two adoring angels in the Madonna del Sisto, done by her in early life, and by her expressed desire, sent to me after her death; the attitudes of both angels, and the rapt expression of the up-turned faces, are admirably rendered, evidently done 'con amore.'

How smoothly that day glided by! not so rapidly as days marked in white usually do, from the very depth of the interest stamped on its

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sayings and doings. Some cheerful talk, kindly and sparkling, occupied the first hour; then dinner, 'the great event of the day, after all,' as our host playfully said.

The afternoon was spent with Mrs. Keble out of doors. We drove through the Park to Merdon Castle, or rather to the spot where its foundations and a crumbling remnant of old tower and wall, still remain, witnesses to its former grandeur and strength. We wandered long among the swelling turf-covered mounds, dotted with stunted yews, from which an expanse of wooded park was visible. After a while Mr. Keble appeared, accompanied by my brother, and he took us down to see the old well which supplied the castle with water in its various sieges. We talked of the old days of King Stephen, whose brother Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, built this castle, with five others, now all demolished. It was hard to realize that round this solitary place then raged the most savage desolating warfare England ever experienced—a warfare of which the chronicler says that they who witnessed its miseries used to cry out that 'Christ had forgotten them.' The well, we were told, is three hundred feet deep, and the little stones we threw down it confirmed the statement, by the length of time they took in reaching the bottom. Mrs. Keble said that when last it was cleaned a vast number of pins, thrown down by curious visitors, by way of sounding its depth, were found embedded in the mud. A black leather water-bucket, also, of the antique form now only seen in heraldry, had been discovered in it. We turned back to the Vicarage, after casting one more look towards the russet-coloured Hursley woods. 'Some day,' said Mr. Keble, 'I should like to shew you my cathedral; it is over *there*.' I had the happiness of visiting this cathedral with him afterwards; it was a fine avenue of beech trees, tall and regular in their growth, and arching overhead somewhat like a groined and vaulted roof. What a quick eye he had for anything, great or small, of natural beauty! a thorn tree, covered with green misletoe, another tree, leafless and blighted, but clothed with a lichen that looked like frosted silver—nothing was lost upon him. He described picturesquely the having witnessed the sudden, spontaneous fall of a tree crowned with foliage, and seemingly full of life, but which must have had decay at its core for years past.

The church bell called us to Evensong, and we took our places with Mrs. Keble in the tower, the only part of the old structure which had not been pulled down or cased with new stone-work. It was of grey stone, with many large pebbles imbedded in it. Within were some monumental tablets which had been removed from the body of the church; one was to the memory of several members of the Cromwell family, Richard Cromwell having lived at Hursley after his abdication, and died and been buried here. The body of the church, which was brick, is replaced by one of stone, with a broad open-seated nave, and side aisles. When first we saw it, all the windows were of stained glass, and formed a regular series of subjects from Old and New Testament history, in imitation of

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the magnificent Belgian glass in the church of Mr. Keble's dear native Fairford. This amount of coloured window rendered Hursley Church very dark, an inconvenience afterwards remedied by piercing dormer windows in the high-pitched roof. However, in the fading light, it looked very solemn; the east window exactly opposite to us represented the Crucifixion, and I cannot forget how deeply that central Figure impressed me, the drooping Head and out-stretched Arms seen in dim outline against the pale sky. The congregation was small; a few women, two or three old men in linen frocks, a couple of blind paupers led in from the poor-house near at hand, a sprinkling of gentlefolks resident in or near the pleasant village, seemed to compose it. Mr. Keble and his then curate and dear friend, Mr. Peter Young, shared the service, the former reading the Lessons. Some choir boys sang, or more properly attempted, the Canticles to a rather difficult Gregorian. At the church door we took our leave, and returned home in the dusky twilight.

In 1853 Mr. Keble was already at work on his Life of Bishop Wilson, though it did not see the light till ten years later. He often said that it was a great solace to him to be thus led to contemplate that saintly character so closely. He enjoyed too re-editing his works, and rescuing them from the miserable garbling they underwent during the last century. The Bishop, as you know, was a Cestrian, born at Burton, a village situated on the estuary of the Dee. During a sea-residence of some weeks in that neighbourhood, I employed myself in taking sketches, more accurate than artistic, of the cottage where he was born, and the school and church which he built. I made acquaintance too with an aged spinster named Pickance, the lineal descendant of the Bishop's steward, and from her gleaned some traditions of his childhood and boyhood, which seemed worthy of his biographer's notice. Mrs. Keble thus writes about them: 'Mr. Keble is, I assure you, as much pleased with the pictures, as you in your kindness could have wished him to be. The sketch of the school is so pretty, as well as interesting, and quite agrees with our recollections of it. He thanks you much for taking pains to get information for him. He has an insatiable thirst for every little particular which can be at all satisfactorily made out. The anecdote about the dog* was quite a prize in this way. If it is true that the "boy is the father to the man," one may plainly trace the relationship in this trait; and it is very interesting to think of the child's care for his charge, so like the bishop's for *his*. I think you will most likely see it figure in "the Life" if the present writer is allowed to complete it. He has been very busy lately with the Confirmation work, trying to get the young people as well prepared as he could before the harvest work begins, when it is difficult to get hold of them. This has interrupted his writing a good deal, and I suppose he will hardly be able to throw himself into it again

* Bishop Wilson, when a little child, had a favourite dog, and shewed much distress because the animal might not go to church with him on Sundays.

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with the same energy as before, until after the Confirmation. He finds it so absorbing when he is fairly at work on the bishop, that he cannot easily lay it aside, but for this very reason I'm afraid the public will still have some time to wait.'

On St. Peter's Day, 1854, we returned to Hursley; in my diary, I find the visit thus briefly noticed: 'Drove to the Vicarage with Dr. M——, reached it just as they were going into church; Mr. Keble officiated single-handed; we lingered afterwards in the garden with Mrs. Keble; *he* soon joined us, and asked eagerly for the latest tidings from Varna. He looked worn and pre-occupied, and soon carried off Dr. M—— to the straight walk skirting the church-yard, where they paced to and fro, in deep discussion. It was the Oxford University Reform Bill, then pending, which caused him such painful anxiety.'

Mr. Keble had been suffering of late from a pain and weakness in his right wrist, which had threatened to disable him from writing. This privation he was mercifully spared; and he spoke very thankfully of its removal. Often since that time have I seen him seated at the round table in the drawing-room, calmly writing in that small, rather rounded, legible hand of his, quite undisturbed by our talk, music, or reading aloud.

This power of abstracting himself (he used to say) he owed to early training. He had, as you know, been educated with his brother and sisters at home; and their father, he said, had used them so to concentrate their attention, each on his or her own lesson, as to be almost unaware of the buzz of voices around them. One word more (after this digression) respecting Mr. Keble's experience of pain; possibly, even his earnest and ready sympathy may have been deepened by it; for he certainly was specially compassionate towards sick and suffering people. I have seen him quite overcome, and unable to restrain his tears, after ministering at the bed-side of a young parishioner afflicted with disease in the hip-joint. Towards the old and the poor, he was tenderly thoughtful; often, on his return from his parochial rounds, he used to describe minutely to Mrs. Keble the aches and pains of some infirm cottager, and consult with her how best to relieve them; and her practical suggestions and aid were ever at his service.

A real sorrow to Mr. Keble, at this time, was the war just breaking out in the East. It grieved him sorely that England should have been compelled to league herself with a Mahometan power against another Christian nation. He had a great love for the Greek Church, and could not bear that her sons should come into conflict with those of our own communion. Of course, I am not pretending to say what his political views on the subject of the war were, but as a Christian, it was very repugnant to his feelings. Yet the individual acts of heroism (often Christian heroism) which that war gave birth to, and the wonderful endurance shewn during the course of it by our officers and men, kindled his highest enthusiasm. A really soldierly spirit had great charms for

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him; 'as for the siege and the war (he wrote a little later) I will not talk about it, for I really have nothing to remark about it, and my mere feelings would do nobody any good. Only I will say that it seems to me to have brought out the United Services better . . . . . than anything that has occurred in my time.' Again he writes, 'I return the good Colonel's letter, with many thanks for our being allowed to read it; I wish it were as hopeful in regard to our prospects, as it is sweet and instructive in regard to the writer.'

On the day of this our second visit to Hursley, to which I must now revert, mention was made of the capture of an English vessel, the Tiger, by the Russians, and of the detention of her officers at Moscow. 'I always heard,' said Mr. Keble, with a half smile, 'that the Russians were a cruel people, but never imagined such a refinement of torture as sending *middies* to the University of Moscow to study!'

The conversation presently turned upon parish topics, and on a reading-room (which he took us to see) lately fitted up under his eye for the use of farmers' sons and other young men in the winter evenings. Chess-boards, draft-boards, a good fire, coffee, I believe, and a good set of books, had been selected to make it attractive. Amongst the works of fiction were some of Scott's novels, and Mr. Keble, himself a great admirer of Scott, had been troubled that morning by a parishioner's remarks on some of the scenes in Old Mortality. The good man, he said, had been grievously scandalized by the Scripture quotations put into the mouths of some of the Covenanters, old 'Mause' especially. He could not be made to see that such descriptions were meant to illustrate the spirit of that age and country; to him they seemed pure irreverence; and Mr. Keble was minded to withdraw the work at once, lest it should shock or blunt the religious feelings of rustic readers.

Late in August, 1855, Mr. Keble says in a letter to my brother, in the Crimea, 'I cannot say that my wife has returned to her strength, though the worst pain of her tic (which has tried her a great deal this spring and summer) has happily gone by; but she is as 'weak as water,' and in two or three days time I hope to take her to the sea, perhaps at Hastings, for a short time—what next after, I know not. It has been a good summer to stay at home, most beautiful foliage and flowers, and now the harvest is approaching, late, but with good promise, if the rains of last week have not too much beaten it down; I am sorry, though, to hear some little whisper of blight.' . . . . . Respecting Church matters he writes sadly: 'As for our Sebastopol, (Venerable City,) it is, to my thinking, more closely beset than ever by the united forces of the Latins, Ultra-Protestants, Infidels. . . . . The best symptom about it seems the increasing amount of work done by the clergy in their parishes; the worst, the undeniable prevalence of Germanism, &c., at Oxford. The only thing for it is to *live* on from day to day (would that one *worked* on also) hoping the best and expecting the worst.' 'This last week (he adds) I

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have been to a consecration of a church at Sir G. Prevost's place in Gloucestershire, and a most beautiful sight to me it was—on the slope of Stinchcombe Hill, with noble trees around it, and glimpses of the Severn, and a very pretty country between them; two bishops and seventy or eighty clergy in their surplices, and a very good musical service got up entirely there and in one or two villages at hand; the Bishop of Oxford preaching, and an offertory of £235 for a church beautifully restored and enlarged.'

Then follows the account of a parochial meeting, such as Mr. Keble specially enjoyed. 'We have had a Capetown, or rather Grahamstown gathering in our school-room, and a Mr. Fleming, once an army chaplain, came and told us some things about the Kafirs which surprised me. One was that they were (not surmised but) ascertained to be descendants of Abraham by Ishmael. We have also had the W——s, whom you ought to know, giving what I call fearful accounts of the mighty absorbing work which seems to be going on in Rome, and how the converts, at least such as W. P——, if they will *but be* converts, are allowed to retain what intellectual scruples they please; and to tell everybody so—at least, that is what *he* does. What can be the issue of such a system?' After alluding to the recent death of Dr. Pusey's elder brother at Christ Church, and the alarming illness of Mr. Marriott, he concludes with a remark one can scarcely endorse: 'What a gossiping unsubstantial letter this is; I should hardly have troubled you with it had I known what it would turn out to be when I began.'

I must now try and set before you another member of the Keble family, the sister Elisabeth,* whose life was divided between Bisley and Hursley Vicarages. It was in the summer of 1856 that E—— and I met her for the first time under her poet-brother's roof. I like to look back on those first days of peaceful intercourse, and the gradual melting away of the reserve, most sweet and gentle in its character, which wrapped her round at first. We had previously heard much of her, as being a great sufferer, and a most patient one; we had heard too, that from being educated with her brothers, and possessing great natural abilities, she was not far behind them in acquirements, so you may imagine we looked with reverence at the fragile looking person whom Mrs. Keble led us up to on our first arrival. 'La souffrance a passé par là,' was my first thought as I glanced at the delicate blanched face; my next and abiding thought was, 'and surely patience has had her perfect work there.' There was a certain degree of likeness between the features of the sister and brother, the same soft brightness in the eyes. There was a peculiar stillness and quietness about dear Miss Keble. She told us one day, that probably from that cause, animals and birds seemed to lose all fear of her. One day, sitting on the lawn at Fairford, she espied a nest with four unfledged nestlings in it, which had been blown down from a neighbouring tree;

* Miss Keble always spelt her name in the Scripture fashion.—Ed.

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a friend who was with her picked it up and set it on her knee, then went to fetch the gardener that he might replace it on its bough. No sooner was Miss Keble alone, than the parent birds, which had been hovering round, took heart of grace, and actually brought food to their young ones, alighting on her knee to feed them, flying off again, and returning regularly and frequently with a fresh store. She observed (by the way) that while they fed three of the callow creatures in regular order, they invariably omitted to feed the fourth! Another day, when she was sitting out of doors, a wren was attracted by a pattern of small berries on her muslin gown. It pecked at them, and seemingly disappointed in its hope of something good to eat, it made its way under the muslin flounce, and pecked at the tantalizing berries from within. Miss Keble was, in her quiet way, as great an admirer, or rather lover of nature, as her brother. Ill health sadly limited her enjoyments in this respect; but I have seen her sitting at the window for long together, enjoying the sight of the fleecy clouds sailing across a tender blue sky, and forming a background to the beautiful spire of the church. I remember her delight in the clusters of straw-coloured Banksia roses, that peeped in at her pleasant white-curtained bed-room window, and her gentle invitation to come in and enjoy them. One great link between us all was my acquaintance with their native haunts. I had spent many weeks near Cirencester with friends who were devoted to church architecture, and we had visited together most of the noteworthy churches thereabouts —glorious Fairford especially, Bisley, Coln St. Alwyn, and Mayesy-Hampton, with its old Rectory, the frequent resting-place of Richard Hooker—the residence in early life of Mrs. Keble and her Bisley sister. These and other homes of their family, we used often to talk of; and though Mr. Keble would shake his head and exclaim, 'Ah, there, you people are off to Gloucestershire again!' yet he often lingered near, and joined in the conversation; I remember an amusing debate *which* ranked lowest in the scale of intellect, the 'Modern Bœotians' as we Cestrians have been styled, or the famous 'moon-rakers' of Gloucestershire. Miss Keble, when tolerably well, entered into these discussions with much quiet fun.

Miss Keble's love of Dante furnished another subject of mutual interest. We had just returned from Evening Service at seven, and were sitting together in the fading light, when it chanced that some quotation was made from that wonderful poet; Mrs. Keble at once brought us a copy of the Divina Commedia, then a second copy for Miss Keble's use; and we spent a happy evening in reading two or three very favourite, and not very difficult, cantos of the Paradiso; Mr. Keble standing by, with his Latin dictionary in his hand, to which he often referred, would not suffer a word or a phrase to pass without fathoming its meaning. The sublime scene, (Cantos 24–26,) in which Dante is interrogated by the three chief Apostles, concerning his faith, hope, and love, impressed him much. So, at another time, did Dante's fearless invectives against the wickedness of several popes. He examined, with

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interest, some passages relating to the blessed Virgin, in order to ascertain Dante's theological views respecting her. The hours spent then and afterwards, in carefully studying those last cantos of the Paradiso, and also some exquisite passages in the opening of the Purgatorio, were supremely delightful.

Miss Keble's presence gave a completeness to the Hursley Sunday, bright and refreshing as that day always was in that house. She would make her entrance after we were seated at the eight o'clock breakfast-table, her brother always rising to meet her with a sort of reverential tenderness. It was beautiful to see their devotion to one another; and Mrs. Keble's to them both. Conversation seemed naturally to flow into channels suited to the day; not unfrequently, it turned upon one or other of the Old Testament characters: on Saul, the bright promise of whose youth was so mournfully quenched in later life; or Esau, whose profaneness of heart, Mr. Keble said, we were apt to overlook, dazzled by a sort of reckless generosity which, to shallow minds, rendered him more loveable than his twin brother. The friendship of David and Jonathan, and the sins and sorrows, as well as the virtues, of King David, were such living realities to Mr. Keble, that he almost broke down when alluding to them. We remember his observing, that David's crime was probably kept from the knowledge of all, except Joab, until it was recorded in the Bible—a view of the matter which was new to us. We remember too his quoting a rule among the early Fathers, not to allow themselves to pass judgment on Scripture personages. He dwelt on the sweetness of Ruth's character and history; but pointed out, as one of the infinite condescensions of our blessed Lord, that He should have numbered amongst His ancestors *her*, who was a Moabitess, and Rahab, one of the doomed race of Canaan.

After breakfast, we helped Mrs. Keble in her Sunday-school, under the green lime-trees; then adjourned to church, where Miss Keble was already established. It was the Sunday on which a thanksgiving for peace with Russia was to be offered up throughout the land; and you may be sure no one rejoiced in it more (or sympathized more in our private causes for deep gratitude) than Mr. Keble. There was a good congregation; the men, many of them in linen frocks, sitting on one side of the nave, the women on the other. Mr. Keble preached on Colossians iii.; and after touching upon the blessings of earthly peace, he went on to speak of the peace of God, founded on love to Him, and to our neighbour for His sake. He bade us, in his simple pithy way, not merely cherish peace as a feeling, but cultivate it as a duty. He pointed out the prayers for it, both in our Morning and Evening Service, as for a thing indispensable for our well-being. It must '*rule* in our hearts, governing each thought, word, and act; it must keep us in the communion of the Church, for we are called to it, not as individuals only, but "in one body;" and, possessing it, we shall be "thankful." Amid all our cheerful conversation, nay, our mirth, we must be sure we keep deep

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down in our hearts a flow of serious earnest thought.' These were some of his words. How completely he acted upon this principle, what still pure depths lay beneath the bright ripple of his playful wit, those who knew him best could best tell.

On this very subject of Peace, I remember his owning that there was truth in the passage from 'Maud,' beginning, 'Why do they prate of the blessings of peace?' and he added, with a smile, that under his own eye, two rough ne'er-do-well young men, 'regular cubs,' had enlisted, and returned from Sebastopol greatly improved by hardship and discipline.

In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Keble each went to the Sunday-school. He invited me, I recollect, to come and take a class for him: 'Ladies' teaching was often most effective with boys; it roused the dormant chivalry in them.' However, it ended by our both helping Mrs. Keble, who even then often overtasked her strength in her efforts to do good. She made over to us a nice intelligent set of first-class girls, many of whom had, at her suggestion, learnt by heart a surprising number of psalms. These, she hoped, would be a safeguard to them in after life. By her desire, we read to them a 'Sunday story' after the graver teaching was over: in another Sunday-school, in Hursley parish, the presiding lady made her older scholars write 'résumés' of Scripture history in the afternoons, to their great enjoyment, as well as profit. We thankfully adopted this plan in our Cheshire school, as a help and variety, and a preventive against the dullness which Sunday teaching is often accused of. The Hampshire accent sounded almost 'mincing' in our ears, accustomed to the broad dialect of the North Western counties. Mr. Keble took much interest in these differences of dialect; and half envied us, I think, some of our Saxon words, such as 'fremd' for stranger, 'leer' for empty, or 'th'onder' for the sunset.

After evening church, followed the sweet restful lingering about the garden, the cheerful tea-table, the spell of Dante, then reading or talk, as inclination might prompt, till bed-time. Bishop Wilson's well-known Form was used when the little household assembled for evening prayers; and after it some short petitions, for the sick of the parish, for those distressed in mind, for the Church under her present troubles, &c. Then Mrs. Keble expressed a wish that 'Sun of my soul' should be sung; and we joined in the 'dear familiar strain' as best we could; Mr. Keble, meanwhile, quietly reading his book apart.

I often wondered, and longed to know, what his precise feeling was towards the 'Christian Year,' and whether its words gave *him* any portion of the comfort they have conveyed to thousands. But he never volunteered any mention of the book; and with all his wonderful child-like humility, there was a something about him which quite forbade one's pressing upon him any topic to which he did not readily respond. Whatever his feeling respecting the book may have been during his lifetime, may we not humbly believe that it will prove to him a crown of rejoicing at the last day?

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Mr. Keble delighted in the poem on 'Sunday,' written by Archdeacon Freeman. One day he said to me, 'Many people give *me* the credit of having written those verses; I wish I had, for they are excellent!'

Certainly, the Sundays at his vicarage shadowed forth the 'faultless charities above,' as clearly as one can ever expect to see them on earth.

It was the morning after that 'Peace Sunday,' (which was also Trinity Sunday,) that we attended early prayers as usual, and afterwards went round the church with the Vicar as our cicerone. We began with the baptistery, its 'penitential window,' and the font, with its rich canopy, an anonymous gift. Then he pointed out the connected series of Scripture subjects in the windows; and spoke much of those surpassingly beautiful ones,* captured at sea by the Bristol merchant (or pirate) Tame, in the sixteenth century, and placed in a church built expressly for them at Fairford.

Many scenes and characters in Holy Writ had been stamped on Mr. Keble's childish memories by those glowing gem-like panes; and he said that he wished his juvenile parishioners to have something of the same training. Some of his windows, however, had disappointed him, and he hoped to have them altered by-and-by. He pointed out the 'rose and pomegranate'† on either side of the cross in the east window—emblems, he had been told, of the blessed Virgin and of St. John. He looked lovingly at the delicate stone carvings in the chancel; the capitals of the pillars enriched with oak and maple leaves, and ivy, and birds (the swallow and sparrow of the eighty-fourth Psalm) and, if I remember right, butterflies.‡

Mr. Keble spoke in a low voice of the suitableness of flowers for marking the various holy-days of the Church: then he spoke of the holy-days themselves. One of us alluded to Easter Eve as her 'favourite day in the whole year, though a Fast.' 'I love that day best too,' Mr. Keble answered; then after a pause, he added, with indescribable sweetness of look and tone, 'perhaps *because* it is a fast: the days of humiliation seem to suit one best, as long as one is here.' On the encaustic tiles, which formed the risers of the chancel steps, were printed several of the Beatitudes. There was depth and meaning in all the details of the church.

Mr. Keble had now a pastoral visit to pay at a neighbouring farm; and we followed him thither by appointment, and waited below-stairs, chatting with the housewife, who apologized needlessly for her tidy kitchen being 'all of a caddle.' By-and-bye he came down, and we accompanied him along a lane said to have been called the King's Lane

* Said to have been designed by Albert Durer.

† Not in the present glass.—Ed.

‡ That butterfly was transformed, not from a caterpillar, but a snail. The sculptor made it a snail, but Mr. Keble did not like it at first. The next day he had thought of a good symbol for it, but the sculptor had altered it.—Ed.

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ever since the corpse of William Rufus was conveyed along it to Winchester, in Purkis the charcoal-burner's cart.

We halted at a cottage, to ask after a motherless baby, the grandchild of one of the principal farmers in the parish, which had been put out to nurse there. Its grandfather came in; a fine old man, with great natural courtesy of manner. He walked with us some way; and when the Vicar asked permission to take us through a meadow, which was no thoroughfare, to a pretty fir wood beyond, he answered heartily, 'There is no place in the parish where Mr. Keble is not welcome to go.' So we entered the fields, and skirted hedge-banks rich with blue-bells, and pleasantly shady. I remember pausing to enjoy a profusion of stitchwort, which shone out star-like amongst the green grass on the bank; but Mr. Keble only glanced at it, and said, 'I am not fond of white flowers.' He excepted the lily, however, declaring that it was 'perfect.'

We were now on high ground, and a striking view of coast and island was spread before us; overhead were snowy clouds moving rapidly over a sky of tender blue, and gleams of sunshine reflected and quenched by turns in the distant Southampton water. The conversation, like those waters, was sometimes grave, sometimes sparkling: Mr. Keble gave us cheerful sketches of his early life, and especially of his first experiences as curate of Hursley. We felt it to be no small privilege when he thus touched on his own history, for, to use the expressive French phrase, he was '*detaché de soi*,' to a degree seldom met with. It was curious to observe the difference—the contrast, rather—between the estimation in which others held him, and that in which he held himself. We, comparing him with other men, saw how bright was the light he shed around him; he, judging himself doubtless by no human standard, looked up habitually to the one faultless Pattern; what wonder then that the shadows of remaining imperfection, which others could scarcely detect, showed dark and heavy to himself? This lowliness, so far from having anything strained about it, seemed 'second nature' in him, and added to his real dignity. He was one of the last persons with whom anyone possessed of even ordinary tact could have taken a liberty. I have seen him put impertinent curiosity to the rout by his serene simplicity of manner and speech.

While our host beguiled the way by his reminiscences, rich not so much in incident as in 'homely thoughts and simple views' vividly portrayed, we reached a hanging wood, mostly of fir and larch, and scrambled merrily down its steep banks, slippery from layers of fir-needles. Then we reached a field of young corn, of pre-Raphaelite greenness, on the edge of which we stopped to rest. There he gave us details of the death of a little child, in whom he had taken a warm interest, and of a curious presentiment one of its friends had had concerning it; then, for the first time since we had known him, he alluded to that unseen state of being which his heart so yearned after. In

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later days, he often recurred to the subject—especially after his dearly loved sister's death—always speaking in that quiet subdued voice, which with him bespoke great earnestness. Of course, one *would* not write down such words, even if one *could* do them justice; but the impression I gathered from them, and should like to convey to you, is, that he thought of the holy dead as very near. To think of their present freedom from sin and temptation, seemed the greatest refreshment to his mind; while it inspired him with a sort of awe of their superior happiness, and their greater nearness to Christ. He never named the saints at rest, or our Lord's blessed mother, but in a tone of tender reverence, which to my mind was most instructive. How different from the coarse homage of those who would 'disturb the heaven of their repose with rude invoking voice!'

After a long spell of silence, he gave us an account of several American Churchmen who had lately visited Hursley, and brought cheering reports of the welfare and growth of the 'sister Church.' One of these gentlemen (Davis I think his name was) had also described to him the Oregon country, and a magnificent red cedar that grows there. One specimen of it, he averred, was four hundred feet high, and 3600 rings had been counted within its bark. 'If that computation was correct,' Mr. Keble remarked, 'and if every ring went for a year, then the red cedar must have been a seedling at the time that Jacob was serving for Rachel!' and he verified this date as soon as he was in his library, by referring to the marginal notes in his Bible.

He was at this time, and for long after, in the full swing of Bishop Wilson's life. I may as well throw together here the few particulars I can add respecting the progress of the book.

In a note, written shortly before one of my Hampshire visits, Mr. Keble says: 'It would have saved you the trouble of reading this, if I had thought of it in good time, when my wife was writing to you the other day; but, however, if you can say "yes," there will be no need for you to take the trouble of answering it. It is to ask if you can conveniently take charge of a document, which I have begged from the clergyman of Burton, Mr. S. U——, the Trust Deed of Bishop Wilson's school there. He is shy of the post; but if you will undertake it, he will send it to you in C—— before the 12th. If you had rather not, just give me one line, and I will stop him. It is very kind of you, with your old walls, river, and mountain distances, to think of our woods. I hope they will do their best to be pretty when you come. I am hearing the sweetest of Jacobite music while I write, from two of my nieces—voice, harmonium, and piano; and I am ashamed to say it makes me almost feel disloyal in my old age.'

In August, 1862, Mr. Keble thus alludes to the Life of Bishop Wilson, then about to be published. 'This is not to draw a letter from *you*, for I know you ought to have all the rest you can get every way. . . . I must ask you to tell one of your charitable secretaries to say to me on your

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behalf, whether you have any objection to my printing in a note, (of course anonymously,) the paragraph which you kindly wrote to Charlotte, with a description of Burton church and village. I am "ripe for asking," for the page is in proof; but I have told them to wait before they strike. I do hope you will have no dislike to its coming out. I have very little of the picturesque; and every inch is valuable, and will give the book a better chance.' . . . He adds, 'C. Y. is in Edinburgh: what a good thing for Edinburgh! I am ever, my dear friend, affectionately yours, J. KEBLE.

'I will send the revise of that paragraph when it comes, to you, and you can do what you like with it. My dear wife's true love to you, and to all.'

In another letter, written December 1863, Mr. Keble alludes to a discovery, happily made by the then precentor of Chester cathedral, the Rev. H. Venables, that Bishop Wilson's name is on the list of scholars in the 'King's School,' attached to that foundation.

'I am afraid my wife speaks truth, as usual, when she hints to me that I have not yet ever thanked you for your most kind notes and contributions towards the Life of Bishop Wilson, (if such a thing should ever be written, for I feel that it has not been yet, but only some materials gathered for it.) But one has a great satisfaction, as a sort of antiquary, in collecting these materials. Your information respecting your King's School is full of interest. One is glad to identify the place in which Tom Wilson scribbled, doubtless, and made blots, and kicked his heels, like other boys. May I offer my thanks through you to Mr. Venables, and whoever else has kindly taken this trouble? Soon after your letter, came one from Mr. Bridson, the Douglas publisher, enclosing a copy of a *very* interesting letter from Bishop Wilson to Governor Horton, which, if the date be genuine, I mean correctly copied, proves a very considerable degree of reconciliation between the Bishop and his great opponent, James Lord Derby, and Horton himself.'

Mr. Keble adds, that he has been informed, 'a large package of correspondence' between the Bishop and the Derby family has 'turned up in the Library at Knowsley,' and he expresses a desire to inquire further into it.

In his next letter, February 1864, he writes of 'Lord Derby's kindness in giving him such free leave' to inspect these papers—he waits for an opportunity of doing it in person; and adds: 'So things are as they were in respect of anything to be learned of *our Bishop*.' That was his usual epithet for Bishop Wilson in speaking to me, and probably to all others who tried to assist him in this work—a gracious playful recognition of the infinitesimally small help which it was a privilege to offer. He goes on: 'And, as I dare say you know full well, I am not hurried with outcries for a second edition. I rather *wish* than *hope* it *may* come to that in time, for there are several things, of course, which I wish otherwise; and there might be a good deal of curtailment, which

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would make the thing more readable. In fact, I am from time to time going over it with that view.'

You will see, at the close of this little sketch, how Mr. Keble's thoughts turned to Burton (the good Bishop's beloved native village) a very short time before his death, and how anxious he was for the spiritual welfare of its inhabitants.

In June, 1858, we were once more with our friends in and near Winton. My diary recalls that we walked from Otterbourne, on a Thursday afternoon, to the Hursley Club tea-drinking. A warm sunny day—the young plantations that skirted part of the lane of a soft green; between them glimpses of fields of the rich red Italian clover, a rarity to our northern eyes, and, as C. Y. remarked, giving one an idea of what the Nile looked like when its waters were turned to blood. Mrs. Keble led us through her shrubbery into the adjoining park, where races, climbing a greased pole for a leg of mutton, and various games, were going on. Mr. Keble, kindly, yet vigilant to preserve order, moved about amongst them in his college-cap. His 'trusty and well-beloved' curate, Mr. Young, was no longer by his side; and he missed him sorely, especially on occasions like these.

'When anything goes wrong, (I have heard him say,) and I am inclined to be stormy, Peter always calms me down.' However, nothing apparently went wrong that afternoon. The men, I believe, had a dinner, at which Sir William Heathcote was present. The women had tea, arranged under white tents, and we were at once enlisted amongst the numerous band of tea-makers. 'Everyone looked very hot and happy,' says the diary; and the Vicar moved from table to table, replenishing our tea-pots, helping by a cheerful word here and there to keep up the ball of conversation, and now and then making some lucky tea-maker proud by tasting her 'brew.'

We stayed till the shadows had grown long, and the boles of some grand Scotch firs looked crimson in the sunset.

A few evenings later, while we hemmed table-cloths for an approaching school-treat, Mr. Keble brought out maps and views, and he and Mrs. Keble gave us animated accounts of their recent tour in Switzerland—of their stay at Thun, Lauterbrunn, Andernatt, and of the impressions made on them by the two extremes of grandeur and of minute loveliness, which mountain scenery presents. The avalanche and glacier, the bird's-eye primrose and the gentianella, each in its own way had charmed them; but the thought which above all others seemed to have a fascination for Mr. Keble, was that of having seen and explored 'one great watershed of Europe.' He looked out on the map the various rivers which take their rise amongst the Alps, and traced the Rhine, Rhone, Adige, and Inn, each from its cradle among

> 'The strong foundations of the earth,
> Where torrents have their birth,'

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to the home of its waters, in the German Ocean, or the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, or the Black Sea. He dwelt much on this. He also spoke feelingly of the sad finale of their tour—Mrs. Keble's severe illness at Basle. It so weakened her, that, in spite of her patient sweetness, the return home was very painful and distressing to both; nor had she even then recovered the shock.

At church, next morning, Mr. Keble preached on Joshua's dying words, afterwards read in the Evening Lesson. He ended by addressing parents, masters, &c., warning them of their responsibilities; and he said very forcibly, 'Now what I want you *all* to remember is, that we must not content ourselves with leading a *random life*;' 'we must each have a definite aim, that of serving Christ.' Clergymen, he said, were especially bound to keep this aim always in view.

There was a particular spot on the south side of the Vicarage, a smooth shaven grassy knoll, where it was the custom to sit after the return from evening church in warm weather; people talked, or held their peace, or read their books, as inclination prompted, and it was a specially cheerful restful time. Sometimes the last number of the Gospel Missionary, or Mission Field, was read aloud; sometimes the poem for the day in the Christian Year, if its writer chanced to be absent, for in *that* house, *that* book could not be openly produced as elsewhere, so sensitive was Mr. Keble about it. On this special evening we lingered on the grass-plot, watching the parting gleams on the church spire, and straining our ears to catch the notes of a nightingale in the woods. This led to one of those frequent talks about natural history and the strange instincts of birds and animals, which always seemed to refresh and divert Mr. Keble's thoughts, and in which his dear sister, when present and tolerably well, took an animated share. He spoke of the nightingale's fearlessness, singing by the highway side, (or even, as one present averred, in a bough overhanging a railway station;) of the same bird's harsh scolding note when disturbed or quarreling—and then the mystery of its winter haunts, unsolved at present, since we could hardly suppose the nightingales heard by Dr. Hooker in the Himalayas in November, to be our summer visitors!

Mr. Keble delighted too in an immense colony of sand-martens that had established themselves not far from Hursley. Near the 'silver Itchen' is a large sand-pit, and they had completely riddled its steep sides by boring with their beaks thousands of galleries leading up to their nests. How the tiny architects so did their work as to prevent the countless galleries from crumbling in, how in this 'bird city,' where the streets had no names and the doors no numbers, each occupant unerringly knew his own home, each parent his callow nestlings—here again was mystery, but of a kind to 'tune the heart to trust and love.'

I suppose there never was a poet yet who did not love the 'lark that sings at Heaven's gate.' Mr. Keble, himself so 'true to the kindred points of heaven and home,' was no exception to this rule; and I have

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heard him repeat Wordsworth's lines on the subject 'con amore.' He certainly was, as was said of Mr. Wilberforce, one of the most 'amusable' of mortals, 'taking pleasure in the works' of creation, and quick to discern what someone has called 'the comic element' in animals and birds, their graceful frolicsome ways, and their harmless wiles.

It was either in '57 or '58 that I received a letter from Mrs. Keble expressing great anxiety about the Divorce Bill about to be brought into Parliament. Mr. Keble and his friends set up a Petition against it, and the object of this letter was to ask us to join our efforts to theirs, in procuring intelligent signatures to it. Though unused to such work, we readily consented, feeling how much the peace and purity of English homes would be affected by such a measure. We obtained a large number of willing signatures, and in the course of many conversations on the subject with house-wives in farms, or cottages, or around iron-works, gleaned some acute and sensible remarks, which I retailed to Mrs. Keble. One of these, which she refers to in the extract given below, ran thus: A young married woman, living at a turnpike, to whom I tried to explain the matter, exclaimed: 'Now I see what the forgemen mean, when they pass by to their work, and call out to me, "Aha, Missus, there's a good time coming; they're going to make a law that'll rid us of our wives for six shillings!" "And who'll bring up your children?" I ask 'em back; and they've nothing to say to that.'

Hursley, July 31.

My dear ——,

One word on the subject of the Petition. Have you any other sayings of the poor people whom you or your friends applied to? such as those in your last note. We have had many others, very pointed and full of right feeling, which we think might be of use if they could reach the ears or eyes of some of our friends in the House. You will perhaps see in Sir W. Heathcote's speech last night, reference to what you said of those who are rejoicing at the prospect of the license. We reckon now about 23,000, (signatures) and to-morrow is to be our last great receiving day.

* * * * * * * *

In strong contrast with this account of Mrs. Keble's zealous co-operation with her husband in his attempt to stem the torrent of evil, is the following extract from another letter of hers, describing a peaceful village festival.

Hursley, Oct. 27.

Yesterday we kept our Commemoration Festa. The day was not genial, but much better than Tuesday; and there was no interruption to the little festivities, except to the girls' play out-of-doors. The musical part of the service was very nice, and Mr. Legeyt preached. The frost had come just too soon for us; not a dahlia, nor flower of any kind, except a few half-blown chrysanthemums and pinched Michaelmas daisies, for the decorations; but with evergreens, and white and red berries, and some very willing fingers from the *curatage* to help, the church *did* look festive. We had five from College Street, all bright and cheerful. I went about all day with a packet from your sister in my pocket, not having time to open it till the guests were gone. I believe I enjoyed it all the more for having 'kept it up,' as it were, so long. That

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evening, that she was walking through the snow, was intensely cold here, without snow, clear and starlight. On our way back from Evening Service, we were standing looking at the stars, (by the dining-room window,) and the Bishop (of Brechin) was talking about Dante, when the sky behind the church was suddenly bathed in electrical light, like a flash of lightning, only it was *so* clear! We saw it twice, and it was seen at Otterbourne, and in College Street.

Yours ever affectionately,

Elisabeth desires her love. C. K.

In the summer of '58, Mrs. Keble writes: 'I have performed the feat of a day-visit to the Crystal Palace on the "Messiah" day; music never tires me, and it happened to be very cool, so that it was a great treat, even though we were not quite near enough to the orchestra to hear the solos to advantage. One can imagine nothing on earth to equal the "Unto us a Child is born;" and somehow the complete theological meaning of the whole oratorio never struck me so much before; one felt it quite a grievance to be cheated of "Thou art gone up," and "The Lord gave the word," and scarcely less of one, to have any *encoring*.'

In 1859, I had a passing glimpse of Hursley Vicarage and its dear trio, Mr. Keble and his 'two wives,' (as in a note he playfully called them.) Miss Keble, whom I then saw for the last time, looked frailer and slighter, and more transparent, but cheerful, and full of quiet observing interest in all home events, as well as in those Church questions which so deeply affected her brother. My last and most vivid remembrance of her, is as she stood by Mr. Keble's chair, with one pale little hand on his shoulder, and the 'soft smiling eyes' beaming with amusement. He was giving me an animated account of that memorable first journey to Oxford in 1806, with his father, when he, a 'raw lad' of fourteen and a half, tried for a scholarship at Corpus, and won it. His descriptions of the various dignitaries to whom his father thought it well to introduce him, and of the awe they inspired him with, (Dr. Routh, of Magdalen, amongst others, to boyish eyes an elderly man even then,) were exceedingly entertaining. His gentle sister grew quite eager on the subject, and reminded him of trifling circumstances he had forgotten, and added pretty touches of her own to the narrative. I could not help mentally wondering whether, if *she* had tried for the scholarship at Corpus, she might not have won it too?

The illness of Miss Keble, and her death at Hursley, in August, 1860, had a great and lasting effect on the beloved survivors. Mrs. Keble had exerted herself beyond her power in nursing, and in watching by the bed of suffering; and when we met a year afterwards, the traces of exhaustion had not wholly passed away. Mr. Keble, too, was aged and shaken; yet there was a wonderful peace, and elevation of feeling, if I may call it so, mingled with their sense of loss, as though they had gone down to the very brink of the dark river with their sister, and been granted a glimpse of the 'pleasant land' beyond. Mr. Keble more than once condescended

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to share these thoughts with me, and to speak of that 'intermediate state' as one of loving, waiting, resting, and prayer—prayer for the speedy coming of His Kingdom—prayer too for those on earth for whom, when with us, they used to pray; we have no hint given us, he thought, that they discontinue that. One could tell, in later years especially, by the half-stifled voice, how intensely he felt those precious words in the Church Militant Prayer, in which we bless God's Holy Name for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear.

Mrs. Keble writes thus, on the tenth day after her sister's death:—

Hursley, August 16th.

My dear Friend,

I have known all this time that your helpful thoughts were with us, and that dear Mrs. M—— told you from time to time what I most wished you to know. Now, however, that the dark hour of her suffering is (as we trust) passed for ever, and we can think of our dear sister as safe in the haven where she longed to be, it is a pleasure and refreshment to come to you for a little quiet talk. . . . . I am glad to think that you knew her—I will not say, well enough to love her—for I do believe there was something in her very look that impressed most persons. . . . . She enjoyed your being here, and always liked to hear your letters, so that you have really had a share in contributing to her pleasures. I suppose we hardly yet realize that we shall see and hear her no more here; one seems to have had no room in one's heart for anything but thankfulness in thinking of her *release*. I love to use that word, for her condition during the last fortnight was more that of a bird fluttering and struggling to escape from its cage, than anything else; until the last twenty-two hours, when the restlessness and suffering seemed to cease, and a quiet sleep succeeded, from which there was no waking here. Unworthy as one's thoughts must needs be of the change to her, yet they are all such as bring the deepest comfort; that she is at rest and free from suffering, are of the lowest; yet this is something; still more (comforting) is it to think of her in the company of those dear ones of her family gone before—her parents, and two sisters like herself, and two aunts, (one most saintly,) to whom she always thought she owed her early training. Best and sweetest of all is it to believe her to be in that Presence that she tried above all things to realize in her daily life. One fancies it must be helpful to one to follow her in imagination, but the danger is of one's failing to follow that example which must have been set before one as a special blessing.

We had the great comfort of our brother and sister from Bisley for ten days before her departure, and they are still here; we are going into Devonshire in a few days. You know that it is always a pleasure to me to hear from you. . . . . I trust that you are not in more anxiety than usual, nor suffering from nursing. With kind love to your sister, ever, dear Friend,

Yours very affectionately,

Ch. Keble.

I think there is something original and very touching in the remarks on sick-nursing contained in the following letter from Mrs. Keble; it alludes to a bereavement similar to their own in 1860, but more unexpected and rapid, and accompanied with more violent pain.

Hursley, Oct. 5, 1863.

My dear Friend,

If I could have photographed the thoughts which have been so often occupied with you during the last three weeks, you would not have been left without a letter so long; but I could not write to you in a hurry, so have put it

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by from day to day, feeling sure of a kind interpretation. And now I have to thank you most heartily for your dear and welcome letter. Dear K—— has given me a few particulars of that last illness, which have helped me a little to go along with you, and to be very very glad that you were there, and able to take so large a share in the nursing and watching—that watching and waiting so mysterious and unlike anything else, and that does so marvellously make one know the *real* from the *unreal*, for a time, at least. I am sure all your friends have reason to be thankful that you have such help in your doctor, and still more in your clergyman; and if you, dear ——, have suffered somewhat from all you have gone through, one must not grudge it. 'Ye ought *also* to lay down your lives for the brethren,' always seems as if it ought to apply to nursing the sick, and willingly undertaking the cost which that involves; and though you were drawn to it by natural affection as well as Christian love, one may well believe that it is no less a work blessed by Him Who laid it upon you; and then the way in which it has been softened to your mother must have brought something like a reprieve to you who are left. Perhaps to her it may be no unwelcome thought that 'her store in Paradise' grows beforehand. . . . . .

Your niece's visit came at a bustling time, but at her age that was not likely to be against the grain, and I assure you her hands were very helpful. My husband says she and Annie M—— were like a 'couple of larks' in the house. We wished to have kept her for our Harvest Day, but her strong sense of duty made her proof against all temptation to stay, as Papa had settled for her to go home the day before. . . . . .

We have had a spell of warm wet weather, which has been useful to me, but I could hardly wish it to continue, for I fear it is unhealthy. Several of our large families in widely separated parts of the parish have had scarletina; hitherto it has been of a light kind, but we hear of it as a more serious visitation in other places, and one knows that 'fevers love moisture.'

This letter ends by an allusion to a visit paid by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Longley, to Hursley Park, and to the very happy hours Mr. Keble spent with him, in congenial conversation chiefly on Church matters.

I have coupled these two letters together, because the last seems a kind of commentary on the first, shewing the self-forgetting spirit in which Mrs. Keble had ministered to her declining and suffering sister.

In the autumn of 1861, Mrs. Selwyn came home for a few months from New Zealand, and Mr. and Mrs. Keble pressed her to re-visit Hursley, which she did, with her younger son, in September. They had always, and specially since 1854, when the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn became personally known to them, taken a lively interest in that great work at the Antipodes. I remember how Mr. Keble used to pounce upon the 'Mission Field,' or upon any private letter from New Zealand, that brought tidings of the Bishop's safety in his riskful Melanesian cruises. Mrs. Selwyn's visits to Norfolk Island were full of interest to him, and so were all details connected with the training of young natives at Auckland. 'I do not like (he said to a mutual friend) anyone so much as to drop in to tea at St. John's College, without my knowing it.'

During Mrs. Selwyn's former visit to England, it came to Mr. Keble's ear that she had once expressed to a friend a strong wish to carry

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back with her to New Zealand a '*Christian Year*,' *his* gift, and with her name written in it by himself. He at once broke through his usual reticence about that book; he selected a choice copy on his next visit to Oxford, had it bound (I believe) in white vellum, and wrote her name in it. 'I would do a great deal more than that for her,' he said heartily.

I must tell you that as soon as the day of Mrs. Selwyn's arrival was fixed, Mrs. Keble, with most thoughtful kindness, wrote to ask me to meet her; and so, after a two years absence, I found myself once more in green and peaceful Hursley; doubly green and peaceful it appeared from my having become, in the interval, a dweller in a city.

'The visit to Hursley in '61,' writes Mrs. Selwyn, 'is quite a bright spot in my memory; how well I remember it all! the kind notes which brought it about, the genial reception, and the attentions from such people as made one feel very small. That which I like best to recall was Mr. Keble's kindness to Johnnie over his Eton Sunday questions. I found him sitting by the boy in my room, entering into them as keenly as if he had to shew them up, and bringing books of reference to help him. It was such a pretty sight to see the youthful face, and the beaming sweet expression of the old one, as they bent over a large black quarto Mr. Keble had carried up. My "mother's thought" was, Oh, what an honour for my son! it will be something for him to be proud of, to remember to the end of his days.'

The day after our arrival was Sunday and Michaelmas Day in one. Mr. Keble preached in the morning a plain, strong, almost stern sermon, warning against the 'crafts and assaults' of evil spirits, real personal enemies to each soul. Then he spoke of good angels, their loving ministry, and their presence in church, briefly, but in words so simple and real, that it seemed as if the rustling of their wings were close around. As we all returned through the garden from evening church, I recollect Mr. Keble stooped to gather some 'autumn violets sweet and rare' that grew by the dining-room window, and offered them to Mrs. Selwyn. For the next few days the lawn often rang with cheery sounds, 'Johnnie' and the spaniel Rover chasing one another through the bushes, and over the sunk fence, and one might see the Vicar's kind face not seldom looking out complacently on these gambols.

Those halcyon days passed quickly, and they parted, not to meet again, 'until the Day break, and the shadows flee away.' On the next Thursday, the Rev. C. Penrice, then 'deputation' for the Home Missions,* came to lecture on that subject in the Hursley school-room. He shall himself describe his reception.

'My first introduction to Mr. Keble was not reassuring; I had arrived during Evening Prayer in Church, where he was, and at once went thither by the garden-gate; when it was over, seeing him talking with

* Now Rector of Plumstead, Norwich.

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friends in the church-yard, I preceded him through the same gate, waylaying him as he passed; when he caught sight of me, he evidently took me for some impertinent stranger, who had intruded into his garden, and gave me certainly a very frigid look; when, however, I explained who I was, and how I came there, nothing could exceed his kindness of manner.'

Mr. Penrice writes of 'the entire absence of all self-consciousness about Mr. Keble,' and adds: 'I remember feeling very small when he, in the most artless way, asked my opinion on some subject connected with the Church politics of the day; and I was afterwards surprised at my own assurance in venturing to quote the concluding words of the Christian Year on the Ninth Sunday after Trinity, in closing the Lecture in his school-room on Home Missions; the consciousness of a presence more self-asserting than his would probably have disarmed me at the moment. . . . . He kindly gave me a copy of his metrical Version of the Psalms in return for a little paper on the subject of "Clerical Retreats," which I ventured to shew him, and of which he expressed a warm approval.'

We walked in the twilight to the school-house in the village, and found a rustic assemblage, girls and boys, (my boys, as their Vicar called them,) and cottagers, and other parishioners. The lecture was given, well illustrated by large bold drawings of 'street Arabs,' and such like denizens of the worst parts of London. Mr. Keble listened intently, and, well knowing how tender-spirited he was about crime and misery, I rejoiced that the gloom of the subject was relieved by many cheering traits. One of these I must recall, because it pleased him so much. In February of that year, a clergyman was asked late at night to visit a dying woman in a notoriously bad street, in an adjoining district, of which the pastor chanced to be away. He decided to go with the questionable-looking individual who came for him. He led him to a tall house, and up many stairs to a large squalid room full of people lying on the floor, who stared or scowled at him. His guide pointed to a girl, obviously dying, and in the greatest want. The clergyman saw that her body must first be ministered to, so he held up a half-sovereign, and asked who would be kind enough to go out and get him some tea, brandy, &c., for her. Several men jumped up, and without picking and choosing, he commissioned the foremost, and then waited rather anxiously for his return. In a very short time he re-appeared with the articles, and with the change, which he duly told down. Revived by stimulants, the poor girl lived an hour or two, and hearkened to the Word of Life, perhaps for the first time. She had never been taught to pray. She died, and five or six of those wild men insisted on seeing the clergyman home. He talked freely with them by the way, and two of them had attended his church regularly ever since. You may think how this *finale* pleased Mr. Keble, and how much he felt for the clergyman, whose lot, unlike his own, was cast amid darkness and cruel habitations.

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A letter home of this date, says:—'I drove to Netley Abbey with Mrs. Keble. Mr. K. was longing to visit his beloved ruins, but he is preparing his young people for Confirmation, and expected several groups in the course of the day. Then he went to inquire after a little sick child, and it had just died, and "It looked beautiful, so beautiful! I'm glad I went; the parents were soothed, I think; they are sadly cut up, poor things!" We talked over Charles I.; and Mr. K. was quite interested to hear of our ancestor's falling sick with grief on hearing of the King's death; but when I rather apologized for the said ancestor's having got well again, he broke into a hearty laugh. They are charmed with little A.'s photograph; Mr. K. looked at it long, and said he never saw so sweet a picture; he laid it down, then took it up again, commenting on the "pretty child with a look of trouble on her face," and adding, "I like to hear about little A." I gave them the photograph, you may suppose; they have never forgotten her tears over Saul, when she was seven years old, "because he had been so good at first."' Again:—'The other day, somebody laughingly quoted a line from the Allegro. Mr. Keble laughed too, but the next instant the expression of his face changed, and he said with startling abruptness, "I've no love for that poet!" It set me thinking on the strange unlikeness between Milton the politician and theologian, and Milton the poet; between his pamphlets supporting regicide and Puritanism, and his Penseroso, with its gentle tender strain, and love of cathedral worship, worthy of Mr. Keble.'

Early in 1862 Mrs. Keble was attacked by illness of a most severe and startling character; in fact, as it proved to be, the 'beginning of the end:' very saddening it was for those who loved her to see and hear of; but I suppose, even Mr. Keble, but for this fiery trial, would not have known the full extent of her powers of endurance.

He writes to me, April 9, '62:—

> Charlotte is certainly a great deal better than she was; but the shock was so very violent, though but for a short time, that I suppose it must take a good while for the frame to right itself properly (if so be) again. The doctor has not said so, but I have a strong impression that if we had had to send for our old medical friend from Romsey, he could hardly have arrived in time. How can I ever be thankful enough that this attack, which was unlike any former one, did not visit us two or three years ago, before we had a practitioner in the village on whom we could depend. He proves indeed very skilful and sympathizing, and a most desirable attendant in every way. We have had Mrs. P. Young, as you know, helping to nurse, and since she went home, our youngest niece, C——, from Bisley; so the patient has not been very dull. And to-day has been the first for a good many days that she has not been down-stairs with us for a good many hours; but her pulse was somehow so sinking last night, that she has stayed in her room by order to-day. (I must now go to her; I will add the morning's report.) 10 Ap. 1½ p.m. Our small doctor has just been here, praising her pulse, and recommending champagne; so we are what one may call jolly. I trust we may hear as good an account of you, but you must not again be naughty, to do us a favour, in writing without the doctor's leave. We shall hear of you from the M——s.

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He goes on to say:—

By the bye, I heard yesterday in a roundabout way that the *kind Doctor** is laid up; I hope it was no more than an occasional cold. A. was here to be confirmed, and saw her godmamma; it was a nice day, and our church looked very pretty; and our Bishop, both then and on the Saturday at Ampfield, did give such fatherly advice in such fatherly tones, that it did one's heart good. Dear C. sends you her kind love, and you are not to think of her as suffering, only she is weak; she hopes to write to you soon. Be sure we remember you; graceless must we be if we did not. All good be with you, your dear mother, sisters, and all.

Ever your affectionate friend,

J. K.

Again:

My dear kind Friend, H. V. Aug. 21, '62.

I know you will be glad to hear that, although of course very far from well, my wife is really improved (I can hardly say improving from day to day) under the direction of Dr. Williams, of Brook Street, whom we consulted in London, and by the help of almost daily drives, and a run down to the Dart and back. We went to see if we could fix on a winter home, but are still hovering between Penzance and Torquay. I wish I could hear a thorough good (account) of you with your N.W. breezes..... Fieldhouse is here, and very charming it is, and we have hope of a little private visit of our own from E—— and A——.....

It was about this time that Mr. Keble sat to Richmond for the delightful portrait, of which the engraving is a treasure to so many. 'I have been gazing,' writes a mutual friend, (Colonel W.) 'at Holl's beautiful copy of that picture, and each time I look at it I marvel at the genius which has brought out the seraph's fire that burned within, and flung its glory over eye and lip and brow.'

They moved to Penzance for that winter and the spring of '63, on Mrs. Keble's account, returning to Hursley for the summer. In August, while staying with a brother at Netley, near Southampton, I received a loving summons to Hursley, from Mrs. Keble's own pen. Mr. Keble met me at Winchester, and our drive out to the Vicarage was fraught with recollections of sorrowful interest. He seemed rather glad to speak freely of *her* precarious state; it was almost always now *she* or *her*, no name was needed to shew in which direction his thoughts were incessantly tending, 'true as the needle to the pole,' and like that, trembling and quivering. Then we talked about Bishop Wilson's life, lately come out, and of which he had most kindly sent me a copy, with 'thanks for valuable help' inscribed within. From anyone else those words would have seemed almost a mockery, but from him they were pleasant, and one was quite content to act the part of the fly on *his* chariot wheel. He spoke of the exceeding dearth of domestic incident in that life. There was something touching, he thought, in that little oasis of married happiness, not described, only summed up in the words, 'she was an excellent woman;' then the long stern life stretching far away beyond

* His usual epithet for his dear and trusted friend, Dr. Moberly.

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the allotted fourscore years, till the memory of the 'wife of his youth' must have become distant and dim.

Mr. Keble was almost overcome when speaking thus of 'Mary Patten,' 'the companion of her husband's soul,' as the older biographer prettily calls her. He said a good deal about the discipline kept up by Bishop Wilson, Bishop Gastrell of Chester, and others of that day; he thought that, in some modified shape at least, it would have been useful now, as a check upon open vice—and he lamented (as nearly as I can remember) that matters affecting our conscience, and our religious faith even, were now decided by Parliament, instead of by our spiritual superiors, the power in such things gradually drifting away from the Church to the world. I felt these were 'great matters, too high for me,' and could only listen with respect to what fell from those honoured lips. It was a comfort to see him smile at last, as he said, 'Some of my friends don't agree with me—but I can't *always*, you know, look at things from the legal point of view!'

Mrs. Keble seemed at first sight less altered by her illness than might have been expected—only a little thinner, and more delicate and hectic in colouring. But it soon became apparent how much weaker she was, and how easily her breathing was hurried by walking any distance, or going up-stairs. With this tendency, fresh air without fatigue was the best tonic she could have, so she drove out each day. Once she took me to Rownams through a charming forest district, with pleasant glades, and peeps down to the river. But she generally combined some parochial visitings with her drives, and therefore preferred her recently acquired donkey-carriage, drawn by the 'Jacky,' now immortalized in the memoir. He certainly was a pattern animal, strong, and willing, and patient in his long waitings at cottage doors. She liked driving him herself, only now and then resigning the reins when his spirits ran away with him, and he pulled too hard, as sometimes happened when crossing the turf in the park. He really seemed to mind her gentle voice, and even when tormented by the forest fly, would stand still at her bidding till one could alight and rid him of the enemy. The cottager was right who, to her great amusement, remarked that Mrs. Keble was blest in her donkey! *

When indoors, the dear invalid's voice was weak, and speaking seemed an effort; but I observed that when out, on a cool day, the strain seemed much less, and she readily took her bright part in conversation. Those were very happy, and I trust profitable, hours to me. I used often to think she had caught not a little of the poet spirit from her husband; while at other times, her practical suggestions and encouragements when we talked of prosaic matters, or of district and infirmary visiting, were truly helpful. Well might Mr. Keble call her, as he often playfully did, his *Conscience*.

We parted again, and nothing suited for your eye is said in her letters

* I am afraid Jacky has not kept up his character since. His head was turned, and he has shewn too plainly the danger of being a great man's donkey.—Ed.

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till the middle of March, '64, when she writes from Torquay: 'My husband is preaching every Friday during this Lent, at one of the churches here, on the Types of our Lord in the Old Testament, beginning with Abraham offering up Isaac; and I am glad to say these lectures are *written*.' Speaking of bodily suffering in the same letter, she says: 'Welcome as the hope of ease is, I am sure you must know what it is to feel almost glad to be in pain sometimes, rather than ease—when one thinks of the fearful state of the most important things. . . . I hope the "Litany" (* * *) came to you safely; I believe it is very much used; a penny edition has been asked for, and one can't but hope it may prove instructive as well as intercessary. My husband was much vexed to see that the Lord's Prayer had been omitted by mistake; it should come in at the end of page 22. . . . . We have escaped snow here, but the wind has been very cold some days, and the weather so variable, that one is obliged to be very cautious about going out. There have been some sweet bird-singing days, in earnest of spring. Have you read the second volume of Mendelssohn's Letters? they make one love him and his music more than ever.' . . . . .

You will remember how the tidings of Mr. Keble's attack of paralysis (Nov. '64) carried sorrow to many hearts. Mrs. Keble, calm though heart-stricken, writes thus about him:—

Penzance, the 24th of January, '65.

You will, I know, like to have a direct bulletin, and I like you to know how he is. It has been one among many comforts, that all the doctors who have seen him agree in a hopeful view of his case. They all said that there was reason to hope for restoration even to working powers, if he would spare himself for a time; and he has so dutifully gone on observing these rules, that one does rather cling to the hope—though I have tried not to look on, but to be satisfied with the improvement that has been granted day by day. Everybody who sees him thinks, as I do, that he has recovered his natural hue and countenance very much; and lately he has ventured to look into books without continuous reading, in a way that relieves the tedium of doing nothing, and makes him feel less dependent. He could not write a letter, but he dictates the substance of answers to letters, so that he can still take a little part with those who have to work on without his presence now. I feel a little anxious sometimes, when he begins to use his head; yet I believe it is safer for him to put out a thought than to brood upon it.

This place is more refreshing than Torquay, less of a watering-place, and more picturesque; besides that, we are close to the glorious old sea, almost too close in stormy weather. But there is continual interest in watching it, and he enjoys walking on the sands whenever the weather is favourable.

My cousin, James Young, has been with us during his whole vacation, and most useful as well as cheering, but he must go back to Oxford on Friday. I hardly know what we shall do without him, and it makes one understand how kind his parents have been in sparing him. . . . . We need an able-bodied companion, as, alas! I have no breath to spare for reading aloud, which has now become a necessity with us.

Can you imagine our having turned whist-players? every evening we have a rubber. I'm afraid I am very stupid, never having tried my hand or wits at it before—but I feel very grateful for the little variety it affords.

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We thought of you and your happy little party on Holy Innocents' Day. . . . To sum up my report of him. I know you will rejoice to hear that the last time we had the Holy Communion (*i. e.* last week) he was able to be Priest himself.

Please still (she adds in a P. S.) to remember us in your prayers *and thanksgivings*—for one feels *so* wanting!

Within a week of the date of this letter Mrs. Keble had another violent attack, which was followed by an untoward accident, from pouring boiling water over her foot. She writes thus cheerfully about it, on the 4th of March, '65—'I have been a very bad nurse to my invalid—but after spending nearly a month in my bed-room, am down-stairs again, hoping after we have had a little turn of equinoctial weather to get out into the fresh air. Our winter has consisted mostly of wind and rain, and we have seldom been long without a bright sunny day—blue sea and blue sky. I have a most luxurious bed-room, with a perfect view of the Bay; indeed, from my *bed* I could see only sea and sky and a point of land. One of my great treats during this confinement has been reading a French book which C. M. Y—— in her kindness lent me—a memoir of a most saintly person, a sufferer in various ways during the Revolution. I have often heard people say they have felt as if they lost a relation when "Guy" (of Redclyffe) dies; but there is this difference when one has to take leave of Madame de Montagu, that one feels she is still living, and a member of the same Body (as ourselves). And through the whole book there is so little to remind one of the difference of Communion, and so much to humble one to the dust.' . . . . . She adds, 'You can hardly realize what it is to be, as far as one knows, entirely useless—seeing nothing of the poor for such a long time. However, I don't mean this to be grumbling, for I am most thankful to have this place of shelter; not as hitherto for myself only, but for my husband too, it seems so salutary. He has recovered his looks almost entirely, and begins to long for regular occupation—but as the doctors say, he must be content to "vegetate" while he is away. I am sure the powers will come when it is God's Will that he should work again, though perhaps not as before.'

Then follow many inquiries and loving comments on our doings, and those of mutual friends, whom no pressure of illness or trouble could ever make her forget.

A letter from Hursley, June 2nd, says that Mr. Keble is 'gaining ground,' but forbidden to do work. 'Preaching would be suicidal;' he had however read one Lesson in church on a Sunday, and was able to visit his villagers, and to take longer drives in the 'big carriage, poor Jacky being unfortunately lame, and under medical treatment!' They had tarried in Devonshire on their way home, 'at Dartington, near Totnes, all among the delicious woods, and' she adds 'my husband felt very sensibly the relief of the *green*, just then in its freshest—after the glare of the sea and a treeless shore. Our dear niece and her six home chicks were charmingly well—the youngest, six months old, the perfection of a healthy babe. She is a "Cecilia," and in my lap she first realized

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the delight of making a sound with the pats of her little fat hand on the keys of the piano—the other little ones who stood round were no less charmed with the performance, clapping their hands in ecstasy. . . . I like you to know how much cause we have to be thankful, and I hope there will be no hindrance to your coming to judge for yourself.'

Mrs. Keble thus alludes to the recent death of the author of the Baptistery:

'I believe Mrs. Isaac Williams and all the family at Stinchcombe were aware that the end was near. To us it was rather unexpected, though we knew from himself that he had been failing very much during the winter; his last note was cheerful, and spoke of our meeting again, either here or *there;* he was then looking forward to Dr. Newman's visit, with great pleasure. About an hour before the end, he asked for the Sacra Privata, but was not able to read it; nothing could be more gentle or sleep-like than *the* great change when it came, nor more suitable to the life of watching which preceded it, if one may venture to judge. (Whitsun Eve.) I must reserve all else for another time, and only give you our best and loving thoughts and wishes for this blessed time.'

Some weeks later I went to Hursley, very anxious, as you may imagine, to 'judge for myself' what changes the last two eventful years had wrought in the Vicarage. Perhaps it was a sign that Mr. Keble's deafness had slightly increased, that the sound of a friend's carriage wheels did not bring him, as of yore, into his porch. It was high summer, a more than usually flowery and bowery summer, as you may remember, and every window and door stood wide open; a whiff of jessamine sweetness met me at the door, and the little drawing-room looked quite a sun-trap. Mr. Keble was standing with his back to me, but turned, and came up with extended hands, saying, 'I rejoice with you in your new Bishop—have you seen the appointment?' and he shewed it me in the newspaper, and spoke fully and warmly about it, to Mrs. Keble's amusement, before the more conventional greetings were so much as thought about. When animated, he did not betray the ravages illness had made upon him—but when in repose, (and that was, perforce, often; for he could not walk, or talk, or keep on the stretch in any way, for long,) you saw how pale and sunk he had become. The clearness of his utterance was not affected, and he was as keen in his perceptions, and as warm and tender-hearted, as ever.

It was a new thing to see him the 'chartered invalid' of the house, and dear Mrs. Keble watching over him, and keeping her many ailments and increased feebleness in the background as far as might be, to evade his anxious eye. They usually had two cheering young nurses with them, a young lady cousin, and Mr. James Young, long before described to me as 'son and daughter in one.' He was at the Vicarage at this time, and quite his 'uncle's' and 'aunt's' mainstay.

Mr. Keble still went to the full stretch of his physical powers in parish

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work. The Sunday I was there he took no part in the Morning Service, but catechized in the afternoon—as great an exertion, one would have thought, as preaching. After luncheon, he had a class of big boys in his study, and one could hear the kind voice questioning and explaining. The 'bit of sugar' with which he dismissed them was a true coal-pit adventure told in verse, which he read aloud.

On other days he went to the school and village, at least once a day; but on his return, often lay down on the sofa, with a look of great exhaustion; he would then put on a little apparatus contrived for relieving head-ache by pressure against the temples and brow. He had grown fond of being read to, and expressed one morning a wish to hear 'The Story of Queen Isabel,' by M. S., which a friend had given me. We had gone half through it, when he remembered that his hour for going to the boys school was come: he looked sadly unfit for the walk, and the heat of the day was scorching; but for once, Mrs. Keble's pleading look and shake of the head did not move him. So I mustered courage, and holding up Queen Isabel, asked whether he had the heart to leave her just at the crisis of her fate? This piece of audacity happily succeeded, and with an arch sweet smile he returned to the sofa and the poem. He afterwards dipped into the other poems in the volume, and pointed out the stanzas on Garibaldi, as containing some of the most spirited lines he remembered anywhere.

I found him one day exploring among his book-shelves, and he pointed out to me one of the standard Church histories—Mosheim's, I think. A lady had come to him, he said, some years ago, who was unsettled in her allegiance to our Church by the many schisms which rend it. He had taken down that work, and shewn her from it, that in the first three centuries of the Christian era, more sects and heresies had sprung up than in any succeeding ones—so that the unhappy divisions in our Church were not peculiar to her, nor any reason for leaving her. This argument had happily had its due weight with the lady.

The Idylls of the King had lately come out, and Mr. Keble spoke of them, originating the subject himself. He had not yet *read* them, he said, but he had seen enough evidently to create a strong interest in his mind in the character of Arthur; its grandeur and holiness, and great pity for the sinner, seemed like a sort of parable with a higher meaning than appeared. His reading was, of course, more desultory now, and he said he often took up 'Golden Deeds,' and refreshed himself with one or two. He said this, standing in the window that looked east, with the book in his hand, and he went on to speak affectionately of the writer, and to say, 'She has written many good things, but this is the best of all.' That window was an idling place for us all; the thick luxuriant mass of jessamine that framed it, was so covered with white stars this warm summer, that there was hardly any leaf or stalk to be seen. Its sweetness was almost cloying, especially at night; and so was the scent from the church-yard lime trees. There was a great buzzing of insects;

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and that beautiful creature, the hawk's-head humming-bird moth, rarely seen in Cheshire, flitted in and out incessantly, darting its long tongue into the jessamine flowers, then dancing away into the sunshine, and flashing back again with the speed of light. It was a most distracting little creature, making all fixed attention to one's book or writing impossible; and well I remember how, when I tried to look away from the window, its graceful clear-cut shadow would flit before my eyes on the table, lost for a moment in the motionless shadows of the jessamine bush, then springing out into warm light again.

Some old writer says, 'The last of everything is affecting;' so in those last days at the Vicarage, no incident with which the memory of those friends is connected appears to me trivial. In the evenings we had a rubber of whist, and a very salutary little change it made for the invalid. I was told he had been a very scientific player in his college days, but had discontinued playing till a few months since—after his seizure. He certainly remembered each card that each person played accurately, and he was full of playful retorts, and alarming threats if his partner should revoke—on the whole, however, he was more silent than heretofore, and much more feeble. When the Bishop of Fredericton came to Hursley for some hours, he was unable to accompany him to his church, and seemed indeed scarcely equal to any conversation.

On the Sunday, one of the Cathedral clergy of Chester happened to be in church, having walked over from Romsey. He was struck and pleased, he said, by hearing the 'Church in South Africa' prayed for specially in the Litany. 'Persons in distress of mind' were also named for special intercession. After service, Mrs. Keble hospitably insisted on the stranger coming into the Vicarage for luncheon; and he did so, but kindly held back from conversation with the Vicar, observing with pain his pale and exhausted looks.

That Sunday evening *coze* (to borrow Mrs. Keble's favourite word) on the grass-plot, was a very sweet and happy one. I sat by the dear couple, not without a misgiving that it might be our last Sunday together—for you might read in their faces, unmistakeably, that both were 'wearing awa to the Land o' the leal;' but the thought brought no bitterness with it. Who would not wish the golden grain to be housed when it is ripe? who that had witnessed Mr. Keble's deep delight in the promise, 'And sorrow and sighing shall flee away,' as sung by sweet treble voices in Winchester Cathedral, could wish to keep him back from the Presence in which alone that hope can be realized? Selfish regret would have been out of place just then.

Before my return to my brother's home at Netley, Mrs. Keble had devised a bright little plan, which happily came to pass. She and Mr. Keble, with their two young cousins, were to spend a day with us, and to visit the new Royal Victoria Hospital for soldiers.

Our trysting place was to be Netley Abbey. A few showers fell that morning, and cooled the air and brightened up the dusty ivy on the old

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arches, so they looked their best. Mrs. Keble had long wished to re-visit the ruins, for she and her husband had old associations with the spot. They had spent a day here before their marriage, and she related to me how she had wandered away from the rest of the party, and found a little brook flowing through the grass, but so choked with dead leaves at one point that its waters had no outlet. So she got a stick, and set to work to remove the obstacle. Mr. Keble had found her thus employed, and lent his help to set the captive water-nymph free. It was a pretty and characteristic act of hers. And here they were again, in the evening of life, together, and we left them to themselves, the young people climbing up the steeper parts of the ruin, and I resting below, and watching the bees going in and out of the great livid purple bells of the deadly-nightshade, extracting wholesome honey from a virulent poison. Mr. and Mrs. Keble presently joined me, and looked with interest at this remarkable shrub, which the former ascertained to be more than six feet high.

We went on to our destination, where Mr. and Mrs. Keble rested quietly after luncheon, while their young friends accompanied the commandant over the vast hospital. Their resting-place was on the lawn overlooking the Southampton water, which was divided from it only by a steep thicket of shrubs and dwarf oak. They much enjoyed the sight of the sparkling waves, and of the many vessels of all sizes, and white-winged little yachts that dotted the river. Mr. Keble talked cheerfully with my brother for a time; then he took up, I recollect, a volume of Bonar's poems that lay there, and dipped into it, as his fashion was, specially singling out for approval the beautiful lines on 'Divine Order.' He also read, with attention and enjoyment, that striking poem, 'The City,' comparing town and country life to the advantage of the former.

'O'er the fields of earth lie scattered
Noble fruitage and blossoms rare;
Yon city the store has gathered,
And the garner of hearts is there.'

Mr. Keble put the book in my hand, with an arch incredulous smile. 'The lines are good,' he said, 'but they remind me a little of the dialogue between Johnson and Boswell in Greenwich Park. "This is a fine view!" said Johnson. "Yes," answered Boswell, "but not equal to Fleet Street!" "You are right, Sir," rejoined Johnson.' So the pleasant summer afternoon glided away, and towards evening they left us, with many loving farewells.

It was a comfort to hear, two days later, from her. 'I don't think my husband was at all overtired by his day; indeed, he has been doing a little more since. Yesterday, his old friend, Sir John Awdry, came to have a coze, about the all absorbing Gladstone election, first, then gradually floating into the less troubled stream of classics, as they used to do in Oxford—Homer and Eschylus and others. This came naturally

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from comparing the two Chancellors, and you may imagine how pleasant it was to listen to, while I pretended to be writing. Then, in the evening, came Mr. Butterfield, full of interesting talk, as he always is; but I could not help fearing that even of this there might be a little too much.

Renewed illness soon clouded over this peaceful scene. Mrs. Keble's last letter from Hursley is written in a very trembling hand. 'I am too weak for much—the attacks of spasm have come too often to give me time to get stronger; but I think of you and your poor invalid, and like to know that you think of me and my dear husband, to whom this state of things is very trying, though, D. G., he is tolerably well. . . . . The days are so beautiful to look at, and our garden still bright with flowers, but I have only been out twice since we came from Bournemouth.' *

Thither they returned for good in October; and in November she writes: 'Dr. Gull's opinion that the heart is the chief cause of mischief is no surprise to me, and the rules he has laid down do not make much practical difference, as I have not had strength to walk up-stairs since the cold weather began. One must make up one's mind to be somewhat more dependent and troublesome; but even this has its bright side.' What a lesson of calm patience do these last words convey! 'Loving thanks,' she adds, 'for the odorator, which arrived safely, and has contributed to refresh our rooms.' The letter concludes thus: 'I dare not begin writing of Dr. Pusey's "Letter;" but I may tell you that though the Ultramontanes are very wroth with it, the Gallican Bishops, some of them, have expressed most kind approval, and asked him to have it translated into French. It makes one's heart glow to think how the yearning for union seems at once to stir the three great portions of the Church. With kindest love, and asking for your prayers, believe me, very dear friend, your ever affectionate C. K.'

Thus close my recollections of Hursley Vicarage, and its dear inhabitants; and a few lines more will also close this feeble sketch, dear Helen, for though, through the great kindness of those who ministered in that sick-room, I had full and frequent details of what passed there—they are far too sacred to be written here.

In January, 1866, I had the great comfort, as well as surprise, of receiving a long letter from Mr. Keble. It related mainly to a matter of business connected with the spiritual welfare of his beloved Burton; but it also dwelt fully and tenderly on the sufferings and patience of his sinking wife.

So did several others which followed it; and in the last, written only eleven days before his peaceful departure, and enclosing the Hursley offertory of more than £13 for our cattle-plague sufferers, are these most

* In the autumn before Mr. Keble's death, Dr. Pusey published his Commentary on the Prophet Daniel. My sister well remembers Mr. Keble's coming into the room with a newly-received copy of the work under his arm. He thanked God (he said) that he had lived long enough to see that work happily completed!

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remarkable words: 'My very dear Friend, our darling is still permitted to remain with us, but her weakness, and I much fear her suffering, increases—so, if possible, do her calmness and sweetness: I sit and look at her till I wonder how it ever can be that some whom I know are allowed to entertain a hope of being with such an one in the same home for ever. But we are taught to believe greater things than that; might we but be found worthy!' F. M. W.

THE CAGED LION.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST PILGRIMAGE.

THE summer morning came; the reveillée sounded, Mass was sung in the chapel tent, without which Henry never moved; and Malcolm tried to reassure his sinking heart by there pledging his vow to St. Andrew.

The English King was not present; but the troops were drawing up in complete array, that he might inspect them before the march. And a glorious array they were of steel-clad men-at-arms on horse-back, in bands around their leader's banner, and of ranks of sturdy archers, with their long-bows in leathern cases; the orderly multitude, stretching as far as the eye could reach, glittering in the early sun, and waiting with bold and glad hearts to greet the much loved King, who had always led them to victory.

The only unarmed knight was James of Scotland. He stood in the space around where the standard of England was planted, in his plain suit of chamois leather, his crimson cloak over his shoulder, but with no weapon about him, waiting with crossed arms for the morning's decision.

Close outside the royal tent waited Henry's horse, and those of his brother and other immediate attendants; and after a short interval he came forth in his brightest armour, with the coronal on his helmet, and the beaver up; and as he mounted, not without considerable aid, enthusiastic shouts of 'Long live King Harry!' broke forth, and came echoing back and back from troop to troop, gathering fervour as they rose.

The King rode forwards towards the standard; but while yet the shouts were pealing from the army, he suddenly caught at his saddle-bow, reeled visibly, and would have fallen before Bedford could bring his horse to his side, had not James sprung forward, and laid one arm round him, and a hand on his rein.

'It is nothing,' said Henry. 'Let me alone.'

Ere the words were finished, he put his hand to his side, dropped his bridle, and gasped, while a look of intense suffering passed over his

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features; and he was passive while his horse was led back to the tent, and he was lifted down, and placed on the couch he had just quitted.

'Loose my belt,' he gasped; then trying to smile, 'Percy has strained it three holes tighter.'

Alas! though it was indeed thus drawn in, his armour was hanging on him like the shell of a last year's nut. They released him from it, and he lay against the cushions with short painful respiration, and frequent cough.

'You must go on with the men at once, John,' he said. 'I will but be blooded, and follow in the litter.'

'Warwick and Salisbury—' began Bedford.

'No, no!' peremptorily gasped Henry. 'It must be you or I. I would, but this stitch in the side catches me, so that I can neither ride nor speak. Go, instantly. You know what I have ordered. I'll be up with you ere the battle.'

He brooked no resistance. His impatience, and with it the oppression and pain, only grew by remonstrance; and Bedford was forced to obey the command to go himself, and leave no one he could help behind him.

'You will stay, at least,' said John, in his distress, turning to the Scottish King.

'I must,' said James.

'You hold not your wrath?' said Bedford. 'It will madden me to leave him to any save you in this stress. Some are dull; some he will not heed.'

'I will tend him like yourself, John,' said the Scot, taking his hand. 'Do what he may, Harry is Harry still. Hasten to your command, John; he will be calmer when you are gone.'

Bedford groaned. It was hard to leave his brother at a moment when he must be more than himself—become general of an army, with a battle imminent; but he was under dire necessity, and forced himself to listen to and gather the import of the few terse orders and directions that Henry, breathless as he was, rendered clear and trenchant as ever.

The King almost drove his brother away at last, while a barber was taking a copious stream of blood from him; and as the army had already been set in motion, a great stillness soon prevailed, no one being left save a small escort, and part of the King's own immediate household. for Henry had himself ordered away Montagu, his chamberlain, Percy, and almost all on whom his eyes fell. The bleeding relieved him; he breathed less tightly, but became deadly pale, and sank into a doze of extreme exhaustion.

'Who is here?' he said, awakening. 'Some drink! What, you, Jamie! You that were on fire to see a stricken field!'

'Not so much as to see you better at ease,' said James.

'I am better,' said Henry. 'I could move now; and I must. This tent will stifle me by noon.'

'You will not go forward?'

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'No; I'll go back. A sick man is best with his wife. And I can battle it no further, nor grudge the glory of the day to John. He deserves it.'

The irascible sharpness had passed from his voice and manner, and given place to a certain languid cheerfulness, as arrangements were made for his return to Vincennes.

There proved to be a large and commodious barge, in which the transit could be effected on the river, with less of discomfort than in the springless horse litter by which he had travelled the day before, and this was at once prepared.

Malcolm had meanwhile remained, as in duty bound, in attendance on his King. James had found time to enjoin him to stay, being, to say the truth, unwilling to trust one so inexperienced and fragile in the melée without himself; nor indeed would this have been a becoming moment for him to put himself forward to win his spurs in the English cause.

Nothing had passed about Patrick Drummond, nor the high words of last night. Henry seemed to have forgotten them, between his bodily suffering and the anxiety of being forced to relinquish the command just before a battle; and James would have felt it ungenerous to harass him at such a moment, when absolutely committed to his charge. For the present, there was no fear of the prisoner being summarily executed by any lawful authority, since the King had promised to take cognizance of the case; and the chief danger was from his chance discovery by some lawless man-at-arms, who would think himself doing good service by killing a concealed Scot under any circumstances.

Drummond himself, after his delirious night, had sunk into a heavy sleep; and the King thought the best hope for him would be to remain under the care of Sir Nigel Baird for the present, until he could obtain favour for him from Henry, and could send back orders from Vincennes. He would not leave Malcolm to share the care of him, declaring that the canny Sir Nigel would have quite enough to do in averting suspicion without him; and besides, he needed Malcolm himself, in the scarcity of attendants who had any tenderness or dexterity of hand to wait upon the suffering King.

Henry had rallied enough to walk down to the river, leaning upon James; and he smiled thanks when he was assisted by Trenton and Kitson to lie along on cushions. 'So, my Yorkshire knights,' he said, ''tis you that have had to stop from the battle to watch a sick man home!'

'Ay, Sir,' said Sir Christopher; 'I did it with the better will, that Trenton here has not been his own man since the fever; and 'twere no fair play in the matter your Grace wots of, did I go into battle whole and sound, and he sick and sorry.'

Henry's look of amusement brightened him into his old self, as he said, 'Honester guards could I scarce have, good friend.'

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At that moment, after a nudge or two from Trenton, Kitson and he came suddenly down on their knees, with an impetus that must have tried the boards of the bottom of the barge. 'Sir,' said Kitson, always the spokesman, 'we have a grace to ask of you.'

'Say on,' said Henry. 'Any boon, save the letting you cut one another's throats.'

'No, Sir. Will Trenton's scarce my match now, more's the pity; and, moreover, we've lost the good will to it we once had. No, Sir; 'twas license to go a pilgrimage.'

'On pilgrimage!'

'Ay, Sir; to yon shrine at Breuil—St. Fiacre's, as they call him. Some of our rogues pillaged his shrine, as you know, Sir; and those that know these parts best, say he was a Scottish hermit, and bears malice like a Scot, saint though he be; and that your sickness, my Lord, is all along of that. So we two have vowed to go bare-foot there for your healing, my liege, if so be we have your license.'

'And welcome, with my best thanks, good friends,' said Henry, exerting himself to lean forward and give his hand to their kiss. Then, as they fell back into their places, with a few inarticulate blessings and assurances that they only wished they could go to Rome, or to Jerusalem, if it would restore their King, Henry said, smiling, as he looked at James, 'Scotsmen here, there, and everywhere—in Heaven as well as earth! What was it last night about a Scot that moved thine ire, Jamie? Didst not tender me thy sword? By my faith, thou hast it not! What was the rub?'

James now told the story in its fullness. How he had met Sir Patrick Drummond at Glenuskie; how, afterwards, the knight had stood by him in the encounter at Meaux; and how it had been impossible to leave him senseless to the flames; and how he had trusted that a capture made thus, accidentally, of a helpless man, would not fall under Henry's strict rules against accepting Scottish prisoners.

'Hm!' said Henry; 'it must be as you will; only I trust to you not to let him loose on us, either here or on the Border. Take back your sword, Jamie. If I spoke over hotly last night—a man hardly knows what he says when he has a goad in the side—you forgive it, Jamie.' And as the Scots King, with the dew in his eyes, wrung his hand, he added anxiously, 'Your sword! What, not here! Here's mine. Which is it?' Then, as James handed it to him; 'Ay, I would fain you wore it! 'Tis the sword of my knighthood, when poor King Richard dubbed me in Ireland; and many a brave scheme came with it!'

The soft movement of the barge upon the water had a soothing influence; and he was certainly in a less suffering state, though silent and dreamy, as he lay half raised on cushions under an awning, James anxiously watching over him, and Malcolm with a few other attendants near at hand; stout bargemen propelling the craft, and the guard keeping along the bank of the river.

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His thoughts were perhaps with the battle, for presently he looked up, and murmured the verse:

'"I had a dream, a weary dream,
Ayont the Isle of Skye;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I."

That stave keeps ringing in my brain; nor can I tell where or when I have heard it.'

'Tis from the Scottish ballad that sings of the fight of Otterburn,' said James; 'I brought it with me from Scotland.'

'And got little thanks for your pains,' said Henry, smiling. 'But, methinks, since no Percy is in the way, I would hear it again; there was true knighthood in the Douglas that died there.'

James's harp was never far off; and again his mellow voice went through that gallant and plaintive strain, though in a far more subdued manner than the first time he had sung it; and Henry, weakened and softened, actually dropped a brave man's tear at the 'bracken bush upon the lily lea,' and the hero who lay there.

'That I should weep for a Douglas!' he said, half laughing; 'but the hearts of all honest men lie near together, on whatever side they draw their swords. God have mercy on whosoever may fall to-morrow! I trow, Jamie, thou couldst not sing that rough rhyme of Agincourt. I was bashful and ungracious enough to loathe the very sound of it when I came home in my pride of youth; but I would lief hear it once more. Or, stay—Yorkshiremen always have voices;' and raising his tone, he unspeakably gratified Trenton and Kitson by the request; and their voices, deep and powerful, and not uncultivated, poured forth the Lay of Agincourt to the waves of the French river, and to its mighty victor:

'Our King went forth to Normandye.'

Long and lengthily chanted was the triumphant song, with the Latin choruses, which were echoed back by the escort on the bank; while Henry lay, listening and musing; and Malcolm had time for many a thought and impulse.

Patrick's life was granted; although it had been promised too late to send the intelligence back to the tent at Corbeil. So far, the purpose of his vow to St. Andrew had been accomplished; but with the probability that he should soon again be associated with Patrick, came the sense of the failure in purpose and in promise. Patrick would not reproach him, he well knew—nay, would rejoice in the change; but even this certainty galled him, and made him dread his cousin's presence as likely to bring him a sense of shame. What would Patrick think of his letting a lady be absolutely compelled to marry him? Might he not say it was Walter Stewart over again? Indeed, Malcolm remembered how carefully King James was prevented from hearing the means by

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which the Countess intended to make the lady his own; and a sensation came over him, that it was profanation to call on St. Andrew to bless what was to be brought about by such means. Why was it that, as his eyes fell on the face of King Henry, the whole world and all his projects acquired so different a colouring? and a sentence he had once heard Esclairmonde quote would come to him constantly: 'My son, think not to buy off God. It is thyself that He requires, not thy gifts.'

But the long lay of victory was over; and King Henry had roused himself to thank the singers, then sighed, and said, 'How long ago that was!'

'Six years,' said James.

'The whole space from the hope and pride of youth to the care and toil of eld,' said Henry. 'Your Scots made an old man of me the day they slew Thomas.'

'Yet that has been your sole mishap,' said James.

'Yea, truly! But thenceforth I have learnt that the road to Jerusalem is not so straight and plain as I deemed it when I stood victorious at Agincourt. The Church one again—the Holy Sepulchre redeemed! It seemed then before my eyes, and that I was the man called to do it.'

'So it may be yet,' said James. 'Sickness alters everything, and raises mountains before us.'

'It may be so,' said Henry; 'and yet—Jerusalem! Jerusalem! It was my father's cry; it was King Edward's cry; it was St. Louis's cry; and yet they never got there.'

'St. Louis was far on his way,' said James.

'Ay! he never turned aside!' said Henry, sighing, and moving restlessly and wearily with something of returning fever.

'"O bona patria, lumina sobria te speculantur—"

Boy, are you there?' as, in turning, his eye fell on Malcolm. 'Take warning: the straight road is the best. You see, I have never come to Jerusalem.' Then again he murmured,

'Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur;
Non breve vivere, non breve plangere, retribuetur.'

And James, seeing that nothing lulled him like song, offered to sing that mysteriously beautiful rhythm of Bernard of Morlaix.

'Ay, prithee do so,' said Henry. 'There's a rest there, when the Agincourt lay rings hollow. Well, there is a Jerusalem where our short-comings are made up; only the straight way—the straight way.'

Malcolm took his part with James in singing the rhythm, which he had learnt long ago at Coldingham, and which thus in every note brought back the vanished aspirations and self-dedication to 'the straight way.' For such, an original purpose of self-devotion must ever be—not of course exclusively to the monastic life; but whoever lowers his aims of

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serving God under any worldly inducement, is deviating from the straight way: and, thought Malcolm, if King Harry feels Agincourt an empty word beside the song of Sion, must not all I have sought for be a very vanity?

Sometimes dozing, but sometimes restless, and with the pain of breathing constantly increasing on him, Henry wore through the greater part of the day, upon the river, until it was necessary to land, and be taken through the forest in his litter. He was now obliged to be lifted from the barge; and his weariness rendered the conveyance very distressing, save that his patient smile never faded; and still he said, 'All will be well when I come to my Kate!'

Alas! when the gates were reached, James hardly knew how to tell him that the Queen had gone that morning to Paris with her mother. Yet still he was cheerful. 'If the physicians deal hard with me,' he said, 'it will be well that she should not be here till the worst is over.'

The physicians were there. A messenger had gone direct from Corbeil to summon them; and Henry delivered himself up into their hands, to fight out the battle with disease, as he had set himself to fight out many another battle in his time.

A sharp conflict it was—between a keen and aggravated disease, apparently pleurisy coming upon pulmonary affection of long standing, a strong and resolute nature, unquenched by suffering, and backed by the violent remedies of a half-instructed period. Those who watched him, and strove to fulfil the directions of the physicians, hardly marked the lapse of hours; even though more than one day and night had passed ere, in the early twilight of a long summer's morn he sank into a sleep, his face still distressed, but less acutely, and his breath heavy and labouring, though without the severe pain.

The watchers felt that here might be the turning point, and stood or sat around, not daring to change their postures, or utter the slightest word. Suddenly, James, who stood nearest, leaning against the wall, with his eyes fixed on the face of the sleeper, was aware of a hand on his shoulder, and looking round, saw, in the now full light, Bedford's face, so pale, haggard, and replete with anxiety, so dusty and travel-stained, that Henry, awakening at that moment, exclaimed, 'Ha, John!' And as his brother was slow to reply—'Has the day gone against thee? How was it? Never fear to speak, brother; thou art safe; and I know thou hast done valiantly. Valour is never lost, whether in defeat or success. Speak, John. Take it not so much to heart.'

'There has been no battle, Harry,' said Bedford, gathering voice with difficulty. 'The Dauphin would not abide our coming, but broke up his camp.'

'Beshrew thee, man!' said Henry; 'but I thought thou wast just off a flight!'

'Dost think one can ride fast only for a flight?' said Bedford. 'Ah, would that it had been the loss of ten battles rather than this!'

And he fell on his knees, grasping Henry's hand, and hiding his face against the bed, with the same instinct of turning to him for comfort,

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with which the young motherless children of Henry of Bolingbroke, when turned adrift among the rude Beaufort progeny of John of Gaunt, had clung to their eldest brother, and found tenderness in his love and protection in his fearlessness; so that few royal brethren ever loved better than Henry and John of Lancaster.

'It was well and kindly done, John,' said Henry. 'And thou hast come at a good time; for, thanks be to God, the pain hath left me; and if it were not for this burthen of heaviness and weariness, I should be more at ease than I have been for many weeks.'

But as he spoke, there was that both in his face and voice that chilled with a dread certainty the hearts of those who hung over him.

'Is my wife come? I could see her now,' he wistfully asked.

Alas! no. Sir Lewis Robsart, the knight attached to her service, faltered, with a certain shame and difficulty, that the Queen would come when her orisons at Notre Dame were performed.

It was his last disappointment; but still he bore it cheerily.

'Best so,' he said. 'My fair one was not made for sights like this; and were she here,' his lip trembled, 'I might bear me less as a Christian man should. My sweet Catherine! Take care of her, John; she will be the most desolate being in the world.'

John promised with all his heart; though pity for cold-hearted Catherine was not the predominant feeling there.

'I would I had seen my child's face, and blessed him,' continued Henry. 'Poor boy! I would have him Warwick's charge.'

'Warwick is waiting admission,' said Bedford. 'He and Salisbury and Exeter rode with me.'

The King's face lighted up with joy as he heard this. 'It is good for a man to have his friends about him,' he said; and as they entered, he held out his hand to them, and thanked them.

Then took place the well-known scene, when, looking back on his career, he pronounced it to have been his endeavour to serve God and his people; and declared himself ready to face death fearlessly, since such was the will of his Maker: grieving only for the infancy of his son, but placing his hope and comfort in his brother John, and commending the babe to the fatherly charge of Warwick. 'You cannot love him for his own sake as yet; but if you think you owe me aught, repay it to him.' And as he thought over the fate of other infant kings, he spoke of some having hated the father and loved the child, others who had loved the father and hated the child.

To Humfrey of Glocester he sent stringent warnings against giving way to his hot and fiery nature, offending Burgundy, or rushing into a doubtful wedlock with Jaqueline of Hainault; speaking of him with an elder brother's fatherly affection, but turning ever to John of Bedford with full trust and reliance, as one like-minded, and able to carry out all his intentions. For the French prisoners, they might not be released, 'lest more fire be kindled in one day than can be quenched in three.'

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'And for you, Jamie,' he said, affectionately holding out his hand, 'my friend, my brother-in-arms, I must say the same as ever. Pardon me, Jamie; but I have not kept you out of malice, such as man must needs renounce on his death-bed. I trust to John, and to the rest, for giving you freedom at such time as you can safely return to be such a king indeed as we have ever hoped to be. Do you pardon me, James, for this, as for any harshness or rudeness you may have suffered from me?'

James, with full heart, murmured out his ardent love, his sense that no captive had ever been so generously treated as he.

'And you, my young lord,' said Henry, looking towards Malcolm, whose light touch and tender hands had made him a welcome attendant in the illness, 'I have many a kind service to thank you for. And I believe I mightily angered you once; but, boy, remember—ay, and you too, Ralf Percy—that he is your friend who turns you back from things sore to remember in a case like mine!'

After these, and other calm collected farewells, Henry required to know from his physicians how long his time might yet be. There was hesitation in answering, plainly as they saw that mortification had set in.

'What,' he said, 'do ye think I have faced death so many times to fear it now?'

Then came the reply given by the weeping, kneeling physician: 'Sir, think of your soul, for, without a miracle, you cannot live two hours.'

The King beckoned his confessor, and his friends retired, to return again to take their part in the last rites, the Viaticum and Unction.

Henry was collected, and alive to all that was passing, responding duly, and evidently entering deeply into the devotions, that were to aid his spirit in that awful passage, his face gravely set, but firm and fearless as ever. The ceremonial ended, he was still sensible, though with little power of voice or motion left; but the tone, though low, was steady as ever, when he asked for the Penitential Psalms. Still they doubted whether he were following them, for his eyes closed, and his lips ceased to move, until, as they chanted the revival note of David's mournful penance—'O be favourable and gracious unto Sion; build Thou the walls of Jerusalem;'—at that much loved word, the light of the blue eyes once more beamed out, and he spoke again. 'Jerusalem! On the faith of a dying king, it was my earnest purpose to have composed matters here into peace and union, and so to have delivered Jerusalem. But the Will of God be done, since He saw me unworthy.'

Then his eyes closed again; he slept, or seemed to sleep; and then a strange quivering came over the face, the lips moved again, and the words broke from them, 'Thou liest, foul spirit! thou liest!' but as though the parting soul had gained the victory in that conflict, peace came down on the wasted features; and with the very words of his Redeemer Himself, 'Into Thy Hands I commend my spirit,' he did indeed fall asleep; the mighty soul passed from the worn-out frame.

(To be continued.)

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CAMPANELLA.

CHAPTER X.

THE event was this. A new room had been added to the village school. This would not at first sight seem a circumstance likely to drive Nella away from Brentholm, but in the end it did so. For it was found that the money in hand was not enough to pay for the new building; and the question now was, How could more money be raised?

At last, it was agreed between Mr. Dykes and a lady friend and parishioner of his, that it would be a good plan to give a concert in the school; a concert so attractive, that it should draw not only the people of Brentholm, but also those from the neighbouring villages; and even, perhaps, from the town of Lilport itself, ten miles distant.

'But who will play or sing for us?' said the Rector.

'The Miss Jacksons will sing, and Miss Rhodes will play, and you will help her with your flute,' answered the lady. 'And then I will write to Monsieur Mallet, who teaches my nieces when we are in town. He plays, and also sings, some charming little compositions of his own. I am sure, that to oblige me, he will come down for a reasonable sum, and he will put the whole thing in order. Then your wonderful little Italian must play her violin.'

'Little Nella! She is a mere child, and quite self-taught.'

'What! have you not found out yet that she is a genius and a wonder? It is quite true, nevertheless; and she must help us with the concert.'

Mr. Dykes answered humbly, 'If you advise it, I suppose it must be done; but I don't like the thought of bringing a child into public like that.'

'You forget that she is an Italian; not one of our shy English girls. It runs in her blood to be self-possessed in public; for Miss Charteris told me that her mother was an actress. If she is a really modest child, as I hope she is, it cannot hurt her to play for so good a cause; and besides, it will scarcely be a *public* performance after all. The room will be half filled with Brentholm people.'

'You have given me three very good reasons, all contradicting each other,' replied the Rector, smiling; 'so no doubt Nella must be asked to assist us.'

Nella was asked, accordingly.

Mrs. Lester, remembering how shy the child had been when she had first begged her to play, fancied that she would be doubly nervous now. But the little girl looked up, when Mrs. Lester began to urge her not to refuse, and answered simply, 'Of course I will play, if Mr. Dykes do wish.'

Her music was a secret no longer. And she saw no greater terrors

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in an audience formed of ladies and gentlemen, than in one made up of her own school-fellows.

Monsieur Mallet consented to come: and the great day drew near. The children had a holiday, in order that the room might be decorated. They had all been busy for a long time beforehand, in making baskets full of paper roses, red and white; and Nella, of her own idea, but with Mrs. Lester's help, had made a pretty star on a piece of stretched canvas, with sea-weed, chiefly those broad brown leathery thongs which entangle the beach, and with little shells and berries. All these things, and loads of evergreens to boot, were brought into the school. Ladies and gentlemen came to arrange them; some of the scholars (Nella in the number) were allowed to be there also, handing up bits of evergreen and nails and string. The young ladies laughed and chattered, and were very merry; some of them spoke kindly to Nella; and one gentleman gave her a sixpence; but none of them had the same sort of face that Miss Charteris had, she thought: hers was like an angel's face.

Then the evening came. All the musicians gathered together in Mrs. Lester's little parlour. M. Mallet was there, with a very neat white tie, and a very shiny black moustache, and a magnificent yet humble politeness. The young lady amateurs came rustling in, in their pretty pink and white dresses, declaring that they were *so* nervous; they knew they should break down!

'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte, Mesdemoiselles,' said M. Mallet deferentially.

A young gentleman from Lilport was there; he was going to play on a large brass instrument, of which he seemed much afraid.

And the Rector ran in now and then, to screw up his flute, and to say, 'Now, Ladies! Got all your things? Time's nearly up! Oh dear! don't be down-hearted!'

There was a buzzing noise in the school-room, which grew louder every minute.

When Nella had handed coffee to the ladies, she sat quietly in the corner, her hands clasped on the lap of her best black frock, listening to the buzz, with no one to notice her. At last, indeed, when Mr. Dykes took up his flute to go and play the opening piece, he chucked her under the chin, and asked her if she felt brave. She only smiled at him; and there was no time to wait for her answer. She listened from her quiet corner to that first piece, a duett between the flute and piano. It did not hurt her, like the school singing; yet she did not care for it. Then the Miss Jacksons sang; and then M. Mallet. His singing was pretty, she thought; but she could make no pictures out of it, such as she had made when her mother sang, and even when the German played on his fiddle. Then all the musicians, who had been standing in the school-room, came back into the parlour, and Mrs. Lester with them, in a great flurry.

She went up to Nella, and kissed her. 'You poor little darling!' she

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said; 'I have not been able to come to you before. It is your turn now. How do you feel, dear?'

Nella answered in a funny prim way, 'Quite well, thank you;' and walked straight out into the concert-room, with her violin, hardly noticing the encouragements of the Rector. She did not need them.

When she found herself on the raised stage, indeed, facing one or two hundred people, she felt a little confused, and for a few moments forgot to curtsey. But she recollected herself very soon; not that she heard the loud whispers of Mrs. Lester at the door, or felt the Rector, who had led her to her place, pat her kindly on the head. She had seen her mother curtsey to the people, who were waiting in crowds to hear her voice. And now she did the same. Then she put her violin on her shoulder; and when her fingers felt the beloved strings, she forgot all her little nervousness. She did not know what she should play yet: Mr. Dykes's wise lady friend had induced him to let her play what she liked. He had never heard her, and was rather alarmed for the result. When the strings were properly tightened, she held her bow a moment in the air, considering what she should play.

The people stared at her. Those who did not know her, looked half in pity and half in wonder; those who lived in Brentholm, were afraid lest, after all, the tiny violinist should fail. She looked so small and slight and solitary, standing on that platform all alone, in her little black dress. M. Mallet smiled, almost contemptuously.

Nella noticed no one. 'I will play just what I see,' she thought, and began.

The people only heard an odd, gay, merry tune, which made them smile, and nod as to a dance measure. They did not know that in this way the child was painting them all as they sat before her: the decorated room; the flowers; the lights; the bright colours; the waving feathers of the married ladies; the fluttering fans; the girls whispering; the scent of patchouli and rose-water. Then she noticed how, through a window at the end of the room, the moon was beaming from her vast quiet heaven on this scene of pleasure; and suddenly the merry air, with which she had begun, subsided to a murmur, like the hum of bees; and above it rose, in its simple grace and majesty, Nella's favourite, 'All through the night.' The people felt solemn and hushed, as though angels were singing. With that she ended; and walked quietly down the steps which led to the little platform.

There was a great noise of talking and clapping; and presently M. Mallet said, with a smile, very different from that with which he had watched her at the first, 'They want you back again, Mademoiselle.'

And Mr. Dykes said, 'Will you play them something more?'

'I don't think I can play any more,' she answered. But when the noise went on, (she knew from of old what it meant,) she trotted quickly up the steps again, and began an Italian air, which her mother had been used to sing. When it was over, there was more clapping.

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Mr. Dykes said, 'Thank you, my little maid.—Give her a glass of wine after all that.'

The young ladies hovered over her, calling her pretty names; the young gentleman from Lilport looked at her through an eye-glass; M. Mallet lifted both hands, and cried, 'Mais c'est merveilleux!' and Mrs. Lester kissed her with tears in her eyes.

It was less than a week after this, when Bill Waters came home one evening before Nella had gone up to bed, alone, sober, and very cross. He banged the chairs about as if they were his mortal enemies, refused to let Nella fill his pipe, (which she had learned to do,) and then began to suck in long draughts of tobacco smoke with a spiteful sort of energy. At last his anger broke out in words. 'So they're going to take you away,' he began, knocking the ash out of his pipe with such force, that he broke the stem. 'You're too fine a fish for poor Bill's pond, I s'pose.'

'Who will take me away?' asked Nella timidly.

Bill answered with a grunt. 'Umph! If you don't know, you'll hear soon enough. After I've made you a room fit for a princess, too! Well, it's only what them as isn't rich has to look for. The rich allers had a spite agin 'em.'

Nella seldom talked to Bill; but now she was so anxious to know what he meant, that she brought her stool, as on the first night when he had shown her the little 'Chinee' on the handkerchief. She sat down at his knee, and asked him, in a pretty voice, 'Please, Bill, what is it?'

'You'll hear to-morrow from Mrs. Lester,' he answered gruffly, filling himself another pipe; but after a dozen pulls, glancing down uneasily at the pretty plaintive little face which was watching him, he broke out anew. 'Hang it! They're about right, after all!' You're too fine-made a article for Black Bill: there ain't no good denyin' of it.'

He looked so strange and red about the eyes, that Nella was half frightened, and got up to go to bed.

'I do not want to go from you, Bill,' she said, in her slow careful way.

'Oh, you'll be glad enough, like all the rest of 'em, to turn your back on a poor man,' he replied quite savagely.

Then Nella went away, and left him, so curious to know what new fate was hanging over her, that she could not sleep for two long hours.

She asked Mrs. Lester the meaning of Bill's words, as soon as she reached school on the following day; but the mistress only said, 'Wait awhile, my dear: we are to go to Mr. Dykes's after twelve; he will tell you better than I can.'

At half-past twelve, accordingly, the two appeared hand-in-hand at the Rectory door. They found the parson in his study, with a nice lunch spread for them. He would explain nothing until they had eaten.

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'Make a good dinner, little one,' he said; but Nella was so excited, that her appetite had run away. She had to wait, however, until Mrs. Lester had laid down her knife and fork. And then the Rector brought a chair close to her, sat down there, and taking her hand kindly in his, said in a slow clear voice, 'Should you like to learn music very well, Nella?'

'Oh yes,' she eagerly replied.

'Monsieur Mallet, who sang for us so beautifully, came to me the day after our concert, and spoke to me about you. He was much surprised at your music. He says you already play well; and with good teaching, will some day play very nicely indeed. He is so good as to offer to have you taught by a good master, and to find you a home meanwhile, in London, with himself and his wife, who, he says, will be very kind to you. It will be a great change, my dear child, in every way. I almost fear this new life for you; yet it seems as though God Himself were calling you to it; and if so, we must trust in His wisdom.' Here the Rector turned to the school-mistress, and went on in a lower tone:—'Mrs. Murray assures me that Madame Mallet is a good-natured person, and quite respectable; else I should not think of letting the child go out of our sight. But we can still exercise a sort of supervision, by means of letters and Mrs. Murray; and it does seem a pity that such talent should be wasted.—Now, my little Nella, have you thought over the matter? Did you understand me?'

It seemed that Nella had understood; for she said, 'Should I ever come back here, Sir?'

'Certainly. Often, I hope.'

'Are there many persons in London?'

'Very many: more than you can count.'

'Shall I see Miss Charteris there some day?'

This was asked with very eager eyes.

'Most likely you will.'

'Therefore I should like it much, please,' she concluded, using a wrong word, as she often did still; though it was wonderful how quickly and how well she had learned to speak English.

It was now settled that Nella should go to London. Mr. Dykes had already spoken on the matter to Bill, pointing out to him that it would be for the girl's good; and Bill had said, though very sulkily, 'I s'pose she'll have to go.'

Letters passed between Mr. Dykes and Monsieur Mallet, who fixed a day on which Madame Mallet would come down to Brentholm to fetch 'her interesting little charge,' as her husband called Campanella. Then you may think what cuttings-out and fittings-on, and tacking and sewing and hemming, went on in the school, in order to get the little musician ready for her journey.

'I can't bear it to look as if she hadn't any friends, the poor darling!' said Mrs. Lester. 'There's nothing more than a child's clothes shows where the mother's heart is.'

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Mrs. Lester herself gave liberally to Nella's wardrobe. Mr. Dykes offered, in a bachelor's ignorant wholesale way, to pay for anything she might want: he supposed she would want a new frock or so. Mrs. Murray, the Rector's friend and adviser, was very liberal, both of help and counsel. And Bill, whose independence had now become a permanent fit of the sulks, nevertheless brought a little pile of coins to Mrs. Lester, 'for the little 'un's trimmin's.'

So Nella was well provided. A nice new trunk was bought; and her linen, when made, was laid in it in heaps, with a lavender bag and a sheet of tissue paper over each layer. There were two little black frocks, one absolutely made of silk, with a white crape tucker; for, as Mrs. Lester said apologetically, 'The child might come across great people now.'

All the school-children sewed with much industry and pleasure, looking at their school-fellow, as they threaded their needles, with quite an awe and amazement. Was she not going to the great and wonderful London, where Dick Whittington and his cat had lived!

Nella herself stitched away as fast as her fingers would go. Those fingers trembled a good deal; for here was a new change, as sudden, and almost as great, as that which had befallen her before, through the wild will of the waves, as it seemed then. She was sorry to leave beautiful Brentholm, and the people, who had been so kind; she was sorry to leave her own pretty little room; she was afraid of the strange faces which would surround her in London. But then, she would learn to play music, really fine music! finer and sweeter, perhaps, than the fiddling of the dirty little German. This alone was sufficient to make her long for the new life, in spite of its uncertainty.

At last came a certain Wednesday evening, her last in the pretty coasting village. On the next morning, Madame Mallet was to take her away. She was to arrive in Brentholm that very night; to sleep at Mrs. Murray's; and to-morrow would return to London with 'her charge.' The linen, lavender bags, and all, was packed and locked in the new trunk; the school-children had kissed Nella for good-bye; and now the little girl had come to bid farewell to her dear church tower.

Tolling Jem was ringing the passing-bell again, over an old old sailor, who, having been buffeted about on the waves during eight-and-seventy years, had now gone to the peaceful land, where is no more sea. When the child came into the belfry, so quietly that it seemed rather like a sudden appearing there than an ordinary walking in, the sexton nodded to her, and said, in his gruff good-natured voice, 'So you're agoin' to leave us. Glad to leave us, ain't you?'

'I am sorry to leave you, Jem,' answered Nella sincerely.

Then she went up the stairs, to where her little stool lived among the bells. She took it in her hand, and carried it still further up, through the door, on to the clear open space beneath the sky.

A year had passed since Nella had first sat on the tower. It was.

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again a soft spring evening, and the time of sunset; not so gorgeous a sunset, however, as that which I once described to you: this was merely one great sheet of amber-coloured flame, deep, soft, and translucent, not dazzling. It threw a pure warm light, like a kiss, on the sea, and on the graves beneath the tower, whose head-stones glowed as if they were made of amber. Across the yellow sky, two long bars of cloud were slowly closing, like the portcullis of an old castle. The tones of the passing-bell came up to her in a deep thrilling boom; the tower trembled at them. Nella watched the glory fade out of the sky, and the cloud-gates shut and lock; the stars began to shine; before her glittered that star which she always thought of as a home for happy spirits. Still watching it, and thinking of dear Miss Charteris, who had first met her in that place, Campanella fell asleep.

In her sleep, she had a dream. It seemed to her that she was still looking at the star, when suddenly she saw that it was growing larger and nearer. It came so near, that it flooded all the land and sea in a clear white light, like liquid diamond. It orbed down towards herself, until at last, like a vast ball of transparent light as clear as glass, it swooped forward, and burst, and broke up before her sight in a million million sparkles of crystal fire. Then she perceived that within what seemed this outer shell of brightness, stood a mighty gate, fast closed, made all of burnished gold. So great a light shone upon its polished surface, that it had the clearness of transparency; yet it was not transparent, for nothing could be seen behind or through it. Before it stood a calm great angel, with folded wings, like those angels of the sunset, such as she had imagined them. There was a living quiver and thrill in the air; and soon, through the exceeding brightness which veiled from sight as mist veils, the child saw that all this motion proceeded from a countless host of spirits, who were seeking admission at the gate. The angel stood calm and still, his grave eyes looking far before him. A bell, wonderfully rich and deep, as though all the beautiful music which had ever sounded on earth had been produced only to form this one perfect harmony, gave out a single knell. The angel turned, and his eyes fell upon the crowd of spirits. He smiled on them, an angel's smile, and laid his hand on the lock of the gate. The spirits came forward in solemn order—faint forms, in whose lightness was bliss. Then Nella saw that none presented itself singly before the angel, but each drew another soul along with it in a close embrace. Sometimes a group of three or four appeared together, but never one alone. So all were ranged beside the angel, ready to pass through when the gates should be opened.

Last of all, a little spirit came flying belated through the air, having no fellow spirit beside it, and some way Nella knew at once that this was she herself. Her heart beat with hope and fear; she hoped so that the angel would look kindly on this poor solitary little soul. But alas! he looked grave when it came before him, and did not appoint it a place

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in the happy row. 'Why art thou alone?' he asked, his voice being like the voice of the bell. The spirit could answer nothing, but seemed to shrink in confusion and dread. 'Where is that poor man's soul which was given to thee?' the angel asked again. Then Nella saw for the first time that her dead mother stood beside the angel, and was looking towards her poor little spirit with longing loving eyes, and outstretched arms. 'No one can enter here alone,' the angel said. Then he turned a golden key in the massive lock; the gates swung slowly back; a dazzling fragrant warmth broke out; the other spirits trooped into it in a great company.

Last of all, the gentle mother turned to enter, while the soul of her little one was falling back and away into a great cold and darkness. The mother said regretfully, 'If we do not bring one soul with us, how can we prove to the Lord Jesus that we have loved Him?'

Nella awoke with a sob, shivering in the cold air of the April evening.

CHAPTER XI.

There was a great deal of Madame Mallet. First of all, there was a round, fat, English face, with very red cheeks and a very white skin, rather more red and white than nature. Next there was a quantity of fair frizzled hair, which tried hard to make the round face look French, but without success. There was a tall heavy figure, a pair of broad shoulders, a fine Chinese shawl, a black velvet dress. There was also a great deal of Madame Mallet's bonnet. It was now the fashion for ladies to wear flower-gardens and sometimes kitchen-gardens too on their heads, and the structure which crowned Madame's was wreathed with some black cherries, some white roses, two little apples, and a red cactus, like a list out of a vocabulary. When Nella went, as she had been bidden, to Mrs. Murray's, this lady bore down upon her at once, almost smothering her under her vast person. She embraced and kissed the little girl very heartily, and said,

'My child, I will be a mother to you.—You may rely upon me, Mrs. Murray; I will be a mother to her.'

She looked very kind, and Campanella thought she should like her. The two had a long drive to the train in Mrs. Murray's beautiful carriage; but Nella could not enjoy it much for sorrow at leaving kind Mrs. Lester. Madame talked to her at first, but, finding her companion was very silent, she soon popped her feet up on the opposite seat and closed her eyes, perhaps to think the better. In the train she did the same, first taking off the vegetable bonnet and replacing it by a blue opera hood which she brought out of her pocket. She smiled sweetly in her dreams. There were other persons in the carriage, but she made herself none the less comfortable on their account.

Nella sat bolt upright, her little feet dangling, very shy and timid, now

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and then squeezing the hard wooden neck of the violin, her dear old violin! which lay on her lap. Madame Mallet had smiled when she saw it, and said, 'We will soon give you a handsomer fiddle than that, my dear.' But Nella had felt rather angry than grateful; she felt as a girl would feel if somebody had been rude enough to say to her that her sister was ugly.

When the train stopped at a large station for ten minutes, Madame replaced the hood by the bonnet again, leaving the strings afloat; then took Nella to the refreshment-room and gave her a big bun. As for herself, she ate quite a large pork pie. Then she popped up her feet, and fell asleep again.

Before the evening closed in, the air began to grow murky and dim with the smoke from many houses. Long rows of them began to appear beside the railway, turning their backs to it and holding it aloof with smoky gardens, which nevertheless were now gay with yellow crocuses. Then, tickets were collected; Madame tied on the bonnet 'for good and all,' as folks say; the train, after dragging its length on slowly for a while, stopped finally in a vast, dim, windy hall, full of noise and ugliness and confusion, which was, in fact, the Waterloo Bridge Station, London. Nella's trunk was rescued from a chaos of other trunks; a porter called a cab; our friends got in; the porter stood a long time holding the door open; Madame fumbled in her pocket and found twopence. The porter took it, looking the other way, and was then surprised to find money in his hand. The cab rattled and shook our travellers, little and big, through long streets where everything looked dirty, and where dabs of light were beginning to appear in the shop windows. It stopped at last in a quiet row before a door with two brass plates on it. On one was written, 'Monsieur Mallet.'

By this time, Nella's brain seemed whirling with all the new unrestful things she had seen. She made halt at last in a little hot room with a piano in it, and a general litter, and a smell of tobacco as strong as that in Bill's kitchen, and Monsieur, in a smart dressing-gown, smoking by the fire behind a newspaper. He got up from his chair.

'Well, my ducky,' said Madame.

'Safely returned, my love,' said Monsieur. 'I am glad to see you, my dear; make yourself happy here.' He spoke these last words to little Nella in quite a polite voice, as though she were a grown-up young lady, and then he sat gracefully down again.

Nella was very sleepy and tired. When Madame Mallet took her up-stairs and showed her a small room which was to be her own, she longed to lie down on the bed, hungry though she was, and go to sleep at once. It was not a very inviting room, however; it had the faded look of all lodging-house rooms; the carpet and paper were dingy, and there were no pictures. Nella thought it would look prettier when she had hung over the bed her 'Jesus Blessing Little Children,' which was now in her box. Then she washed her face and hands; and presently Madame came to fetch her, and they went down to the little parlour, where a nice

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hot supper with coffee was ready for them. It did Nella good, and she slept all the better for it afterwards in that dingy little bed. She would have felt very lonely in the strange room with none but strange people within call, but that she had her dear familiar violin to lie on the pillow beside her like the head of a beloved friend. She had also unpacked her picture by this time, and she was glad even in the dark to know that that loving heavenly face was placed where she would be able to see it when her eyes first opened in the morning. Also when, in her trustful childish prayers, she begged for a blessing on dear Miss Charteris, she felt as if that kind face too were drawn near to her.

On the very next morning Nella's new master came. No time was to be lost in making a musician of her. Monsieur Mallet had speculated on her, and he wanted quick returns for the money he was going to spend. He had gone out early, very spruce and neat, to give singing lessons, so that his wife took Nella's trembling hand, when a sharp ring at the door-bell was heard, to lead her to the room where her master was waiting for her.

Madame Mallet at home was not quite so well-favoured an object as Madame Mallet out a-visiting; the red and white complexion was less delicately managed; the black velvet was replaced by a silk all fluttering with ribbons, altogether smart and flimsy. But a kind simple heart beat under all the tawdry finery. 'Poor little soul!' she said, bending down to give Nella a kiss before the dreadful door was opened. 'You're frightened, aren't you? Never mind; be a good girl and play as well as you can. He won't eat you, you know.'

The lesson was to proceed not in the little stuffy room where supper had been eaten, but in one larger and more decked out, with mirrors and glass and French pictures and amber damask and lace, not quite clean; all rather dingily smart, like its mistress. The new master was stamping up and down impatiently, like a lion in a cage. He was a very great man measured by music, but a very little man measured by inches. He was five feet and a half high, thin, with straight dark hair and spectacles, and quick sharp movements, and quick sharp speech; this last often so abrupt, indeed, as to seem rude. He came up in a great hurry to shake hands with Madame, as though there were no time to spare for civilities.

'Is this the child I'm to put some music into?' he asked, looking at Nella, who felt afraid of him, and clung closer to her kind fat friend.

'Bless you! Mr. Mansworth, she's got plenty of that in her already,' answered the lady, in her slow, thick, good-natured voice.

'It's ten to one if she has,' said Mr. Mansworth, turning away to open the piano, just because he was restless and must be doing something. 'These self-taught geniuses are seldom good for anything. Your husband's made a mistake again, Madame; see if he hasn't.'

Madame gave a fat contented chuckle, and sank down on a sofa.

Mr. Mansworth sat down to the piano, and ran up a few notes. 'La la la la la; can you sing, child?'

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'I have the ugly voice,' replied Nella timidly.

'An ugly voice, have you? I dare say you know nothing about it. Try; come! La la la la la!'

Nella tried, as she was bid, and made a husky little squeak, for she had no voice at all for singing. Mr. Mansworth jumped off his music-stool.

'That's enough; no music there,' he said quite angrily, as if Nella had made her own voice.

'It's the violin, you know, that you are to teach her,' put in Madame quietly. Her slow soft voice came like oil on the troubled waters of his hurried speaking.

'Well, get your fiddle, child; let's hear you. I dare say it's the same with that.'

Nella went in a great hurry and tremour to fetch her violin, but she knew well enough that she would not be able to play a note; the excitable bustling little fellow had jarred all her system.

'Now then, come, play me something,' he cried, the moment she re-entered; and although Madame interfered to tell him that he was worrying the child, he could not wait nor ask quietly.

'I can't play now, Signor,' said Nella, shaking her head and looking quite scared. But her master would take no denial. She must play, he said; she could play something, he supposed; 'Pop goes the Weazel,' at any rate. Nella had never heard of 'Pop goes the Weazel,' but she grew so frightened lest something dreadful should happen to him if he were to excite himself much longer—lest his bird-like little head would pop off his shoulders, or all his quick bird-like little body fly into tiny bits perhaps—that she drew her bow across the strings to quiet him at any cost, though she could only produce from them the simplest tune she knew, and that ill-played.

'Bless my soul!' cried Mr. Mansworth, stamping with impatience; 'bless my soul! what do you call that, eh? If *that's* all your geniuses are good for— Give us the fiddle!' He snatched it from her, and, still tramping up and down, his black hair flying two feet behind him, his coat-tails swinging in all directions, he began to play, oh! such wild mad music, like witches dancing, and yet how beautiful! There were plenty of stories to be made out of this; not even her mother's singing had conjured up more lively visions in Nella's mind. She saw clouds and storms and lightning, and dark pines swaying in the wind, and gleaming peaks jutting out of heavy mists; great dreary moorlands and lonely meres and long flights of wild birds. The little musician went striding to and fro, looking like a prophet of old with the spirit of prophecy on him. Madame murmured piteously, 'Dear, dear, how he is wearing my best carpet!' but no one heard her, for the violinist was lost in his music, and Nella was drinking it in with all her being. Nella the musician was another creature from Nella the timid orphan.

At last Mr. Mansworth stopped with a long breath, and wiped his

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forehead, which was quite wet. 'There now; go on again, if you can,' he said, holding out the fiddle to the child.

She came forward and took it—Nella the musician now. Forgetting all about the strange city she was in, and the strange man who was listening to her, she drew her bow again across the strings, and went on painting her pictures. The swaying pines and snowy peaks were very grand, but not so sweet to her as the gentle swelling round the lakes, and the woods with blue lines of light among their boughs, where it was delicious to rest from the hot sun. There had been such near her first home, and these she played.

'Um, um, um!' grunted Mr. Mansworth at first, throwing himself about in his chair. 'Fanciful, fanciful! That's how talent is frittered away. Mallet won't make any money out of her, that's certain.' By-and-by, however, he stopped these little grunts, which Nella did not hear; he grew quiet, he sat quite still; he lowered his eyebrows till they were straight over his eyes in a black frown, he leaned back, clasping one knee with his two hands.

At last, Campanella had played out her fancies and stopped. The little man got up, seized both her hands, and shook them till the slender wrists ached.

'Bravo, bravo!' he cried; 'you'll do;—she'll do, Madame; no tinsel here; real gold here; your husband is a man of judgment.—Bravo, little girl! you and I will be friends.'

Then he changed again all on a sudden, and became very grave and business-like. 'Come now, we must lose no time. You know you'll have to unlearn all that fatal facility of yours. It won't do to go on playing pretty pictures out of your own head if you are to be a musician. We must work, we must drudge. We are not like sculptors; no one can hew our blocks for us and bring them from the quarry to our studios all tempting and handy for the chisel. We must quarry our own marble, and be our own beasts of burden. Music is a hard mistress, but she's worth working for, little girl, you'll find that. She gives good wages.'

'I'm sure—' began Madame, plaintively.

The enthusiastic little fellow waved her aside impatiently. 'Not money wages: oh, no! I don't speak of anything so low as that. What's money? Can any number of little round bits of gold pay a man for one poetical thought? Pshaw! Music's an art; she pays the soul, not the pockets; *she* gives you the true gold; moments of happiness, Madame, of bliss—yes!—Now come, my dear, let's have our lesson.'

He fell at once an octave in tone and a whole key-board in manner, and became a quiet sensible fellow, ready to begin with Nella from the very first beginning of music-lessons. She thought she had never seen anyone half so funny; she almost fancied he must be mad. But he was not mad; he was only a man governed by passion for art. He was a good master, and Nella was a good pupil, and learned well.

(To be continued.)

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LENA'S SEVEN BIRTH-DAYS.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER birth-day—my twentieth; the day we had once hoped would have been our wedding-day. I am very sad to-day, very sad indeed—though all my days now seem more or less sad; the last six months have been so full of sorrow. Yet to-day is not without its gleam of hope, its cause for thankfulness; for Herbert returned home with my father and mother from London yesterday, and he is certainly much better than when he went away ten weeks ago. I can see a great change in him. One eye is nearly right, the other, alas! still dark, and I fear hopelessly so. Then his hair, which was kept quite short till he left home, has been allowed to grow again, and is thick and glossy and waving as it ever was; and his whiskers are growing too, and hiding the scar on his cheek, which is a great comfort; he is fatter also, and looks better altogether. He no longer keeps his arm in a sling, though as yet he can't use it freely; but the doctors have told him that it will become quite strong again in time, and by submitting to the necessary means. So for all this I, especially, ought to be and am thankful. Then I am so glad to have my dearest mother home again. I had never been away from her before, and missed her sweet, kind, loving presence so much. It was the prettiest thing to see the meeting between her and little Agnes. The child was wild with joy, and danced about, and hung round Mother's neck, kissing her, and calling her by such a torrent of dear names, and pouring out as fast as words would let her, all that she had been doing during the long absence; and Mother kept looking at the little creature with tears in her eyes, and kissing her, and making comments on her growth, and long hair, and pretty pink dress new for the occasion, and evidently full of a great content to be home again and with her darling. Papa greeted me quite warmly, which gave me an unwonted feeling of gladness; but he has not asked once after Charley. Herbert, on the contrary, made me come and sit by him, and read him all I would of Charley's letters. Oh! how this great trial has altered Herbert, or developed him, I don't know which—but perhaps it has acted in both ways; he is a noble fellow now. No one has ever heard a complaining word from him; and as for his thoughts of my Charley, they seem to be, how can we make up to him for the grief which the accident caused by him has given him. Herbert has had a crayon sketch taken of himself just as he is now, to send out to Charley, that Charley may see that he is not so entirely disfigured as he was at first. We were looking at it together to-day, and he said to me with somewhat of his old fun and jaunty manner, 'Not so bad a face and figure, after all; good enough for a baronet's daughter, though maybe I must relinquish the earl's, which I once

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meant to have.' Poor Herbert! I do so love and admire him. Edith will stay another fortnight with us, and then she returns to Uncle Trevor, who comes home next week; but what Herbert will do without her I can't imagine. She seems entirely devoted to him—not as Charley and I are devoted, but just as a friend or cousin. She reads to him, she writes for him, she sings with him, she cheers him and amuses him; and he told me to-day—'I think Edith quite lovely now I have only got one eye, and I never did when I had two; so you see some good has come out of a bad sight.'

I have written nothing in this book since my birth-day, now a month ago. A slow pacing month, and one of great anxiety to me; for Charley told me in his last letter that his regiment had been ordered to that part of the country where there is a dangerous and desultory warfare going on; he bade me keep up a good heart and a brave spirit, and not anticipate evil which may never come; but his saying all this only convinces me that he knew he was going to meet danger; and he is not one to shrink from danger, or to hold back when others are pressing on. I may perhaps hear again in a day or two, or I may have yet some time to wait. Throbs of anguish and anxiety roll over me, wave after wave presses me down—thoughts of past happy days, thoughts of hopes now perhaps never to be realized; and then there steals over me a calm—a dead calm—through which I go with no feeling but that of waiting. But is all this wrong? oh, I don't know. I have lost so much out of my life of hope, and joy, and bliss. I have gained such knowledge of anxiety, of bitter grief, of sad sympathy, that I feel myself changed. I am not what I was. But I must not go on writing in this strain. One thing ought to rejoice me—and does rejoice me—which is that Herbert is daily progressing; and another thing too, there is to gladden me, namely, my father's returned love and kindness.—What can my mother and Herbert be reading with such earnest looks out on the terrace? I can see it is a letter. Oh, me! can it be from Charley, or of Charley, and not for me?

That letter was of my Charley—not from him, for he could not write. Ten days have past since that letter—days that have gone by I hardly know how; but the letter was this—to my mother, from Captain Forbes, Charley's friend—that Charley was wounded severely, but not dangerously—that he could not write himself, and therefore Captain Forbes was writing for him—that we should hear again soon; but we have not heard yet. How long will this continue? What will come next?

Another letter—it came yesterday—not from my Charley, but from Captain Forbes. Charley dictated it in part: his right arm has been disabled for the present by a sword-cut, and his leg wounded by a

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musket-ball; he says he is doing well; and as he can be of no more use for the present, he is ordered home by the next ship. Every feeling is awake again within me—joy and anguish, hope and despair, uncertainty and anticipation. I am going to him—Mother has promised to take me to meet the ship; and Herbert has sent a special messenger to wait till the ship is within sight, and then to let us know, so that we may start at once. Papa has kept entire silence. Herbert's kindness is beyond all words. I am terribly restless.

It is now August. I have not written in this book since the end of June. It was on the first of July that we left home—my mother and me—and went to London to meet my Charley there. Captain Forbes came home with him, and he it was who made us come to London to meet Charley, and not go as we had intended to Portsmouth. He thought the journey to London, for Charley, had better be over before the agitation of meeting us took place; for Charley had been very near death. I saw that at once. I read it in his eye, his manner, his looks, his words; but it was not at once that I knew he was a crippled man for life, and that one leg had been amputated below the knee. But so it is—the strong man's strength is cut down. But I cannot write about this. I cannot bring myself to record feelings such as I have gone through. The bare fact is this, that the bone of the leg had been injured by the musket-ball, and it was absolutely necessary to take the leg off. He had several other wounds besides the one on the leg—but in time, I am assured, they will all heal; but he has suffered a great deal, and must do so yet for many months. I need not say no impatient or murmuring word ever comes from him. No—nor must it from me. My mother stayed a week in London, and then returned home, and Edith and Uncle Trevor took her place. We nursed him, we cheered him, we were his willing and devoted slaves. Two or three times Herbert came up to see him. The first time that they met they were both of them completely upset. Charley told me that it was not half so trying to him seeing Herbert now as it had been, because he was himself a wounded, lame, and maimed man, (though I hope he will not always be maimed;) still he is so for the present—poor fellow! In fact, I believe he has a kind of satisfaction in the thought that he has but one leg; he weighs this against Herbert's eye. Oh what grief and pain one moment's work has brought to all of us! About a fortnight ago I returned home; the heat of London made me feel ill, and look pale and wretched, and Charley fretted about this, and could not rest till he sent me home; and now he and Edith return to Uncle Trevor's house to-morrow; where I can see my Charley daily. Since I came home I have fancied that Herbert misses Edith more than he chooses to say, and that his affection for her is not that only of a cousin; but I may be wrong, though I would gladly be right.

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September 1st.—To-day Edith, Charley, and Uncle Trevor, go to Harrowgate for some weeks—the doctors say that the waters of that place are the very thing for Charley in his present state; and so we are severed again, for Papa absolutely refused to let me go with them. He has never seen Charley all this last month, though ten minutes walk would have taken him to Uncle Trevor's house; and Charley has not crossed this threshold. Still one point is gained, and that is this, that he knows we are engaged still, and that we have never deemed our engagement broken; and Herbert even dares to speak of our marriage in my father's presence. So perhaps the clouds are breaking. We leave home to-morrow, and go to Scotland for some weeks. None of us could bear to be at home when the anniversary of last year's tragedy comes round. I am shrinking from the day even in thought, and it is barely three weeks off; but I must not be a coward, nor must I feed my soul with gloomy fears.

Christmas Day.—My father is very ill—so ill that it seems doubtful whether he can live another four-and-twenty hours; he has been gradually sinking for the last fortnight, but not till yesterday did he seem to think himself in danger; then he sent for Mr. Lee, (our clergyman,) and they were together for more than an hour. Afterwards Mamma and Herbert were with him. Later in the day Mamma came to me, and said Papa was asking for me, and I must come at once. We went into his room together; he lay back on his pillow, looking deadly pale, and very much exhausted; but he raised himself up when we drew near to the bed, and told me to kiss him; and then he said, 'Tell Charley I forgive him, and you have my full consent to your marriage; and may God bless both him and you, my child.' He could not say more, but sunk back on his pillow; and very soon the doctors arrived, and we were all obliged to leave the room, nor were we allowed to see him again that day. Oh, no one can tell what a blessing those words of his have been to me, and the way in which they were said, coming so straight from his heart! I think they caused me more tears than any bitter words have ever caused me—but such different tears. I wrote instantly to Charley, and I asked him, by Mamma's and Herbert's desire, to come to us at once if he could, as they both think it would be a comfort to my dear father to see him and give him his blessing himself before he dies; and therefore this very evening he may come. Oh, I hope he will! It would take such a load off his mind, to have my father's forgiveness and blessing from his own lips. It is a clear cold frosty day, and the bells are ringing out merrily for church; but much as I wish to go to church, I dare not leave the house nor be out of the way, in case I may be allowed to see my father again, or lest my mother should want me. There is so much stupor connected with my dear father's illness, that he rarely wants any of us; he seems to like quiet and stillness, so Nurse keeps us all out of his room as much as she can.

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Charley came about five o'clock yesterday. Papa heard the door-bell ring, and heard the sound of wheels, and asked who was come. Herbert told him, and said, 'He is come on purpose to see you, my dearest father, and to ask your blessing.' 'He may come up,' was the reply; and he came up at once. I stole into the room, and hid myself behind the curtain; and I saw my Charley take my father's outstretched hand, and cover it with kisses and with tears. 'Can you forgive me?' he said in a low trembling voice. 'Charles,' said my dear father, with a startling energy, 'not only do I forgive you, but I give you my blessing; and I implore you to forgive me.' To this Charley only took the poor weak hand, and covered it again with kisses and tears. 'Call Lena,' said my father. I came forward: he saw me, and pointed to me to stand by Charley. My mother took both our hands and joined them, and my father laid his trembling hand on ours, and said, 'Charles, she is yours; and may God bless you both, my children.' Dear Papa was so exhausted by this effort, that he fell back almost lifeless on the pillow, and Nurse made us all leave the room. She gave him some brandy, and he revived again; but it is very evident that life is ebbing away fast.

New Year's Day.—My dear father lingered on till this morning, and then sunk quietly to sleep—a sleep from which he never woke. But this week has been one full of comfort to all of us. That strange bitterness of feeling which at one time took such hold of him, all passed away; he was gentle, patient, loving, and even seemed to take pleasure in having Charley with him, and in hearing him read. We shall miss him exceedingly—more and more each day. Herbert is very much overcome by his grief; and surely never had son so loving a father. I can't write more, but must go and rest, for I was up with him whom we have lost the greater part of the night. It is a strange sad New Year's Day.

I am twenty-one to-day. It is nearly five months since I wrote in this book—five months which have passed on very quietly—five months which have brought back some of the colour to my dear mother's cheek, chased away by anxiety and nursing—five months which have done much for Herbert's health and good looks—five months of almost entire separation from Charley and Edith, for about the middle of January they went together to the south of France. Charley was then suffering so acutely from neuralgia in consequence of all he had gone through in body and mind, that the doctors said this step was an absolutely necessary one; and to-day—even to-day—I shall see him again, and Edith too. They came back to England two days ago, and come here to-day. Oh, the joy of my heart, it is indescribable. Such waves of hope and bright glad feelings are rolling over me. I am more restless in my happiness than I ever was in those past years of gloom. The day is exquisite—a brighter day I never saw, nor did little birdie ever sing so sweetly as one is singing to me now, perched on a rose branch

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which is twining round my window. Mother said to me this morning, 'You have got the glad look of days of yore, and the lost young look, too, my child, on your brow.' Can I help looking glad and feeling young, when my heart is beating so high with joy? No, the brightness is not all taken out of my life, as I once thought it was. And Herbert, too, he has a strange look of quiet gladness about him—a look as though there was more on his heart than he chooses to say. I suspect—I suspect—but I will not give words to my suspicions. I know there is a beautiful present ready for Edith when she comes, and one made expressly for her; but they will be here immediately. I think I can see them coming.

Yes, it was their carriage that I saw; and after they came yesterday, I could write no more. Charley is infinitely better, and oh, so much more naturally and heartily cheerful; he is getting used to his lameness, and it troubles me now far more than it troubles him. Herbert and Edith are going to be man and wife—my suspicions were true. His love for her was not merely cousin's love. They were so strangely quiet and composed outwardly when they met, that I was quite puzzled; but the fire lay within, and before eventide Herbert had told his love's tale, and had won the answer he sued for. It seems that he had been getting more and more attached to Edith week by week before she went abroad, and the great blank he felt in his life when she was gone was almost unbearable; and in his secret soul he had been quite pining for her return. And she tells me that she, during his long illness, had become so attached to him, that no one else could ever be to her what he is. With her it was first pity, then admiration, then heartfelt devotion.

'It is an old tale, and often told.'

Mother is wonderfully pleased at this new engagement. She never thought Herbert would have chosen Edith, and therefore she tried not to wish it; but it was really the wish of her heart for them both. Herbert said to me to-day that the brother is not one whit more dear to me than the sister is to him. It may be so; but I feel as though my love exceeded all other loves, inasmuch as I think Charley unequalled, unrivalled.

And now in six weeks my marriage will take place. It was my father's wish that we should be married six months after his death, because of our long engagement, and of our great sorrow. Herbert and Edith's wedding will not be yet for three or four months. Dearest Mother rejoices in the thought that little Agnes will be all her own for some years yet.

Seven birth-days have passed away since I first wrote in this book; and here I shall close it, and leave it with its mingled web of light and dark—of sorrow and joy. It is but a slight sketch—a bare outline—of those seven years; but it is a sketch that recalls much, and an outline easily filled up by recollection, imagination, and experience.

(Concluded.)

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MRS. TWITCH.

'Mrs. Twitch, with her one eye,
A monstrous tail she does let fly;
In every hedge she makes a gap,
And leaves a bit of her tail in the trap.'

Nursery Rhyme.

'No surplice white the Priest could wear,
Bandless the Bishop must appear,
The King without a shirt would be,
Did not the Needle help all three.'

Old Sampler.

MRS. TWITCH and I were spending the morning together, busy with certain pinafores for the little grandchildren. It was a pleasant sunny day, and as she flitted backwards and forwards, making the cheery noise she is apt to indulge in when especially diligent, she looked so bright, that at last it seemed as if I heard her saying to herself, 'They can't do without *me*, after all.'

'Who can't do without you?' I too seemed to say.

'Who? why, the machines, and their drivers, to be sure. Did not I hear just now that these hems have all been run through in the machine? and have not I to finish off everything still?'

It was an incontrovertible fact; and she went on triumphantly, 'They're well enough in their way—these machines; why, a man can drive them if the work is got ready to his hand; but I should like to see a machine finishing off—or a man either, for the matter of that—you would never trust the Squire, I'm sure!'

Certainly, though a good landlord, an active magistrate, and a thorough sportsman, the Squire had, as Mrs. Twitch had perceived, but small capacity for any handicraft. However, I was spared the making a reply, for the door opened, and in trotted the three expectant owners of the pinafores in hand.

'Oh, Grandmamma! Joe's dead!' cried Totsy.

'Poor ole Doe's dead!' echoed Fatsy.

'Doe, Doe!' chirped the little Tiny; and then there was a mournful *da capo*.

'Joe's dead in his bed, and there's no Joe to go out walking with us.'

'Doe, Doe—poor ole Doe!'

Poor Joe! no dog was ever more deservedly regretted than he was by the little ones. He had served many years with Her Majesty's —th Regiment, and had come in his old age to live with us. He had many infirmities, but as is almost invariably the case with old soldiers, his love for little children was something quite touching: for them he would do anything; and though the walk from the kitchen fire to the laundry

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stove was said to be as much fatigue as he usually cared to encounter, with the children he would go any distance, and even exert himself to run and jump for their amusement, though he evidently preferred a place in the perambulator, at the little Tiny's feet, when he could prevail on the nursery-maid to give him a lift.

Poor old Joe! clearly something must be done to divert the sadness that was already puckering up the three little faces for a cry, and I proposed a story—a favourite story.

'There was an old man, who lived in a wood,
As you shall plainly see,
He said he could do more work in a week
Than his wife could do in three.
"With all my heart," the old woman said,
"If you will me allow,
You shall tarry at home to-day,
And I'll go drive the plough.
But you must milk—'

'"The Teeny cow,"' put in the two who could speak articulately, eagerly filling up each pause in the enumeration as the story went on.

'"You must milk the Teeny cow,
For fear she should go dry;
And you must feed—'the little pigs'
That are within the sty;
And you must watch—'the speckled hen,'
For fear she should lay astray;
And you must wind—'the spool of yarn'
That I spun yesterday."
The old woman took the whip in her hand,
And went to drive the plough;
The old man took the pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow.
'Twas "Ho, Teeny!" and "Wo, Teeny!"
And "Prithee, good cow, stand still;"
And "If *ever* I do milk thee again,
'Twill be against my will."'

'Toopidy ole man,' interrupted Fatsy at this point; 'him should say, Coom, Coom!'

'Why did not he stroke her gently? then she'd stand still, *I* know,' Totsy confidently asserted.

But these or similar remarks had occurred so often, that we were not long detained by them, nor by the further consideration, why the old man never thought of shutting the pig-sty door when he went in to feed the little pigs; though the question whether, when the old woman came home, *she* would find the speckled hen and her nest, and the story of how Mamma found Partlet's nest in the long grass, 'such a far way off,' occupied us so thoroughly, that when the children were summoned for their walk, they went off as merrily as if poor Joe had not been that very morning buried under the cedar tree, beside the much-lamented lap-dog, and the highly-respected family cat!

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They went off, and I fell into a musing mood. For before the colloquy, above recorded, between me and Mrs. Twitch, my mind had been busy, full of thoughts with which the old story I had been telling the children had a sort of quaint connection—thoughts of ourselves, of woman in general, what she *is*, what her advisers, or I might say, her censors, seem to propose to her to make herself, and what she really ought to be.

Man, 'the great master of all,' so the poet calls him; Woman, made to be his help meet. There is much in this. Mrs. Poyser says very truly, 'Women are made to match the men.' Wherever, as in Rome during her earlier and better days, man's worth rose high, woman's did not fall short; and were it possible in the clamour to slip in a word edgeways, one might fairly ask those of our censors who belong to what they are pleased to call the worthier gender, whether they had not better ascertain a little more carefully the worth of their own training, physical, intellectual, and moral, before they begin to fancy themselves capable of arranging ours?

Certainly, I was just then a little nettled at the tone taken from time to time last year by one of our clever weekly papers. Of late, however, the irritation had been somewhat allayed by an odd association of ideas. At a grand fancy ball, recently given in our neighbourhood, so many ladies had appeared in the character of Night, that, despairing of any other means of distinguishing them, the editor of our county paper hit on the ingenious plan of marking them off as Monday night, Tuesday night, and so on, assigning, of course, Monday to the wearer of the toilette A 1 in his estimation, and equally of course *Saturday* to the least successful one—poor Saturday!

'Just like all the rest of them; for as wise as they think themselves—'

I suddenly seemed to hear from Mrs. Twitch—

'Going to do his wife's work, was he? why, he had not tact enough to manage the cow, nor wit enough to shut out the pig, nor forethought enough to deal with the hen; and as for the yarn, he forgot that altogether: you may take my word for it, a man was never meant to turn his hand to half a dozen things one after another, or maybe two at a time, as a woman must pretty often.'

'Julius Cæsar dictated to three secretaries at once, did not he?'

'Don't believe a word of it,' said Mrs. Twitch, so pointedly I quite started; 'or if he did, you may depend all the letters were about the same thing. Now, what was that you were saying over to yourself last time we had a long job in hand? the man, if it was a man that wrote that, had got hold of the right end of the stick for once.'

It was Schiller's beautiful version of the character given in the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs, and I repeated Sotheby's translation:—

'Now the housewife within
Her course must begin:
Nurse, mother, and wife,
Share the troubles of life;

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Discreetly severe,
Rule all in her sphere;
Give each maiden employ,
Watch each troublesome boy;
With orderly care
Keep all in repair;
And store without ceasing,
Her riches increasing;
* * * *
And trim them, and prank them, and fashion them ever,
And rest—never!'

'Hm,' I seemed to hear from my companion; 'they've not made the most of that last line when they put it into English.'

'No,' I thought; Serjeant Talfourd, when he made Clemanthe say that it is woman's part to

'weave all that she has
Of bright and beautiful, into the common lot,' *

gave what seems to me a far better rendering, and I went on, for Mrs. Twitch's words were but the echo of my thoughts.

Will Sophia, taught and trained as a Sophomore,† be *content* in the after life of a Mrs. Homespun such as Schiller has drawn? or in that of an Aunt Grisel—so well described by Miss Ferrier—one of that class who are so often in earnest what they have been called in jest, 'unappropriated blessings?'

Even if Sophia is herself contented with a lot, the glory and the beauty, or in one word, the poetry of which must be mainly of her own making, will this more special training render her more fit for that which Iago describes in the plainest of English, as the 'suckling of fools, and chronicling of small beer?'

I thought of the Catalan proverb—'You a lady, I a lady, who shall drive the pigs a-field?' and wondered if it would come to 'You a sophomore, absorbed in the "Differentiation of the Elementary Functions of one independent variable;" I a sophomore, engrossed by the "Integration of rational fractions;" which of us shall tot up that very independent variable, the butcher's book? or darn the stockings in which sorrowful experience shows that fractions are apt to be anything but rational?'

'I've no patience with that fellow,' interrupted Mrs. Twitch; 'what would he have? If the poor little fools are born, *somebody* must feed them, and a fine piece of work the men's clumsy fingers would make of it, I reckon.'

'Ay,' I thought, recollecting too, for my comfort, what one of the most learned of our modern divines had said of a chronicle of such very small matters as the Diary of Eugenie de Guérin. My memory went back to Mrs. Grant of Laggan's 'Letters from the Mountains,' and

* Ion.

† See Miss Jex Blake's clever sketch of the American School System.

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further back still, to the Correspondence between Mrs. Carter and Miss Talbot, till there is no saying how many more names I might not have mustered had not Mrs. Twitch interrupted me again.

'What's been most use to you of all you ever learnt?'

One may ask in a moment more than can be answered in a month; and I was quite at fault, till I luckily recollected Julia Mannering's letter to her confidante, saying how, in return for her help in French and Italian, Lucy was to teach her the art of riding, and the habit of walking, and the courage necessary to defy the weather. It served for an answer, though it did not entirely satisfy me any more than my companion, who seemed to have expected a different one.

'Surely there was an old tutor who said something of *me*?'

'Oh, yes! Dominie Sampson reckoned hemming and shaping next after his own lessons in Latin, and all the rest that he taught Miss Bertram.'

'Sensible man!' And Mrs. Twitch seemed to flourish her long streamers more energetically than before. 'And, at any rate, *he* was not jealous of women's learning all they care for; no more are any of them, so far as *I* can see with my one eye.'

I was not likely to gainsay her. Once, when for some of my own purposes I wished to learn the Greek alphabet, had not the father of the three little damsels in whose service Mrs. Twitch and I were then engaged, immediately written it out for me? and on my regretting that he had only given me the small letters, had not my Eton and Oxford nephew generously torn out the first page of his Greek grammar, and sent it me by post? Nay, that very morning, had not I heard the Squire boast that his wife knew more of Scripture history than half the curates in the county? a boast, which I felt thankful no school inspector was likely to test my powers of justifying!

But the old man of my story, though he had 'lived in a wood' all his previous life, had the light let in on him at last, and was quite magnanimous enough to admit not only his own failure in *her* work, but his wife's success in *his*.

'If two ride on one horse, one *must* ride behind.'

So says Shakspeare, speaking the universal language of common sense. Woman's position is *not* inferior, but it *is* subordinate. I fancy I could show, on far higher grounds than I should like to take at the end of a trifling paper like this, that it was so ordained from the Beginning, and that her highest happiness depends on her heartily accepting the position; I think I could show yet more readily that *Ich dien* (I serve) should be to her the key-note of her life's harmony; 'never,' as St. Paul says, '*usurping* authority over man:' though when, as it sometimes happens, the command is put into her hands lawfully, her peculiar gift, the power of adapting herself to circumstances, almost always enables her,

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like the old woman in the story, to drive her plough straight, and 'lay her furrows even.'

There is nothing servile in being serviceable; woman's service should be in the spirit which dictated the motto of one of our oldest English families,* who bear for their crest an uncaparisoned horse at full speed, with three words in Saxon, which being translated mean—

'A servant, not a slave.'

And that training is the best and the noblest for woman, which best fits each to be serviceable on the highest motives; 'with good-will doing service, as unto the Lord; or in the simple words of our Church Catechism, 'Doing her duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call her.'

'Ay,' put in Mrs. Twitch; 'what was it he looked out for, that went and hid up in the arbour when the ladies all came dancing by?

"Who fairest was? who best could dance and sing?
Or who *most womanly* was in everything?"' †

But the pinafores were finished, and Mrs. Twitch tucked in between her blankets to rest, or we might have gone on to explain our 'views' as to the best means of forming this really serviceable character, that alone can make woman a help *meet* for anybody. And it was as well that a natural end should be put to our dissertation, since, but for that, it seemed likely to have extended far beyond the limits which The Monthly Packet, or any other magazine, monthly or quarterly, could have spared us.

R. L. C.

KAISERSWERTH DEACONESSES AT FLORENCE.

Our readers may have read, in the April number of 'Fraser's Magazine, an interesting account by an Italian lady of a school for young girls of the upper and middle classes lately suppressed at Genoa. It was a wisely and well managed school, though, to our English notions, some of the more minute regulations appear rather unnecessary; for instance, the prohibitions to pupils under fourteen from wearing long hair, and the permitting only the plain surname to be applied in speaking of or to any of the girls, whatever their rank, to prevent jealousies. But it was, as we have said, well and wisely managed, and it is hard to conceive under what possible pretext it was suppressed. So earnest was the endeavour of those connected with this institution to avoid anything in their instructions which could offend the ruling powers, that themes were not

* Dering—of Surrenden-Dering.

† Chaucer. 'The Flower and the Leaf.'

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allowed to be written on certain words, such as '*Tyranny*,' '*Slavery*,' '*Imprisonment*,' '*Exile*,' &c. But the priesthood, their fears naturally roused by the rapid influx of liberal opinions into Italy, and not seeing that the only counterpoise to the tendency to infidelity, which too often accompanies liberalism, is the providing sound Scriptural instruction for the people, have become alarmed at the idea of young ladies getting learned on subjects which till now have been scarcely taught even to their brothers; and even the orthodox name of the Archbishop of Genoa, a warm friend to the school, has not sufficed to remove their prejudices against it.

Humbler, and yet, one would hope, sheltered by that very humility from awakening ecclesiastical jealousy, is the institute we are anxious to bring before the notice of our readers—a branch of the noble 'Kaiserswerth.' It does not, indeed, profess to be anything more than a school for young girls, but will, no doubt, if able to continue its work, develope into an admirable training establishment for teachers. We quote part of a letter from a lady in this country who has been a warm friend to the Deaconesses, and has permitted us to make any use of information furnished by her, in making the labours of the good Sisters known.

'We are the better able to bear testimony to the upright character of the Deaconesses and the good effects of their training, from having placed under their care a young motherless Italian girl, in whose forlorn situation we were led to take an interest. She was for two years under their roof; and the change in her from a state of total moral neglect and almost heathen ignorance to one in which she is now maintaining herself usefully and respectably as mistress of a school at Pisa, speaks volumes for their power of training; while the warm affection she retains for them proves that they know how to gain the hearts of their pupils. Having kept up a correspondence with the directress of the Institution respecting this young girl, she has naturally applied to me in their present difficulties. . . . I ought to state that this is in no sense a charity school. It is intended for young ladies, and the terms (£40 per annum for boarders, and £12 per annum for day scholars,) covers their ordinary expenses. The object of the Deaconesses is not to make money, but to do good. It would be impossible for them, however, to meet present emergencies * by raising their terms, as they are already considered high for Italy—the convents charging even less. We are most anxious to help these good women, not only from personal esteem, but because we so strongly feel that all who have had the great enjoyment of visiting Italy, owe it to her as a duty to endeavour to do something to promote her best interests. But I wish the Deaconesses had more powerful friends than ourselves to advocate their cause. I feel persuaded that there are many, who, if the case

* The debts incurred by the Deaconesses in purchasing and moving into their new house.

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could be properly brought before them, would willingly come forward to the help of Italy at this important crisis. What she most needs, next to the diffusion of the Gospel, is a good and upright education for her daughters, and this the Deaconesses are certainly giving to a considerable number of girls. The closing of this school would be a real loss to the country. If the Deaconesses can now obtain suitable premises of their own,* they hope to make their Institution increasingly useful by establishing an orphanage as well as a school for poor children. People in England unacquainted with Italy are apt to ask why the Deaconesses should not *rent* a house instead of going to the expense of purchasing premises for a school, which may any day come to an end. In the first place, this is not like a private school. Being a branch of the regularly-organised establishment at Kaiserswerth, it will be kept up with a regular succession of Deaconesses from thence as needed. In the second place, (besides the recent enormous increase of house-rents in Florence,) in Italy, to rent a house or even to take it on lease is no guarantee against disturbance; the lease of premises holds good against the owner's wanting them for his own occupation; and upon a change of ownership by sale or otherwise, any lease becomes valueless.'

To give an idea of the education afforded by the Deaconesses to their pupils, some of whom are Romanists, others Protestants, some from high Italian families, and others daughters of foreigners, English, French, Germans, and Americans, we translate part of their prospectus.

'The instruction which is given to the young girls comprises every branch of a solid and Christian education. It is given in the French language, and the subjects taught are as follows:—

'Sacred and general history, geography, literature, grammar, the natural sciences, arithmetic, vocal music, caligraphy, drawing, and needle-work. There are courses of English, Italian, and German, instruction in which three languages is given by teachers connected with the establishment. . . . Every year there will be a course of lessons in gymnastics. . . . The terms for each pupil is eight hundred and seventy-five francs a quarter. Half-boarders are charged three hundred francs, and day-pupils one hundred and fifty. . . . The hours for study are from nine till four, with an hour's rest from twelve till one. A week's holidays are given at Christmas, a week at Easter, and ten weeks in summer. . . . Lessons on the piano-forte are payed for as extras.'

That the Deaconesses know how to provide innocent pleasure as well as instruction, may be judged of by the following pleasing description of their Christmas festivities in an Italian Protestant paper, 'L'Eco della Verità.' We have not translated the commencement, which merely describes the Christmas Tree, and the mode of keeping the festival in Protestant countries, and would therefore convey no information to an English reader.

'On Saturday, December 22nd, the Christmas Tree was decorated in

* Since this was written they have bought a house in the Via S. Monaca.

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the school kept and directed by the Deaconesses. The vast hall was hardly large enough to contain the eighty young ladies of the school and their relations, who had come to take a part in this festival. A most beautiful tree, splendidly lighted up and laden with elegant ornaments, formed the most prominent object in the hall. Round the tree the young girls were ranged in order, and a Deaconess seated at the piano, accompanied the choruses sung by the pupils. The words of the angels' song, sung by the youngest children, touched the hearts of the audience, many of whom were unable to refrain from tears. The singing was alternated with the repetition of passages from Holy Scripture on the subject of the Incarnation, after which, before the distribution of the prizes, a short but edifying address was delivered by a Protestant pastor. After its conclusion the directress of the school informed her pupils that each one might fetch her prize. The children, full of delight, quietly, as was to be expected from young persons so carefully trained, went up to the tree without making any confusion, and, without in any way injuring the tree, took from it the prizes destined for each, and ran rapturously to shew them to their parents. . . . . These Christian women do not content themselves with giving a first-rate secular education to the young ladies of good position who are placed under their care. Their great object is to educate their hearts; and to further this aim, and accustom themselves to practise that Christian charity to be the recipient of which is no degradation, they invite any pupil who may be willing to come into the school every evening for a month before Christmas, to work for the Christmas Tree intended for the poor. Wednesday, the 27th, was the day fixed upon for the poor children's fête. The Christmas Tree, illuminated and decorated, again occupied the centre of the hall. Under its shadow were long tables, covered with every variety of useful present, and in front of them stood the young ladies of the school, in readiness to distribute their gifts to their less wealthy sisters. It was a beautiful and touching sight to look upon the ecstasy of the poor girls as they beheld the hall so magnificently decorated for them, and saw so many young females of just their own age, though of a higher grade in society, rejoicing, and celebrating a festival on their account. The hymn being ended, it was necessary to call back the wandering attention of these poor little ones, astounded as they were with the joyful surprise, in order that they might hear a short and simple discourse on the love of God in Christ Jesus, as displayed to us in the great fact of the Incarnation. The address over, the young ladies proceeded to distribute the presents among the poor girls. They consisted of loaves, sweetmeats, fruit, shoes, stockings, and other articles according to their need.' The writer goes on to praise most warmly the admirably good order which was maintained during the distribution, and the quiet behaviour of the poor children, and remarks, 'What a virtuous and useful populace the working class of Florence might become, if so wise and Christian an education as that given by these good Sisters were universal!'

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Another Italian newspaper, 'The Osservatore,' gives a similar account, which derives additional interest from the fact of its being a Roman Catholic organ. It would, however, be needless to insert the account its columns give of the Christmas festivities of the Deaconesses, as it is almost identically the same with what we have already quoted from 'L'Eco della Verità,' giving only one additional fact, namely, the excellent plan adopted by the Sisters of interesting their pupils in the poor, by confiding to each young girl a poor child to be taken under her special notice, especially at Christmas, when a parcel containing clothes, made by the pupils themselves, is given by each young patroness to her protegeé.

While preparing these sheets, we have had the pleasure of perusing several most interesting letters from Deaconesses themselves, and from the English lady mentioned at the commencement of this paper, relating to the progress of the work. From one of them by 'Sœur Anna,' we cannot forbear quoting. It is dated July 3rd. 'Sœur Ida must have told you,' says the writer, 'of the visit of the Prince Royal of Prussia to our Institute during his stay at Florence. He has been exceedingly kind to us, has shewn the greatest interest in our work, has spoken to several of our young people, and has charmed them all by his affability. Before his departure he sent us his portrait magnificently framed. The Florentines are enthusiastic about him.'* The letter goes on to speak of the continued well-doing of Flora, the young motherless girl mentioned above. The same good report of her is confirmed by a letter from Sœur Ida. Another letter, from an English friend to the lady from whom we have so largely quoted, says,

'We were only two days in Florence. After church we called to see the Deaconesses. Your two especial Sisters (Sœur Ida and Sœur Anna) spent the afternoon with us, and seemed pleased to shew us over their new house. Simplicity itself in all its arrangements, but evidently admirably suited for their work.'

Simple as are the arrangements of these good women, their home must be, in the language of their country, a *freundlich* one, and pleasant is the description of their garden in 'Sœur Ida's' letter.

Lest it should be imagined that the object of the Deaconesses is to make Lutheran proselytes, or to thwart earnest Roman Catholic efforts in Florence, we quote a few words from a prospectus, drawn up by Pastor Hasenclever, the Chaplain, describing the Institution.

'It is not in connection with any evangelizing society in Italy, nor does it aim at making proselytes; but all who attend, of whatever Church or creed, go through the same course of religious instruction, and in this way many girls, not belonging to any section of the Protestant Church, generally about one third, become acquainted with the pure Word of God.'

JANET.

* He was so anxious the girls should see the fire-works on occasion of Prince Humbert's wedding, that he invited the Deaconesses to bring some of them to his Palazzo, and shewed them to them from his own apartments.

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LEGEND OF A MEDITERRANEAN FISHERMAN.

NEVER was there a better *or* more unlucky fisherman than Ciccio. He never lost his time in gossiping or disputing; never wasted his money on idle pleasures; never neglected to offer his prayers to God or his lighted candle to the Virgin and his patron saint. Yet nothing prospered with him. If ever there was a storm, it was sure to be Ciccio's boat that was swamped; if ever there was a rich shoal of fish came within his ordinary fishing-ground, it would be sure to happen when he was ill, or his gear was out of order, or when for some reason he could not avail himself of the blessing.

What was most remarkable was that under all this misfortune Ciccio was always cheerful. He not only never complained, and continued at his toil steadily day by day praising God for what He had given him, his wife, his children, his humble cot, his strong arms.

One day he had gone out fishing as usual, and, as often happened, had taken nothing. It was no use going back with his basket empty, so he persevered another day and another, though he had nothing but a loaf to live on, The sun was like a furnace, the sea like a lake of fire. Ciccio crept under shadow of his sails, and there, exhausted with heat, hunger, and disappointment, fell into a swoon.

And in his swoon he still fancied himself lying at the bottom of his boat, but not alone. There was One lying there Who slept also. His raiment glistened, and a light of glory played round Him which paled that of the blazing sun. By-and-by the sun went down, and it seemed that night came on, but He was still there, and the wind rose. Ciccio's little boat was tossed and buffeted, and Ciccio was ready to cry out with alarm. Then he thought, 'While He is here, no harm can come; I will keep His slumber sacred.' So he looked out upon the raging storm and waited.

Then when the storm was at its highest, that shining One arose and waved His hands abroad towards the winds, and there came a sweet melody from His mouth, which said, 'Peace! peace!' Then suddenly all was still and bright again, and the soft breeze echoed back the music of 'Peace! peace!' When Ciccio heard all this, he fell on his knees full of confidence before Him, and said, 'Lord, as Thou hast done this, send me now a draught of fishes, that my net may be full.'

Then that Bright One stretched out His hands over the sea, and there rose out of the rippling waves great handsome fishes such as Ciccio had never seen the like before. They were of the height of a man in length, and their skin shone like silver interwoven with many colours, and their fins as of wrought gold. Docile at his gesture, they rose gently over the side of the boat, and laid them one by one at His feet.

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One by one, on they came still, till—appalling sight—the boat began to sink under their priceless weight.

In one moment Ciccio's heart almost fainted within him at seeing the rich prize sink away again just as it seemed his own possession, lying within his boat, and with it his tackle, his very boat, all he had to call his own. But his eye rested on the Bright One Who stood there, and his faith and confidence returned. He observed that some folds of His glistening mantle as it hung loosely from His shoulders floated on the waves, which were even now meeting over the place where He stood. Confident that it would bear him up, Ciccio stepped on to it, as on to dry land, while all his earthly belongings sank out of sight!

When Ciccio woke, the sun had nearly set; a light breeze was gently carrying off the superfluous heat of the day; but his bark was empty, no Bright One sat in it, no beautiful fish lay there.

Ciccio looked listlessly over the side of his boat; was the influence of his dream still upon him? or what was that that lay glittering beneath his boat's side? Surely they were the very fish of his vision, and that almost within arm's length.

Ciccio was now at no loss what to do; taking a large hook which lay among his gear, he lashed it firmly to a long spar, and then by the light of the lamp which always burnt beneath the image of his patron saint suspended to the mast, prepared to seize his finny prey with the improvised harpoon. Ciccio was a small man, and the first fish he tackled was a foot longer than himself, and by its struggling weight well-nigh pulled him over the side of the boat. Ciccio was glad to let it go even with the loss of his weapon, but the sensation he had had of its weight had whetted his appreciation of its value. He readily improvised another means of attack with his nets, warily saluting this time a more moderate-sized antagonist; he succeeded in safely landing in his boat as many as it could safely bear.

With what joy he dragged his rich burden from the water's edge to the village. And with what joy his family and neighbours gathered round to feast their eyes on the glad sight. Some could scarcely bring themselves to believe in such good fortunes, and said it must be witchcraft. But when they thought of Ciccio's holy life, and when they heard the story of his vision, moreover when they saw the trade prosper, they were glad to take it as the good gift of God; and from that time to this the tunny fishing has never ceased to enrich the coasts of the Mediterranean.

I never pass through a market in one of the picturesque towns of Spain or Italy where the noble tunny fish is exposed for sale in all his glory, nor ever sit down to breakfast on his luscious flesh cured in pure Italian oil, without a thought of this beautiful legend and its lesson of trust and confidence in the ultimate goodness of God, even though His mercy seems long stayed.

R. H. B.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. RAPHAEL'S CONVALESCENT HOME, TORQUAY.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Perhaps it may seem the mere iteration of an allowed fact, perhaps an impertinence, if I speak of my deep sense of our obligation to The Monthly Packet, as on other accounts, so because of the space it affords for bringing forward good Church works, their needs, and their claims. I ought to feel this, for I know what has come of it. I know what abundant alms have flowed to one at least of those works from your readers, and I could tell of the gratitude with which the workers always name The Monthly Packet. Shall you deem me encroaching if I ask for a corner in these valuable 'Correspondence' pages? I want it for an Institution apparently local, but really benefiting and calculated to benefit all England—St. Raphael's Convalescent Home, Torquay. Situated though it be in the far south-west, I suppose we may consider Torquay the sanatorium of our island. Go where we will, we are sure to come across some link with Torquay—to meet some family whose daughter or sister is there now for health, or else was there last winter and has been *so* much better ever since. The Lancashire distress seven years ago brought out the connection between that county and Torquay rather curiously. The cotton lords were in difficulties, and *so* it was a bad season at Torquay.

Those who loved Christ's poor naturally desired that in periods of delicate health or of convalescence they should enjoy the pure balmy air which did such wonders for wealthier invalids. More than one attempt has been made during the last few years to open a home for them under such circumstances. That which bears the name of St. Raphael, the 'angel of health,' came under the care of the Sisters of St. John the Baptist, or as we commonly call them the Clewer Sisters, in the autumn of 1866. Since that time eighty patients have found a shelter there for longer or shorter periods of time, most of them with great benefit to their health. On the very happy day that I have just spent at St. Raphael's, eighteen were within its walls. The Sister in charge was most kind, took me over the house, and encouraged me to talk freely to the patients. Three were confined to their rooms, and I paid a visit to each. At one o'clock a bell called us all to the dining-room. The Sisters gave me a place at their table, and the patients ranged themselves round the longer one which stretched down the room, to enjoy their dinner after the manner of convalescents, under the influence of sea-air. It was pleasant to watch the Sisters' kind care of them—yet there was no spoiling. The patients are expected to do what they can in the work of the house, to wait at table and so forth. And I learnt that they always give such help most readily. There has never been the slightest difficulty in carrying out this and other simple rules by which things are kept straight. It seems to me that the Home might be called a House of Industry, for everybody was as busy as her health and strength allowed. They are taught to employ themselves, and are all the better for it. Thus a girl of sixteen, being asked to hem a handkerchief, excused herself by saying she did not know how, which was really true. Her mother, though earning her bread as a dress-maker, had always considered the girl's delicate health an excuse for her neither hemming, sewing, or doing a simple useful thing. Kind sister A—— had her taught at once, and I was shewn some of her work very nicely done, and told how well she could now dust a room, make a bed, and do other light household matters.

Of course, however, most of the inmates are suffering from the effects of over-work. Thus one lost her health by helping her brother, who was a tailor. She was very useful to him, and over-taxed herself with heavy laborious work. Another came to the Home with heart complaint, from Marshall and Snellgrove's in London. A third was quite broken down by close attendance for years upon her mistress, who was paralysed and had epileptic fits. She received a legacy, for she had been, I believe, a servant in the family for thirty years, but her health was gone. Others, once in higher walks of life, have been glad to seek a shelter in St. Raphael's Home. Of its efficiency as a work of philanthropy there can be no doubt.

Its influence as a Church work is also very great, though it is less obtrusive. Those who know it best can best estimate its power. The Christian teaching given in its walls, the Church privileges imparted, the Christian habits formed, to be acted on in

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the world outside. I will give one instance only; a middle-aged woman said on her admission, 'I won't come under false pretences; I have never been baptized.' She was prepared for baptism, (under how much more favourable circumstances than in her own home!) was baptized, confirmed, and received her first Communion, all at St. Mark's Church, during the four months she passed at the Home.

I may add here that the Home was designed for women and girls, but it stands on record that four little boys have been received. I saw a very quaint letter from one who had left, a chronic sufferer sent only for a little temporary alleviation, and it shewed how happy he had been.

It grieved me to find this valuable work suffering under pecuniary difficulties. It ought to be in great measure self-supporting, but it is not. Patients are often paid for inadequately, or they have exhausted their own slender means, or the kindness of friends, before health is restored to them;—they are homeless, perhaps, and the Sisters cannot turn them out of doors, though they can ill maintain them. Thus of the eighteen now in the Home only eight are paid for fully according to the regulation. Eight shillings a week is paid for two of the others; for the rest small sums varying from three shillings and sixpence to five shillings. Nor can they sometimes help receiving friendless sufferers as free cases. Then we all know that the cheapness of Devonshire as a place of residence has long been mythical. The railways have whisked away the rich produce of our county, and brought upon us shoals of strangers to consume the poor remains of it. In point of fact, Torquay is now very expensive. And just as this was severely felt, the high winds of this season have injured the roof to the value of eighty-five pounds.

The house is rather large for the present requirements of the work. This struck me as I went over it, and in conversation afterwards with the Sister in charge I asked her whether she would receive invalid ladies into those spare rooms, allowing them to pay one pound or one pound five a week, which would cover their expenses in the house, though it would by no means maintain an invalid in lodgings. Sister A—— replied that she would gladly do so, and that she thought she could make such patients comfortable. For my part, I am sure nothing could help being comfortable within those walls. And besides tender care and nursing and cheerful companionship, there would be great religious privileges, the ministrations of the chaplain, daily service, and more than weekly Communions. I should add that the house is well built, well situated, and very airy, with beautiful sea-view. It stands in Upper Lincombe Road, looking down over Meadfoot. Letters may be addressed to the Sister in charge, who would supply further information on this or any other points respecting St. Raphael's Home.

I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

S. W.

WOMAN'S WORK.

There being at present a great demand for the services of educated ladies willing to undertake charitable and missionary work, it has been thought that it would be an assistance to many persons willing to undertake such work, if they could make their wishes known, and find out by some means what work was likely to suit them best. A lady has very kindly offered to open a Book in which she will enter the names of all those who wish it, and to put any ladies into communication with different Societies. Her address is,

Miss Phillips,
15, Wilton Place,
Belgrave Square, S.W.

She will be at home every Tuesday morning between the hours of 10.30 and 11.30, from Tuesday, June 1st, until further notice. Any person, wishing to see her Book, must write and ask for an interview.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

E. H.—*The life of Sta. Margherita of Cortona is to be found in Alban Butler's* Lives of the Saints, *and in Mrs. Jameson's* Legends of the Monastic Orders.

A Contribution and Bundle of Clothes from Nelly *and* Austin *are thankfully acknowledged by* The Sisters of St. Margaret's *and* St. Saviour's Priory, 334, Kingsland Road, N. E.

Capital French plays are to be found in the old Amides Enfans, *by Berquin.*

J. K. *asks where old school books and old music, in good condition, would be useful.*

Please acknowledge, with many thanks, 2*s.* 6*d. for* St. Michael's Schools, *from* L. C. H., *and a Bundle of Clothing for* The Sisters of the Poor, *from* Mater.—S. MONICA.

Violet.—*Jeanne d'Albret was the fourth queen of Navarre of her name. The first was the daughter of Henry I.; came to the throne in* 1274; *and in* 1284 *married Philippe IV.,* (*le Bel,*) *King of France. Jeannot II. was her granddaughter, the child of Louis X., and inherited Navarre when, in* 1328, *the crown of France passed to Philippe VI. She died in* 1348. *The Queen Jeanne contemporary with Henry VI. was Jeanne, daughter of Charles II., King of Navarre, and widow of our own Henry IV. She was only called Queen Jeanne of Navarre, as Henry VIII.'s wife was called Queen Katharine of Aragon. Could not* Violet *have found this out in Miss Strickland for herself? We are most willing to answer reasonable questions, but it is hardly fair to take up the space in magazines with answers that any person with a tolerable amount of pains could find out for herself.*

M. R. *wants to know the author of* 'The Old Old Story.'

A. E. L. B.—*We would suggest* The Office of the Most Holy Name, *if a small book is needed;* The Churchman's Guide to Faith and Piety, *if a larger one is wished for. Or else* Private Devotions, *edited by the Rev. T. Carter.*

An envelope with a York post-mark has been received by us, but the contents had slipped out.

Miss May *begs to acknowledge thankfully the receipt of* 5*s. from* M. M. H., Colchester, *for* St. Columba's Mission, Haggerston, Shoreditch. *It is now hoped that the consecration of the church will take place in July next.*

A. O. *might find the* Great Truths of the Christian Religion, *edited by the Rev. Upton Richards, and published by Masters, suited to her need.*

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

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